THE
Female QUIXOTE;
OR, THE
ADVENTURES
OF
ARABELLA.

In TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
Printed for A. MILLAR, over-againſt
Catharine-ſtreet in the *Strand.*

M.DCC.LII.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Eliza Fiske
the gift of Mrs Philips.

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE
Earl of MIDDLESEX.

My LORD,

SUCH is the Power of Intereſt over almoſt every Mind, that no one is long without Arguments to prove any Poſition which is ardently wiſhed to be true, or to juſtify any Meaſures which are dictated by Inclination.

By this ſubtil Sophiſtry of Deſire, I have been perſuaded to hope, that this Book may, without Impropriety, be inſcribed to Your Lordſhip; but am not certain, that my Reaſons will have the ſame Force upon other Underſtandings.

The Dread which a Writer feels of the public Cenſure; the ſtill greater Dread of Neglect; and the eager Wiſh for Support and Protection, which is impreſſed by the Conſciouſneſs of Imbecillity; are unknown to thoſe who have never adventured into the World; and I am afraid, my Lord, equally unknown to thoſe, who have always found the World ready to applaud them.

'Tis,

'Tis, therefore, not unlikely, that the Deſign of this Addreſs may be miſtaken, and the Effects of my Fear imputed to my Vanity: They who ſee Your Lordſhip's Name prefixed to my Performance, will rather condemn my Preſumption, than compaſſionate my Anxiety.

But, whatever be ſuppoſed my Motive, the Praiſe of Judgment cannot be denied me; for, to whom can Timidity ſo properly fly for Shelter, as to him who has been ſo long diſtinguiſhed for Candour and Humanity? How can Vanity be ſo completely gratified, as by the allowed Patronage of him whoſe Judgment has ſo long given a

Standard to the National Taſte? Or by what other means could I ſo powerfully ſuppreſs all Oppoſition, but that of Envy, as by declaring myſelf,

My LORD,

Your LORDSHIP'S

Obliged and moſt Obedient

Humble Servant,

The AUTHOR?

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THE

THE *Female* QUIXOTE.

BOOK I.

CHAP. I.

Contains a Turn at Court, neither new nor ſurpriſing—Some uſeleſs Additions to a fine Lady's Education—The bad Effects of a whimſical Study, which ſome will ſay is borrowed from Cervantes.

THE Marquis of——for a long Series of Years, was the firſt and moſt diſtinguiſhed Favourite at Court: He held the moſt honourable Employments under the Crown, diſpoſed of all Places of Profit as he pleaſed, preſided at the Council, and in a manner governed the whole Kingdom.

This extenſive Authority could not fail of making him many Enemies: He fell at laſt a Sacrifice to the Plots they were continually forming againſt him; and was not only removed from all his Employments, but baniſhed the Court for ever.

The Pain his undeſerved Diſgrace gave him, he was enabled to conceal by the natural Haughtineſs of his Temper; and, behaving rather like a Man who had reſigned, than been diſmiſſed from his Poſts, he imagined he triumphed ſufficiently over the Malice of his Enemies, while he ſeemed to be wholly inſenſible of the Effects it produced. His ſecret Diſcontent, however, was ſo much augmented by the Opportunity he now had of obſerving the Baſeneſs and Ingratitude of Mankind, which in ſome Degree he experienced every Day, that he reſolved to quit all Society whatever, and devote the reſt of his Life to Solitude and Privacy. For the Place of his Retreat he pitched upon a Caſtle he had in a very remote Province of the Kingdom, in the Neighbourhood of a ſmall Village, and ſeveral Miles diſtant from any Town. The vaſt Extent of Ground which ſurrounded this noble Building, he had cauſed to be laid out in a Manner peculiar to his Taſte: The moſt laborious Endeavours of Art had been uſed to make it appear like the beautiful Product of wild, uncultivated Nature. But if this Epitome of *Arcadia* could boaſt of only artleſs and ſimple Beauties, the Inſide of the Caſtle was adorned with a Magnificence ſuitable to the Dignity and immenſe Riches of the Owner.

While

While Things were preparing at the Caſtle for his Reception, the Marquis, though now advanced in Years, caſt his Eyes on a young Lady, greatly inferior to himſelf in Quality, but whoſe Beauty and good Senſe promiſed him an agreeable Companion. After a very ſhort Courtſhip, he married her, and in a few Weeks carried his new Bride into the Country, from whence he abſolutely reſolved never to Return.

The Marquis, following the Plan of Life he had laid down, divided his Time between the Company of his Lady, his Library, which was large and well furniſhed, and his Gardens. Sometimes he took the Diverſion of Hunting, but never admitted any Company whatever; and his Pride and extreme Reſerve rendered him ſo wholly inacceſſible to the Country Gentry about him, that none ever preſumed to ſolicit his Acquaintance.

In the Second Year of his Retirement, the Marchioneſs brought him a Daughter, and died in Three Days after her Delivery. The Marquis, who had tenderly loved her, was extremely afflicted at her Death; but Time having produced its uſual Effects, his great Fondneſs for the little *Arabella* intirely engroſſed his Attention, and made up all the Happineſs of his Life. At Four Years of Age he took her from under the Direction of the Nurſes and Women appointed to attend her, and permitted her to receive no Part of her Education from another, which he was capable of giving her himſelf. He taught her to read and write in a very few Months; and, as ſhe

grew older, finding in her an uncommon Quickneſs of Apprehenſion, and an Underſtanding capable of great Improvements, he reſolved to cultivate ſo promiſing a Genius with the utmoſt Care; and, as he frequently, in the Rapture of paternal Fondneſs, expreſſed himſelf, render her Mind as beautiful as her Perſon was lovely.

Nature had indeed given her a moſt charming Face, a Shape eaſy and delicate, a ſweet and inſinuating Voice, and an Air ſo full of Dignity and Grace, as drew the Admiration of all that ſaw her. Theſe native Charms were improved with all the Heightenings of Art; her Dreſs was perfectly magnificent; the beſt Maſters of Muſic and Dancing were ſent for from *London* to attend her. She ſoon became a perfect Miſtreſs of the *French* and *Italian* Languages, under the Care of her Father; and it is not to be doubted, but ſhe would have made a great Proficiency in all uſeful Knowlege, had not her whole Time been taken up by another Study.

From her earlieſt Youth ſhe had diſcovered a Fondneſs for Reading, which extremely delighted the Marquis; he permitted her therefore the Uſe of his Library, in which, unfortunately for her, were great Store of Romances, and, what was ſtill more unfortunate, not in the original *French*, but very bad Tranſlations.

The deceaſed Marchioneſs had purchaſed theſe Books to ſoften a Solitude which ſhe found very diſagreeable; and, after her Death, the

the Marquis removed them from her Closet into his Library, where *Arabella* found them.

The surprising Adventures with which they were filled, proved a most pleasing Entertainment to a young Lady, who was wholly secluded from the World; who had no other Diversion, but ranging like a Nymph through Gardens, or, to say better, the Woods and Lawns in which she was inclosed; and who had no other Conversation but that of a grave and melancholy Father, or her own Attendants.

Her Ideas, from the Manner of her Life, and the Objects around her, had taken a romantic Turn; and, supposing Romances were real Pictures of Life, from them she drew all her Notions and Expectations. By them she was taught to believe, that Love was the ruling Principle of the World; that every other Passion was subordinate to this; and that it caused all the Happiness and Miseries of Life. Her Glass, which she often consulted, always shewed her a Form so extremely lovely, that, not finding herself engaged in such Adventures as were common to the Heroines in the Romances she read, she often complained of the Insensibility of Mankind, upon whom her Charms seemed to have so little Influence.

The perfect Retirement she lived in, afforded indeed no Opportunities of making the Conquests she desired; but she could not comprehend, how any Solitude could be obscure enough to conceal a Beauty like hers from Notice; and thought the Reputation of her Charms sufficient to bring a Croud of

Adorers to demand her of her Father. Her Mind being wholly filled with the moſt extravagant Expectations, ſhe was alarmed by every trifling Incident; and kept in a continual Anxiety by a Viciſſitude of Hopes, Fears, Wiſhes, and Diſappointments.

Chap. II.

Contains a Deſcription of a Lady's Dreſs in Faſhion not much above Two thouſand Years ago.—The Beginning of an Adventure which ſeems to promiſe a great deal.

Arabella had now entered into her ſeventeenth Year with the Regret of ſeeing herſelf the Object of Admiration to a few Ruſtics only, who happened to ſee her; when, one *Sunday*, making uſe of the Permiſſion the Marquis ſometimes allowed her, to attend Divine Service at the Church belonging to the Village near which they lived, her Vanity was flattered with an Adorer not altogether unworthy of her Notice.

This Gentleman was young, gay, handſome, and very elegantly dreſſed; he was juſt come from *London* with an Intention to paſs ſome Weeks with a Friend in that Part of the Country; and at the time *Arabella* entered the Church, his Eyes, which had wandered from one rural Fair to another, were in an Inſtant fixed upon her Face. She bluſhed with a very becoming Modeſty; and, pleaſed with the

the unuſual Appearance of ſo fine a Gentleman, and the particular Notice he took of her, paſſed on to her Seat thro' a double Row of Country People, who, with a Profuſion of aukward Bows and Courteſies, expreſſed their Reſpect.

Mr. *Hervey*, for that was the Stranger's Name, was no leſs ſurpriſed at her Beauty, than the Singularity of her Dreſs; and the odd Whim of being followed into the Church by three Women-Attendants, who, as ſoon as ſhe was ſeated, took their Places behind her.

Her Dreſs, tho' ſingular, was far from being unbecoming. All the Beauties of her Neck and Shape were ſet off to the greateſt Advantage by the Faſhion of her Gown, which, in the Manner of a Robe, was made to ſit tight to her Body; and faſtened on the Breaſt with a Knot of Diamonds. Her fine black Hair, hung upon her Neck in Curls, which had ſo much the Appearance of being artleſs, that all but her Maid, whoſe Employment it was to give them that Form, imagined they were ſo. Her Head-dreſs was only a few Knots advantageouſly diſpoſed, over which ſhe wore a white Sarſenet Hood, ſomewhat in the Form of a Veil, with which ſhe ſometimes wholly covered her fair Face, when ſhe ſaw herſelf beheld with too much Attention.

This Veil had never appeared to her ſo neceſſary before. Mr. *Hervey*'s eager Glances threw her into ſo much Confuſion, that, pulling it over her Face as much as ſhe was able, ſhe remained inviſible to him all the time they afterwards ſtayed in the Church. This Action, by which ſhe would have had him underſtand

that ſhe was diſpleaſed at his gazing on her with ſo little Reſpect, only increaſed his Curioſity to know who ſhe was.

When the Congregation was diſmiſſed, he haſtened to the Door, with an Intention to offer her his Hand to help her to her Coach; but ſeeing the magnificent Equipage that waited for her, and the Number of Servants that attended it, he conceived a much higher Idea of her Quality than he had at firſt; and, changing his Deſign, contented himſelf with only bowing to her as ſhe paſſed; and as ſoon as her Coach drove away, inquired of ſome Perſons neareſt him, who ſhe was?

Theſe Ruſtics, highly delighted with the Opportunity of talking to the gay *Londoner*, whom they looked upon as a very extraordinary Perſon, gave him all the Intelligence they were able, concerning the Lady he inquired after; and filled him with an inconceivable Surprize at the ſtrange Humour of the Marquis, who buried ſo beautiful a Creature in Obſcurity.

At his Return home he expreſſed his Admiration of her in Terms that perſuaded his Friend, ſhe had made ſome Impreſſion on his Heart; and, after raillying him a little upon this Suſpicion, he aſſumed a more ſerious Air, and told him, If he really liked Lady *Bella*, he thought it not impoſſible but he might obtain her. The poor Girl, added he, has been kept in Confinement ſo long, that I believe it would not be difficult to perſuade her to free herſelf by Marriage. She never had a Lover in her Life; and therefore the firſt Perſon who addreſſes her has the faireſt Chance for ſucceeding.

Mr.

Mr. *Hervey*, tho' he could not perſuade himſelf his Couſin was in Earneſt when he adviſed him to court the only Daughter of a Man of the Marquis's Quality, and Heireſs to his vaſt Eſtates; yet reliſhed the Scheme, and reſolved to make ſome Attempt upon her before he left the Country. However, he concealed his Deſign from his Couſin, not being willing to expoſe himſelf to be ridiculed, if he did not ſucceed; and, turning the Advice he had given him into a Jeſt, left him in the Opinion, that he thought no more of it.

CHAP. III.

In which the Adventure goes on after the accuſtomed Manner.

ARABELLA, in the mean time, was wholly taken up with the Adventure, as ſhe called it, at Church: The Perſon and Dreſs of the Gentleman who had ſo particularly gazed on her there, was ſo different from what ſhe had been accuſtomed to ſee, that ſhe immediately concluded, he was of ſome diſtinguiſhed Rank. It was paſt a Doubt, ſhe thought, that he was exceſſively in Love with her; and as ſhe ſoon expected to have ſome very extraordinary Proofs of his Paſſion, her Thoughts were wholly employed on the Manner in which ſhe ſhould receive them.

As ſoon as ſhe came home, and had paid her Duty to the Marquis, ſhe hurried to her Chamber, to be at Liberty to indulge her agree-

able Reflections; and, after the Example of her Heroines, when any thing extraordinary happened to them, called her favourite Woman; or, to uſe her own Language, her, "in whom ſhe confided her moſt ſecret "Thoughts."

Well, *Lucy*, ſaid ſhe, did you obſerve that Stranger who ey'd *us* * ſo heedfully To-day at Church?

This Girl, notwithſtanding her Country-Simplicity, knew a Compliment was expected from her on this Occaſion; and therefore replied, "That ſhe did not wonder at the Gen-"tleman's ſtaring at her; for ſhe was ſure he "had never ſeen any body ſo handſome as her "Ladyſhip before."

I have not all the Beauty you attribute to me, ſaid *Arabella*, ſmiling a little: And, with a very moderate Share of it, I might well fix the Attention of a Perſon who ſeemed to be not over-much pleaſed with the Objects about him: However, purſued ſhe, aſſuming a more ſerious Air, if this Stranger be weak enough to entertain any Sentiments more than indifferent for me; I charge you, upon Pain of my Diſpleaſure, do not be acceſſary to the Conveying his preſumptuous Thoughts to me either by Letters or Meſſages; nor ſuffer him to corrupt your Fidelity with the Preſents he will very probably offer you.

Lucy, to whom this Speech firſt gave a Hint of what ſhe ought to expect from her Lady's Lovers, finding herſelf of more Importance than

* The Heroines always ſpeak of themſelves in the Plural Number.

than ſhe imagined, was ſo pleaſed at the Proſpect which opened to her, that it was with ſome Heſitation ſhe promiſed to obey her Orders.

Arabella, however, was ſatisfied with her Aſſurances of obſerving her Directions; and diſmiſſed her from her Preſence, not without an Apprehenſion of being too well obeyed.

A whole Week being elapſed without meeting with the Importunities ſhe expected, ſhe could hardly conceal her Surprize at ſo mortifying a Diſappointment; and frequently interrogated *Lucy*, concerning any Attempts the Stranger had made on her Fidelity; but the Anſwers ſhe received, only increaſed her Diſcontent, as they convinced her, her Charms had not had the Effect ſhe imagined.

Mr. *Hervey*, however, had been all this time employed in thinking of ſome Means to get acquainted with the Marquis; for, being poſſeſſed with an extraordinary Opinion of his Wit, and perſonal Accompliſhments, he did not fear making ſome Impreſſion on the Heart of the young Lady; provided he could have an Opportunity of converſing with her.

His Couſin's Advice was continually in his Mind, and flattered his Vanity with the moſt agreeable Hopes: But the Marquis's Fondneſs for Solitude, and that Haughtineſs which was natural to him, rendered him ſo difficult of Acceſs, that *Hervey*, from the Intelligence he received of his Humour, deſpaired of being able to proſecute his Scheme; when, meeting with a young Farmer in one of his Evening-Walks, and entering into Converſation with him upon

ſeveral Country Subjects, the Diſcourſe at laſt turned upon the Marquis of —— whoſe fine Houſe and Gardens were within their View; upon which the young Fellow informed him, he was Brother to a young Woman that attended the Lady *Arabella*; and, being fond of lengthening out the Converſation with ſo fine a Gentleman, gave him, without being deſired, the domeſtic Hiſtory of the whole Family, as he had received it from *Lucy*, who was the Siſter he mentioned.

Hervey, exceſſively delighted at this accidental Meeting with a Perſon ſo capable of ſerving his Deſign, affected a great Deſire of being better acquainted with him; and, under Pretence of acquiring ſome Knowlege in rural Affairs, accuſtomed himſelf to call ſo often at *William*'s Farm, that at laſt he met with the Perſon whom the Hopes of ſeeing had ſo often carried him thither.

Lucy, the Moment ſhe ſaw him enter, knowing him again, bluſhed at the Remembrance of the Diſcourſe which had paſſed between her Lady and herſelf concerning him; and was not at all ſurpriſed at the Endeavours he uſed to ſpeak to her apart: But, as ſoon as he began a Converſation concerning *Arabella*, ſhe interrupted him by ſaying, I know, Sir, that you are *diſtractedly* in Love with my Lady; but ſhe has forbid me to receive any Letters or Meſſages from you; and therefore I beg you will not offer to bribe me; for I dare not diſobey her.

Mr. *Hervey* was at firſt ſo aſtoniſhed at her Speech, that he knew not what to think of it; but, after a little Reflection, attributing to an

Exceſs

Excess of aukward Cunning what, in Reality, was an Effect of her Simplicity, he resolved to make use of the Hint she had given him; and, presenting her with a Couple of Guineas, intreated her to venture displeasing her Lady, by bearing a Letter from him; promising to reward her better, if she succeeded.

Lucy made some Difficulty to comply; but, not being able absolutely to refuse the first Bribe that ever was offered to her, she, after some Intreaties, consented to take the Letter; and, receiving the Money he presented her, left him at Liberty to write, after she had got her Brother to furnish him with Materials for that Purpose.

CHAP. IV.

A Mistake, which produces no great Consequences — An extraordinary Comment upon a Behaviour natural enough — An Instance of a Lady's Compassion for her Lover, which the Reader may possibly think not very compassionate.

HERVEY, who was Master of no great Elegance in Letter-writing, was at first at some Loss, how to address a Lady of her Quality, to whom he was an absolute Stranger, upon the Subject of Love; but, conceiving there was no great Occasion for much Ceremony in declaring himself to one who had been educated in the Country, and who, he believed, could not be displeased with a Lover of his Figure,

Figure, he therefore, in plain Terms, told her, how *deeply* he was enamoured of her; and conjured her to afford him ſome Opportunity of paying his Reſpects to her.

Lucy received this Letter from him with a worſe Grace than ſhe did the Gold; and, tho' ſhe promiſed him to deliver it to her Lady immediately, yet ſhe kept it a Day or two before ſhe had the Courage to attempt it: At laſt, drawing it out of her Pocket, with a baſhful Air, ſhe preſented it to her Lady, telling her it came from the fine Gentleman whom ſhe ſaw at Church.

Arabella bluſhed at the Sight of the Letter; and tho', in Reality, ſhe was not diſpleaſed, yet, being a ſtrict Obſerver of romantic Forms, ſhe chid her Woman ſeverely for taking it. Carry it back, added ſhe, to the preſumptuous Writer of it; and let him know how greatly his Inſolence has offended me.

Lucy, however, ſuffered the Letter to remain on the Toilet, expecting ſome Change in her Lady's Mind; for ſhe traverſed the Chamber in great ſeeming Irreſolution, often ſtealing a Glance to the Letter, which ſhe had a ſtrong Inclination to open; but, ſearching the Records of her Memory for a Precedent, and not finding, that any Lady ever opened a Letter from an unknown Lover, ſhe reiterated her Commands to *Lucy* to carry it back, with a Look and Accent ſo very ſevere, that the Girl, extremely apprehenſive of having offended her, put the Letter again in her Pocket, reſolving to return it the firſt Opportunity.

Mr.

Mr. *Hervey*, who had his Thoughts wholly taken up with the flattering Proſpect of Succeſs, no ſooner ſaw *Lucy*, who gave him his Letter without ſpeaking a Word, than, ſuppoſing it had been the Anſwer he expected, he eagerly ſnatched it out of her Hand, and, kiſſing it firſt in a Rapture of Joy, broke it open; but his Surprize and Confuſion, when he ſaw it was his own Letter returned, was inexpreſſible. For ſome Moments he kept his Eyes faſtened upon the tender Billet, as if he was really reading it. His Diſappointment, and the ridiculous Figure he knew he muſt make in the Eyes of his Meſſenger, filled him with ſo much Confuſion, that he did not dare to look up; but, recovering himſelf at laſt, he affected to turn it into a Jeſt; and, laughing firſt himſelf, gave *Lucy* the Liberty of laughing alſo, who had with much Difficulty been able to prevent doing it before.

The Curioſity he felt to hear how ſhe had acquitted herſelf of the Truſt he had repoſed in her, made him oblige her to give a Truce to her Mirth, in order to ſatisfy him; and *Lucy*, who was extremely exact in her Relations, told him all that had paſſed, without omitting the ſmalleſt Circumſtance.

Though it was impoſſible to draw any favourable Omen from what he heard, yet he determined to make another Effort, before he ſet out for *London*; and, taking Leave of his Confident, after he had appointed her to meet him again the next Day, at her Brother's, he went home to conſider upon Means to effect his

his Deſigns, which the ill Succeſs of his firſt Attempt had not forced him to abandon.

Arabella, who expected to hear, that the Return of his Letter would make her Lover commit ſome very extravagant Actions; and having impatiently waited for an Account of them from *Lucy*; finding ſhe ſeemed to have no Intention to begin a Diſcourſe concerning him; aſked her, at laſt, If ſhe had executed her Commiſſion, and returned the Letter to the inſolent Unknown?

The Girl anſwered, Yes.

Which not being all that her Lady expected, And how did he receive it? reſumed ſhe, peeviſhly.

Why Madam, replied *Lucy*, I believe he thought your Ladyſhip had ſent him an Anſwer; for he kiſſed the Letter ſeveral times.

Fooliſh Wench! replied *Arabella*, How can you imagine he had the Temerity to think I ſhould anſwer his Letter? A Favour, which, though he had ſpent Years in my Service, would have been infinitely greater than he could have expected. No, *Lucy*, he kiſſed the Letter, either becauſe he thought it had been touched at leaſt by my Hands, or to ſhew the perfect Submiſſion with which he received my Commands; and it is not to be doubted, but his Deſpair will force him to commit ſome deſperate Outrage againſt himſelf, which I do not hate him enough to wiſh, though he has mortally offended me.

Arabella was poſſeſſed of great Senſibility and Softneſs; and, being really perſuaded, that her Lover would entertain ſome fatal Deſign,

ſeemed

ſeemed ſo much affected with the Thoughts of what might happen, that *Lucy*, who tenderly loved her, begged her not to be ſo much concerned for the Gentleman: There is no Fear, added ſhe, that he will do himſelf a Miſchief; for when he diſcovered his Miſtake, he laughed heartily, as well as myſelf.

How! replied *Arabella*, extremely ſurpriſed, Did he laugh?

Which *Lucy* confirming, Doubtleſs, reſumed ſhe, having taken a little Time to conſider of ſo ſtrange a Phænomenon, he laughed, becauſe his Reaſon was diſturbed at the ſudden Shock he received: Unhappy Man! his Preſumption will be ſeverely enough puniſhed, though I do not add Anger to the Scorn which I have expreſſed for him: Therefore, *Lucy*, you may tell him, if you pleaſe, that, notwithſtanding the Offence he has been guilty of, I am not cruel enough to wiſh his Death; and that I command him to live, if he can live without Hope.

Chap. V.

In which one would imagine the Adventure concluded, but for a Promiſe, that ſomething elſe is to come.

Lucy now began to think there was ſomething more, than ſhe imagined, in this Affair. Mr. *Hervey* indeed, in her Opinion, had ſeemed to be very far from having any Deſign to attempt his own Life; but her Lady,

Lady, ſhe thought, could not poſſibly be miſtaken; and therefore ſhe reſolved to carry her Meſſage to him immediately, though it was then late in the Evening.

Accordingly ſhe went to her Brother's, where ſhe had ſome Hope of meeting with him; but not finding him there, ſhe obliged him to go to the Houſe where he lived, and tell him ſhe deſired to ſpeak with him.

William, being let into the Secret of his Siſter's frequent Meetings with Mr. *Hervey*, imagined ſhe had ſome agreeable News to acquaint him with; and therefore ran immediately to his Relation's Houſe, which was but at a ſmall Diſtance; but he was told Mr. *Hervey* was in Bed, very much indiſpoſed, and could not be ſeen.

This News put *Lucy* in a terrible Fright: She told her Apprehenſions to her Brother; which being ſuch as her Lady had put into her Head, and were now confirmed by Mr. *Hervey*'s Illneſs, the young Farmer ſtood amazed, not being able to comprehend her Meaning; and ſhe, without ſtaying to explain herſelf any further, went home to the Caſtle, and told her Lady, That what ſhe feared was come to paſs; the Gentleman would certainly die; for he was very ill in Bed.

This being no more than what *Arabella* expected, ſhe diſcovered no Surprize; but only aſked *Lucy*, If ſhe had delivered her Meſſage to him?

Would you have me, Madam, replied ſhe, go to his Houſe? I am afraid the Marquis will hear of it.

My

My Father, replied *Arabella*, can never be offended with me for doing a charitable Action.

Ah! Madam, interrupted *Lucy*, let me go then immediately, for fear the poor Gentleman ſhould grow worſe.

If he be ſick almoſt to Death, reſumed *Arabella*, he will recover, if I command him to do ſo: When did you hear of a Lover dying through Deſpair, when his Miſtreſs let him know it was her Pleaſure he ſhould live? But as it will not be altogether ſo proper for you to go to his Houſe, as it may be ſuſpected you come from me; I'll write a few Lines, which you ſhall copy, and your Brother may carry them to him To-morrow, and I'll engage he ſhall be well in a few Hours.

Saying this, ſhe went into her Cloſet, and, having written a ſhort Note, made *Lucy* write it over again. It was as follows:

Lucy, *To the Unfortunate Lover of her Lady.*

MY Lady, who is the moſt generous Perſon in the World, has commanded me to tell you, that, preſumptuous as you are, ſhe does not deſire your Death; nay more, ſhe commands you to live, and permits you, in caſe you obey her, to hope for her Pardon, provided you keep within the Bounds ſhe preſcribes to you.

Adieu.

This Letter *Lucy* copied, and *Arabella*, examining it again, thought it rather too kind; and,

and, ſeeming deſirous of making ſome Alteration in it, *Lucy*, who was extremely anxious for Mr. *Hervey*'s Life, fearing leſt ſhe ſhould alter it in ſuch a manner, that the Gentleman might be at Liberty to die, if he choſe it, conjured her Lady in ſuch preſſing Terms to let it remain as it was, that *Arabella* ſuffered herſelf to be prevailed upon by her Intreaties; and, remembring that it was not uncommon for the Ladies in Romances to relax a little in their Severity through the Remonſtrances of their Women, told her, with an inchanting Smile, that ſhe would grant her Deſire; and went to Bed with that pleaſing Satisfaction, which every generous Mind experiences at the Conſciouſneſs of having done ſome very benevolent Action.

In the Morning, this life-reſtoring Billet was diſpatched by *Lucy* to her Brother, incloſed in one to him, charging him to carry it to the ſick Gentleman immediately.

William, having a ſtrong Curioſity to ſee what his Siſter had written, ventured to open it; and, not being able to imagine Lady *Bella* had really given her Orders to write what appeared to him the moſt unintelligible Stuff in the World, reſolved to ſuppreſs this Letter till he had queſtioned her a little concerning it.

A few Hours after, Mr. *Hervey*, who expected to meet *Lucy* at her Brother's, came in. His Illneſs having been only a violent Headach, to which he was ſubject, being now quite off, he remembred the Appointment he had made; but, having waited ſome time, and ſhe not coming, he returned again to his Couſin's,

Couſin's, leaving word for her, that he would ſee her the next Day.

Scarce was he gone out, when *Lucy*, who longed to know what Effect her Letter had produced in his Health, came in; and eagerly inquiring of her Brother how Mr. *Hervey* was, received for Anſwer, that he had been there a Moment before ſhe came.

Well, cried ſhe, claſping her Hands together, with Surprize, my Lady ſaid, her Letter would cure him, if he was ever ſo ſick; but I did not imagine he would have been well enough to come abroad ſo ſoon.

Your Lady! interrupted *William*, why was it not yourſelf that wrote that Letter you gave to me?

No, truly, Brother, reſumed ſhe: How was it poſſible I ſhould write ſo fine a Letter? My Lady *made* every Word of it, and I only wrote it after her.

William, hearing this, would not own the Indiſcretion he now thought he had been guilty of, in keeping the Letter; but ſuffered his Siſter to return to her Lady, in the Belief that he had delivered it, reſolving, when he ſaw her next, to ſay he had loſt it; for he knew not what Excuſe to make to Mr. *Hervey* for not giving it him when he ſaw him.

Arabella received the Account of her Lover's Recovery as a Thing ſhe was abſolutely ſure of before; and thinking ſhe had now done all that could be expected from her Compaſſion, reſumed her uſual Severity, and commanded *Lucy* to mention him no more. If he loves me with that Purity he ought to do, purſued

ſhe, he will ceaſe to importune me any further: And though his Paſſion be ever ſo violent, his Reſpect and Submiſſion to my Commands will oblige him to Silence. The Obedience he has already ſhewn, in recovering at the firſt Intimation I gave, that it was my Will he ſhould do ſo, convinces me, I need not apprehend he will renew his Follies to diſpleaſe me.

Lucy, who found by this Diſcourſe of her Lady's, that her Commiſſion was at an End with regard to Mr. *Hervey*, followed her Directions ſo exactly, that ſhe not only ſpoke no more of him to her, but alſo, in order to avoid him, neglected to go to her Brother's.

His Impatience at not ſeeing her made him prevail upon her Brother to go the Caſtle, and intreat her to give him another Interview: But *Lucy* poſitively refuſed; and, to make a Merit with her Lady of her Obedience, informed her what he had requeſted.

Arabella, reſenting a Boldneſs which argued ſo little Reſpect to her Commands, began now to repent of the Compaſſion ſhe had ſhewn him; and, commending *Lucy* for what ſhe had done, bid her tell the inſolent Unknown, if he ever ſent to her again, that ſhe was reſolved never to pardon the Contempt he had ſhewn for her Orders.

Mr. *Hervey*, finding himſelf deſerted by *Lucy*, reſolved to give over his Attempts, congratulating himſelf for his Diſcretion in not acquainting his Couſin with what he had already done: His Heart not being very much engaged, he found no great Difficulty in conſoling

ſoling himſelf for his bad Succeſs. In a few Days he thought of Lady *Bella* no more, than if he had never ſeen her; but an Accident bringing her again in his Way, he could not reſiſt the Inclination he felt to ſpeak to her; and by that means drew upon himſelf a very ſenſible Mortification.

CHAP. VI.

In which the Adventure is really concluded; tho', poſſibly, not as the Reader expected.

THE Marquis ſometimes permitting his Daughter to ride out, and this being the only Diverſion ſhe was allowed, or ever experienced, ſhe did not fail to take it as often as ſhe could.

She was returning from one of theſe Airings one Day, attended by two Servants, when Mr. *Hervey*, who happened to be at ſome Diſtance, obſerving a Lady on Horſeback, who made a very graceful Figure, he rode up to her, in order to have a nearer View; and, knowing Lady *Bella* again, reſolved to ſpeak to her: But while he was conſidering how he ſhould accoſt her, *Arabella* ſuddenly ſeeing him, and obſerving he was making up to her, her Imagination immediately ſuggeſted to her, that this inſolent Lover had a Deſign to ſeize her Perſon; and this Thought terrifying her extremely, ſhe gave a loud Shriek; which Mr. *Hervey* hearing, rode eagerly up to her to inquire

quire the Reaſon of it, at the ſame time that her two Attendants, as much amazed as himſelf, came galloping up alſo.

Arabella, upon his coming cloſe to her, redoubled her Cries. If you have any Valour, ſaid ſhe to her Servants, defend your unfortunate Miſtreſs, and reſcue her from this unworthy Man.

The Servants, believing him to be a Highwayman, by this Exclamation, and dreading leſt he ſhould preſent his Piſtol at their Heads, if they offered to make any Reſiſtance, recoiled a few Paces back, expecting he would demand their Purſes when he had robbed their Lady: But the extreme Surprize he was in, keeping him motionleſs, the Fellows not ſeeing any Piſtols in his Hand, and animated by *Arabella*'s Cries, who, calling them Cowards and Traitors, urged them to deliver her; they both, in a Moment, laid hold of Mr. *Hervey*, and forced him to alight; which they did alſo themſelves, ſtill keeping faſt hold of him, whom Surprize, Shame, and Rage, had hitherto kept ſilent.

Raſcals! cried he, when he was able to ſpeak, what do you mean by uſing me in this manner? Do you ſuppoſe I had any Intention to hurt the Lady? — What do you take me for?

For a Villain, for a Raviſher, interrupted *Arabella*, who, contrary to all Laws both human and divine, endeavour to poſſeſs yourſelf by Force of a Perſon whom you are not worthy to ſerve; and whoſe Charity and Compaſſion you have returned with the utmoſt Ingratitude.

Upon

Upon my Word, Madam, ſaid Mr. *Hervey*, I don't underſtand one Word you ſay: You either miſtake me for ſome other Perſon, or are pleaſed to divert yourſelf with the Surprize I am in: But I beſeech you carry the Jeſt no farther, and order your Servants to let me go; or, by Heaven — cried he ſtruggling to get looſe, if I can but free one of my Hands, I'll ſtab the Scoundrels before your Face.

It is not with Threats like theſe, reſumed *Arabella* with great Calmneſs, that I can be moved. A little more Submiſſion and Reſpect would become you better; you are now wholly in my Power; I may, if I pleaſe, carry you to my Father, and have you ſeverely puniſhed for your Attempt: But to ſhew you, that I am as generous as you are baſe and deſigning, I'll give you Freedom, provided you promiſe me never to appear before me again: But, in order to ſecure my own Safety, you muſt deliver up your Arms to my Servants, that I may be aſſured you will not have it in your Power to make a ſecond Attempt upon my Liberty.

Mr. *Hervey*, whoſe Aſtoniſhment was increaſed by every Word ſhe ſpoke, began now to be apprehenſive, that this might prove a very ſerious Affair, ſince ſhe ſeemed reſolved to believe he had a Deſign to carry her off; and, knowing that an Attempt of that Nature upon an Heireſs might have dangerous Conſequences, he reſolved to accept the Conditions ſhe offered him: But while he delivered his Hanger to the Servant, he aſſured her in the ſtrongeſt Terms, that he had no other Deſign in riding up to her, but to have a nearer View of her Perſon.

Add not Falſhood, ſaid *Arabella* ſternly, to a Crime already black enough; for tho', by an Effect of my Generoſity, I have reſolved not to deliver you up to the Reſentment of my Father, yet nothing ſhall ever be able to make me pardon this Outrage. Go then, purſued ſhe, go, baſe Man, unworthy of the Care I took of thy Safety; go to ſome diſtant Country, where I may never hear of thee more; and ſuffer me, if poſſible, to loſe the Remembrance of thy Crimes,

Saying this, ſhe ordered her Servants, who had got the Hanger in their Poſſeſſion, to ſet him at Liberty, and mount their Horſes; which they did immediately, and followed their Lady, who rode with all imaginable Speed to the Caſtle.

Mr. *Hervey*, not yet recovered from his Surprize, ſtood ſome Moments conſidering the ſtrange Scene he had been Witneſs to; and in which he had, much againſt his Will, appeared the principal Character. As he was not acquainted with Lady *Bella*'s Foible, he concluded her Fears of him were occaſioned by her Simplicity, and ſome Miſrepreſentations that had been made her by *Lucy*, who, he thought, had betrayed him; and, fearing this ridiculous Adventure would be ſoon made public, and himſelf expoſed to the Sneers of his Country Acquaintance, he reſolved to go back to *London* as ſoon as poſſible.

The next Day, pretending he had received a Letter which obliged him to ſet out immediately, he took Leave of his Couſin, heartily glad at the Eſcape he ſhould make from his Railery;

lery; for he did not doubt but the Story would very ſoon be known, and told greatly to his Diſadvantage.

But *Arabella*, in order to be completely generous, a Quality for which all the Heroines are famous, laid a Command upon her two Attendants not to mention what had paſſed, giving them, at the ſame time, Money to ſecure their Secrecy; and threatening them with her Diſpleaſure, if they diſobeyed.

Arabella, as ſoon as ſhe had an Opportunity, did not fail to acquaint her faithful *Lucy* with the Danger from which ſhe had ſo happily eſcaped, thanking Heaven at the ſame time with great Devotion, for having preſerved her from the Hands of the Raviſher.

Two or three Months rolled away, after this Accident, without offering any new Adventure to our fair Viſionary; when her Imagination, always prepoſſeſſed with the ſame fantaſtic Ideas, made her ſtumble upon another Miſtake, equally abſurd and ridiculous.

CHAP. VII.

In which ſome Contradictions are very happily reconciled.

THE Marquis's head Gardener had received a young Fellow into his Maſter's Service, who had lived in ſeveral Families of Diſtinction. He had a good Face; was tolerably genteel; and, having an Underſtanding ſomething above his Condition, join'd to a great deal of *ſecond-*

hand Politeneſs, which he had contracted while he lived at *London*, he appeared a very extraordinary Perſon among the Ruſtics who were his Fellow-Servants.

Arabella, when ſhe walked in the Garden, had frequent Opportunities of ſeeing this young Man, whom ſhe obſerved with a very particular Attention. His Perſon and Air had ſomething, ſhe thought, very diſtinguiſhing. When ſhe condeſcended to ſpeak to him about any Buſineſs he was employed in, ſhe took Notice, that his Anſwers were framed in a Language vaſtly ſuperior to his Condition; and the Reſpect he paid her had quite another Air from that of the aukward Civility of the other Servants.

Having diſcerned ſo many Marks of a Birth far from being mean, ſhe eaſily paſſed from an Opinion that he was a Gentleman, to a Belief that he was ſomething more; and every new Sight of him adding Strength to her Suſpicions, ſhe remained, in a little time, perfectly convinced that he was ſome Perſon of Quality, who, diſguiſed in the Habit of a Gardener, had introduced himſelf into her Father's Service, in order to have an Opportunity of declaring a Paſſion to her, which muſt certainly be very great, ſince it had forced him to aſſume an Appearance ſo unworthy of his noble Extraction.

Wholly poſſeſſed with this Thought, ſhe ſet herſelf to obſerve him more narrowly; and ſoon found out, that he went very aukwardly about his Work; that he ſought Opportunities of being alone; that he threw himſelf in her Way as often as he could, and gazed on her very attentively: She ſometimes fanſied ſhe ſaw him endeavour

endeavour to ſmother a Sigh when he anſwered her any Queſtion about his Work; once ſaw him leaning againſt a Tree with his Hands croſſed upon his Breaſt; and, having loſt a String of ſmall Pearls, which ſhe remembered he had ſeen her threading as ſhe ſat in one of the Arbours, was perſuaded he had taken it up, and kept it for the Object of his ſecret Adoration.

She often wondered, indeed, that ſhe did not find her Name carved on the Trees, with ſome myſterious Expreſſions of Love; that he was never diſcovered lying along the Side of one of the little Rivulets, increaſing the Stream with his Tears; nor, for three Months that he had lived there, had ever been ſick of a Fever cauſed by his Grief, and the Conſtraint he put upon himſelf in not declaring his Paſſion: But ſhe conſidered again, that his Fear of being diſcovered kept him from amuſing himſelf with making the Trees bear the Records of his ſecret Thoughts, or of indulging his Melancholy in any Manner expreſſive of the Condition of his Soul; and, as for his not being ſick, his Youth, and the Strength of his Conſtitution, might, even for a longer time, bear him up againſt the Aſſaults of a Fever: But he appeared much thinner and paler than he uſed to be; and ſhe concluded, therefore, that he muſt in time ſink under the Violence of his Paſſion, or elſe be forced to declare it to her; which ſhe conſidered as a very great Misfortune; for, not finding in herſelf any Diſpoſition to approve his Love, ſhe muſt neceſſarily baniſh him from her Preſence, for fear he ſhould have the Preſumption to hope, that

Time might do any thing in his Favour: And it was poſſible alſo, that the Sentence ſhe would be obliged to pronounce, might either cauſe his Death, or force him to commit ſome extravagant Action, which would diſcover him to her Father, who would, perhaps, think her guilty of holding a ſecret Correſpondence with him.

Theſe Thoughts perplexed her ſo much, that, hoping to find ſome Relief by unburdening her Mind to *Lucy*, ſhe told her all her Uneaſineſs. Ah! ſaid ſhe to her, looking upon *Edward*, who had juſt paſſed them, how unfortunate do I think myſelf in being the Cauſe of that Paſſion which makes this illuſtrious Unknown wear away his Days in ſo ſhameful an Obſcurity! Yes, *Lucy*, purſued ſhe, that *Edward*, whom you regard as one of my Father's menial Servants, is a Perſon of *ſublime Quality*, who ſubmits to this Diſguiſe only to have an Opportunity of ſeeing me every Day. But why do you ſeem ſo ſurpriſed? Is it poſſible, that you have not ſuſpected him to be what he is? Has he never unwittingly made any Diſcovery of himſelf? Have you not ſurpriſed him in Diſcourſe with his faithful 'Squire, who, certainly, lurks hereabouts to receive his Commands, and is haply the Confident of his Paſſion? Has he never entertained you with any Converſation about me? Or have you never ſeen any valuable Jewels in his Poſſeſſion by which you ſuſpected him to be not what he appears?

Truly, Madam, replied *Lucy*, I never took him for any body elſe but a ſimple Gardener; but now you open my Eyes, methinks I can find I have been ſtrangely miſtaken; for he does not

not look like a Man of low Degree; and he talks quite in another Manner from our Servants. I never heard him indeed ſpeak of your Ladyſhip, but once; and that was, when he firſt ſaw you walking in the Garden, he aſked our *John*, If you was not the Marquis's Daughter? And he ſaid, You was as beautiful as an Angel. As for fine Jewels, I never ſaw any; and I believe he has none; but he has a Watch, and that looks as if he was ſomething, Madam: Nor do I remember to have ſeen him talk with any Stranger that looked like a 'Squire.

Lucy, having thus, with her uſual Punctuality, anſwered every Queſtion her Lady put to her, proceeded to aſk her, What ſhe ſhould ſay, if he ſhould beg her to give her a Letter, as the other Gentleman had done?

You muſt by no means take it, replied *Arabella*: My Compaſſion had before like to have been fatal to me. If he diſcovers his Quality to me, I ſhall know in what manner to treat him.

They were in this Part of their Diſcourſe, when a Noiſe they heard at ſome Diſtance, made *Arabella* bend her Steps to the Place from whence it proceeded; and, to her infinite Amazement, ſaw the head Gardener, with a Stick he had in his Hand, give ſeveral Blows to the concealed Hero, who ſuffered the Indignity with admirable Patience.

Shocked at ſeeing a Perſon of Quality treated ſo unworthily, ſhe called out to the Gardener to hold his Hand; who immediately obeyed; and *Edward*, ſeeing the young Lady advance, ſneaked off, with an Air very different from an *Oroondates*.

For what Crime, pray, ſaid *Arabella*, with a ſtern Aſpect, did you treat the Perſon I ſaw with you ſo cruelly? He whom you take ſuch unbecoming Liberties with, may poſſibly—But again I aſk you, What has he done? You ſhould make ſome Allowance for his want of Skill in the abject Employment he is in at preſent.

It is not for his want of Skill, Madam, ſaid the Gardener, that I corrected him; he knows his Buſineſs very well, if he would mind it; but, Madam, I have diſcovered him—

Diſcovered him, do you ſay? interrupted *Arabella*: And has the Knowlege of his Condition not been able to prevent ſuch Uſage? or rather, Has it been the Occaſion of his receiving it?

His Conditions are very bad, Madam, returned the Gardener; and I am afraid are ſuch as will one Day prove the Ruin of Body and Soul too. I have for ſome time ſuſpected he had bad Deſigns in his Head; and juſt now watched him to the Fiſh-pond, and prevented him from—

O dear! interrupted *Lucy*, looking pitifully on her Lady, whoſe fair Boſom heaved with Compaſſion, I warrant he was going to make away with himſelf.

No, reſumed the Gardener, ſmiling at the Miſtake, he was only going to make away with ſome of the Carp, which the Rogue had caught, and intended, I ſuppoſe, to ſell; but I threw them into the Water again; and if your Ladyſhip had not forbid me, I would have drubbed him ſoundly for his Pains.

Fye!

Fye! fye! interrupted *Arabella*, out of Breath with Shame and Vexation, tell me no more of theſe idle Tales.

Then, haſtily walking on to hide the Bluſhes which this ſtrange Accuſation of her illuſtrious Lover had raiſed in her Face, ſhe continued for ſome time in the greateſt Perplexity imaginable.

Lucy, who followed her, and could not poſſibly reconcile what her Lady had been telling her concerning *Edward*, with the Circumſtance of his ſtealing the Carp, ardently wiſhed to hear her Opinion of this Matter; but, ſeeing her deeply engaged with her own Thoughts, ſhe would not venture to diſturb her.

Arabella indeed, had been in ſuch a terrible Conſternation, that it was ſome Time before ſhe even reconciled Appearances to herſelf; but, as ſhe had a moſt happy Faculty in accommodating every Incident to her own Wiſhes and Conceptions, ſhe examined this Matter ſo many different Ways, drew ſo many Concluſions, and fanſied ſo many Myſteries in the moſt indifferent Actions of the ſuppoſed noble Unknown, that ſhe remained, at laſt, more than ever confirmed in the Opinion, that he was ſome great Perſonage, whom her Beauty had forced to aſſume an Appearance unworthy of himſelf: When *Lucy*, no longer able to keep Silence, drew off her Attention from thoſe pleaſing Images, by ſpeaking of the Carp-ſtealing Affair again.

Arabella, whoſe Confuſion returned at that diſagreeable Sound, charged her, in an angry Tone, never to mention ſo injurious a Suſpi-

cion any more: For, in fine, ſaid ſhe to her, do you imagine a Perſon of his Rank could be guilty of ſtealing Carp? Alas! purſued ſhe, ſighing, he had, indeed, ſome fatal Deſign; and, doubtleſs, would have executed it, had not this Fellow ſo luckily prevented him.

But Mr. *Woodbind*, Madam, ſaid *Lucy*, ſaw the Carp in his Hand: I wonder what he was going to do with them.

Still, reſumed *Arabella*, extremely chagrined, ſtill will you wound my Ears with that horrid Sound? I tell you, obſtinate and fooliſh Wench, that this unhappy Man went thither to die; and if he really caught the Fiſh, it was to conceal his Deſign from *Woodbind*: His great Mind could not ſuggeſt to him, that it was poſſible he might be ſuſpected of a Baſeneſs like that this ignorant Fellow accuſed him of; therefore he took no Care about it, being wholly poſſeſſed by his deſpairing Thoughts.

However, Madam, ſaid *Lucy*, your Ladyſhip may prevent his going to the Fiſhpond again, by laying your Commands upon him to live.

I ſhall do all that I ought, anſwered *Arabella*; but my Care for the Safety of other Perſons muſt not make me forget what I owe to my own.

As ſhe had always imputed Mr. *Hervey*'s fanſied Attempt to carry her away, to the Letter ſhe had written to him, upon which he had probably founded his Hopes of being pardoned for it, ſhe reſolved to be more cautious for the future in giving ſuch Inſtances of her Compaſſion; and was at a great Loſs in what manner to comfort her deſpairing Lover, without raiſing Expectations ſhe had no Inclination to confirm:

But she was delivered from her Perplexity by the News of his having left the Marquis's Service; which she attributed to some new Design he had formed to obtain her; and *Lucy*, who always thought as her Lady did, was of the same Opinion; tho' it was talked among the Servants, that *Edward* feared a Discovery of more Tricks, and resolved not to stay till he was disgracefully dismissed.

CHAP. VIII.

In which a Mistake, in point of Ceremony, is rectified.

ARABELLA had scarce done thinking of this last Adventure, when the Marquis communicated a Piece of Intelligence to her, which opened a Prospect of an infinite Number of new ones.

His Nephew, having just returned from his Travels, was preparing to come and pay him a Visit in his Retreat; and, as he always designed to marry *Arabella* to this Youth, of whom he was extremely fond, he told his Daughter of the intended Visit of her Cousin, whom she had not seen since she was eight Years old; and, for the first time, insinuated his Design of giving him to her for an Husband.

Arabella, whose Delicacy was extremely shocked at this abrupt Declaration of her Father, could hardly hide her Chagrin; for,

tho' ſhe always intended to marry ſome time or other, as all the Heroines had done, yet ſhe thought ſuch an Event ought to be brought about with an infinite deal of Trouble; and that it was neceſſary ſhe ſhould paſs to this State thro' a great Number of Cares, Diſappointments, and Diſtreſſes of various Kinds, like them; that her Lover ſhould purchaſe her with his Sword from a Croud of Rivals; and arrive to the Poſſeſſion of her Heart by many Years of Services and Fidelity.

The Impropriety of receiving a Lover of a Father's recommending appeared in its ſtrongeſt Light. What Lady in Romance ever married the Man that was choſe for her? In thoſe Caſes the Remonſtrances of a Parent are called Perſecutions; obſtinate Reſiſtance, Conſtancy and Courage; and an Aptitude to diſlike the Perſon propoſed to them, a noble Freedom of Mind which diſdains to love or hate by the Caprice of others.

Arabella, ſtrengthening her own Reſolutions by thoſe Examples of heroic Diſobedience, told her Father, with great Solemnity of Accent, that ſhe would always obey him in all juſt and reaſonable Things; and, being perſuaded that he would never attempt to lay any Force upon her Inclinations, ſhe would endeavour to make them conformable to his, and receive her Couſin with that Civility and Friendſhip due to ſo near a Relation, and a Perſon whom he honoured with his Eſteem.

The Marquis, having had frequent Occaſions of admiring his Daughter's Eloquence, did not draw any unpleaſing Concluſion from the nice Diſtinctions

Distinctions she made; and, being perfectly assured of her Consent whenever he demanded it, expected the Arrival of his Nephew with great Impatience.

Arabella, whose Thoughts had been fully employed since this Conversation with her Father, was indulging her Meditations in one of the most retired Walks in the Garden; when she was informed by *Lucy*, that her Cousin was come, and that the Marquis had brought him into the Garden to look for her.

That Instant they both entered the Walk, when *Arabella*, prepossessed, as she was, against any favourable Thoughts of the young *Glanville*, could not help betraying some Surprize at the Gracefulness of his Figure.

It must be confessed, said she to her Attendant, with a Smile, that this Lover my Father has brought us, is no contemptible Person: Nevertheless I feel an invincible Repugnance in myself against receiving him in that Character.

As she finished these Words, the Marquis came up, and presented Mr. *Glanville* to her; who, saluting her with the Freedom of a Relation, gave her a Disgust that shewed itself immediately in her fair Face, which was overspread with such a Gloom, that the Marquis was quite astonished at it. Indeed *Arabella*, who expected he would hardly have presumed to kiss her Hand, was so surprised at his Freedom, in attempting her Lips, that she not only expressed her Indignation by Frowns, but gave him to understand he had mortally offended her.

Mr. *Glanville*, however, was neither surprised nor angry at her Resentment; but, imputing it

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to her Country Education, endeavoured to rally her out of her ill Humour; and the Marquis, being glad to find a Behaviour, which he thought proceeded from her Diſlike of her Couſin, was only an Effect of an over-ſcrupulous Modeſty, told her that Mr. *Glanville* had committed no Offence by ſaluting her, ſince that was a Civility which was granted to all Strangers at the firſt Interview, and therefore could not be refuſed to a Relation.

Since the World is ſo degenerate in it's Cuſtoms from what it was formerly, ſaid *Arabella*, with a Smile full of Contempt upon her Couſin, I am extremely happy in having lived in a Solitude which has not yet expoſed me to the Mortification of being a Witneſs to Manners I cannot approve; for if every Perſon I ſhall meet with for the future be ſo deficient in their Reſpects to Ladies, as my Couſin is, I ſhall not care how much I am ſecluded from Society.

But, dear Lady *Bella*, interrupted Mr. *Glanville* gaily, tell me, I beſeech you, how I muſt behave to pleaſe you; for I ſhould be extremely glad to be honoured with your good Opinion.

The Perſon, reſumed ſhe, whom I muſt teach how to acquire my good Opinion, will, I am afraid, hardly recompenſe me by his Docility in learning, for the Pains I ſhould be at in inſtructing him.

But, reſumed *Glanville*, that I may avoid any more Occaſions of offending you, only let me know how you would be approached for the future.

Since, anſwered ſhe, there is no Neceſſity to renew the Ceremony of introducing you again

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to me, I have not a ſecond Affront of that Kind to apprehend; but I pray tell me, If all Cavaliers are as preſuming as yourſelf; and if a Relation of your Sex does not think a modeſt Embrace from a Lady a Welcome ſufficiently tender *?

Nay, Couſin, cried *Glanville* eagerly, I am now perſuaded you are in the Right; an Embrace is certainly to be preferred to a cold Salute. What would I give, that the Marquis would introduce me a ſecond time, that I might be received with ſo delightful a Welcome?

The Vivacity with which he ſpoke this was ſo extremely diſagreeable to *Arabella*, that ſhe turned from him abruptly, and, ſtriking into another Walk, ordered *Lucy* to tell him ſhe commanded him not to follow her.

Mr. *Glanville*, however, who had no Notion of the exact Obedience which was expected from him, would have gone after her, notwithſtanding this Prohibition, which *Lucy* delivered in a moſt peremptory Manner, after her Lady's Example: But the Marquis, who had left the two young People at Liberty to diſcourſe, and had walked on, that he might not interrupt them, turning about, and ſeeing *Glanville* alone, called him to have ſome private Diſcourſe with him; and, for that time, ſpared *Arabella* the Mortification of ſeeing her Commands diſobeyed.

* The Heroines, tho' they think a Kiſs of the Hand a great Condeſcention to a Lover, and never grant it without Bluſhes and Confuſion; yet make no Scruple to embrace him upon every ſhort Abſence.

CHAP.

Chap. IX.

In which a Lover is severely punished for Faults which the Reader never would have discovered, if he had not been told.

THE Marquis, tho' he had resolved to give *Arabella* to his Nephew, was desirous he should first receive some Impressions of Tenderness for her, before he absolutely declared his Resolution; and ardently wished he might be able to overcome that Reluctance which she seemed to have for Marriage: But, tho' *Glanville* in a very few Days became passionately in Love with his charming Cousin, yet she discovered so strong a Dislike to him, that the Marquis feared it would be difficult to make her receive him for an Husband: He observed she took all Opportunities of avoiding his Conversation; and seemed always out of Temper when he addressed any thing to her; but was well enough pleased, when he discoursed with him; and would listen to the long Conversations they had together with great Attention.

The Truth is, she had too much Discernment not to see Mr. *Glanville* had a great deal of Merit; his Person was perfectly handsome; he possessed a great Share of Understanding, an easy Temper, and a Vivacity which charmed every one, but the insensible *Arabella*.

She often wondered, that a Man, who, as she told her Confident, was Master of so many fine Qualities, should have a Disposition so little capable of feeling the Passion of Love, with the Delicacy

Delicacy and Fervour ſhe expected to inſpire; or, that he, whoſe Converſation was ſo pleaſing on every other Subject, ſhould make ſo poor a Figure when he entertained her with Matters of Gallantry. However, added ſhe, I ſhould be to blame to deſire to be beloved by Mr. *Glanville*; for I am perſuaded that Paſſion would cauſe no Reformation in the Coarſeneſs of his Manners to Ladies, which makes him ſo diſagreeable to me, and might poſſibly increaſe my Averſion.

The Marquis, having ſtudied his Nephew's Looks for ſeveral Days, thought he ſaw Inclination enough in them for *Arabella*, to make him receive the Knowlege of his Intention with Joy: He, therefore, called him into his Cloſet, and told him in few Words, that, if his Heart was not pre-engaged, and his Daughter capable of making him happy, he reſolved to beſtow her upon him, together with all his Eſtates.

Mr. *Glanville* received this agreeable News with the ſtrongeſt Expreſſions of Gratitude; aſſuring his Uncle, that Lady *Bella*, of all the Women he had ever ſeen, was moſt agreeable to his Taſte; and that he felt for her all the Tenderneſs and Affection his Soul was capable of.

I am glad of it, my dear Nephew, ſaid the Marquis, embracing him: I will allow you, added he ſmiling, but a few Weeks to court her: Gain her Heart as ſoon as you can, and when you bring me her Conſent, your Marriage ſhall be ſolemnized immediately.

Mr. *Glanville* needed not a Repetition of ſo agreeable a Command: He left his Uncle's Cloſet,

ſet, with his Heart filled with the Expectation of his approaching Happineſs; and, underſtanding *Arabella* was in the Garden, he went to her with a Reſolution to acquaint her with the Permiſſion her Father had given him to make his Addreſſes to her.

He found his fair Couſin, as uſual, accompanied with her Women; and, ſeeing that, notwithſtanding his Approach, they ſtill continued to walk with her, and impatient of the Reſtraint they laid him under, I beſeech you, Couſin, ſaid he, let me have the Pleaſure of walking with you alone: What Neceſſity is there for always having ſo many Witneſſes of our Converſation? You may retire, ſaid he, ſpeaking to *Lucy*, and the other Woman; I have ſomething to ſay to your Lady in private.

Stay, I command you, ſaid *Arabella*, bluſhing at an Inſolence ſo uncommon, and take Orders, from no one but myſelf.—I pray you, Sir, purſued ſhe frowning, What Intercourſe of Secrets is there between you and me, that you expect I ſhould favour you with a private Converſation? An Advantage which none of your Sex ever boaſted to have gained from me; and which, haply, you ſhould be the laſt upon whom I ſhould beſtow it.

You have the ſtrangeſt Notions, anſwered *Glanville*, ſmiling at the pretty Anger ſhe diſcovered: Certainly you may hold a private Converſation with any Gentleman, without giving Offence to Decorum; and I may plead a Right to this Happineſs, above any other, ſince I have the Honour to be your Relation.

It

It is not at all ſurpriſing, reſumed *Arabella* gravely, that you and I ſhould differ in Opinion upon this Occaſion: I don't remember that ever we agreed in any thing; and, I am apt to believe, we never ſhall.

Ah! don't ſay ſo, Lady *Bella*, interrupted he: What a Proſpect of Miſery you lay before me! For, if we are always to be oppoſite to each other, it is neceſſary you muſt hate me as much as I admire and love you.

Theſe Words, which he accompanied with a gentle Preſſure of her Hand, threw the aſtoniſhed *Arabella* into ſuch an Exceſs of Anger and Shame, that, for a few Moments, ſhe was unable to utter a Word.

What a horrid Violation this, of all the Laws of Gallantry and Reſpect, which decree a Lover to ſuffer whole Years in Silence before he declares his Flame to the divine Object that cauſes it; and then with awful Tremblings, and ſubmiſſive Proſtrations at the Feet of the offended Fair!

Arabella could hardly believe her Senſes when ſhe heard a Declaration, not only made without the uſual Forms, but alſo, that the preſumtuous Criminal waited for her Anſwer, without ſeeming to have any Apprehenſion of the Puniſhment to which he was to be doomed; and that, inſtead of deprecating her Wrath, he looked with a ſmiling Wonder upon her Eyes, as if he did not fear their Lightenings would ſtrike him dead.

Indeed, it was ſcarce poſſible for him to help ſmiling, and wondering too, at the extraordinary Notion of *Arabella*; for, as ſoon as he had pronounced

nounced those fatal Words, she started back two or three Steps; cast a Look at him full of the highest Indignation; and, lifting up her fine Eyes to Heaven, seemed, in the Language of Romance, to accuse the Gods for subjecting her to so cruel an Indignity.

The Tumult of her Thoughts being a little settled, she turned again towards *Glanville*; whose Countenance expressing nothing of that Confusion and Anxiety common to an Adorer in so critical a Circumstance, her Rage returned with greater Violence than ever.

If I do not express all the Resentment your Insolence has filled me with, said she to him, affecting more Scorn than Anger, 'tis because I hold you too mean for my Resentment; but never hope for my Pardon for your presumptuous Confession of a Passion I could almost despise myself for inspiring. If it be true that you love me, go and find your Punishment in that Absence to which I doom you; and never hope I will suffer a Person in my Presence, who has affronted me in the manner you have done.

Saying this, she walked away, making a Sign to him not to follow her.

Mr. *Glanville*, who was at first disposed to laugh at the strange Manner in which she received his Expressions of Esteem for her, found something, so extremely haughty and contemptuous in the Speech she had made, that he was almost mad with Vexation.

As he had no Notion of his Cousin's heroic Sentiments, and had never read Romances, he was quite ignorant of the Nature of his Offence; and, supposing the Scorn she had expressed for him

him was founded upon the Difference of their Rank and Fortune, his Pride was ſo ſenſibly mortified at that Thought, and at her ſo inſolently forbiding him her Preſence, that he was once inclined to ſhew his Reſentment of ſuch ungenteel Uſage, by quitting the Caſtle without taking Leave even of the Marquis, who, he thought, could not be ignorant of the Reception he was likely to meet with from his Daughter; and ought to have guarded him againſt it, if he really meant him ſo well as he ſeemed to do.

As he was extremely violent and haſty in his Reſolutions, and nicely ſenſible of the leaſt Affront, he was not in a Condition to reaſon juſtly upon the Marquis's Conduct in this Affair; and while he was fluctuating with a thouſand different Reſolutions, *Lucy* came to him with a Billet from her Lady, which ſhe delivered without ſtaying till he opened it; and was ſuperſcribed in this Manner:

Arabella, *To the moſt preſumptuous Man in the World* ——

YOU ſeem to acknowlege ſo little Reſpect and Deference for the Commands of a Lady, that I am afraid it will be but too neceſſary to reiterate that, which, at parting, I laid upon you: Know then, that I abſolutely inſiſt upon your repairing, in the only manner you are able, the Affront you have put upon me; which is, by never appearing before me again. If you think proper to confine me to my Chamber, by continuing here any longer, you will

add

add Diſobedience to the Crime by which you have already mortally offended

Arabella.

The Superſcription of this Letter, and the uncommon Style of it, perſuaded Mr. *Glanville*, that what he had been fooliſh enough to reſent as an Affront, was deſigned as a Jeſt, and meant to divert him as well as herſelf: He examined her Behaviour again, and wondered at his Stupidity in not diſcovering it before. His Reſentment vaniſhing immediately, he returned to the Houſe; and went, without Ceremony, to *Arabella*'s Apartment, which he entered before ſhe perceived him, being in a profound Muſing at one of the Windows: The Noiſe he made, in approaching her, obliged her at laſt to look up; when, ſtarting, as if ſhe had ſeen a Baſiliſk, ſhe flew to her Cloſet, and, ſhutting the Door with great Violence, commanded him to leave her Chamber immediately.

Mr. *Glanville*, ſtill ſuppoſing her in Jeſt, intreated her to open the Door; but, finding ſhe continued obſtinate, Well, ſaid he, going away, I ſhall be revenged on you ſome time hence, and make you repent the Tricks you play me now.

Arabella not being able to imagine any thing, by theſe Words he ſpoke in Raillery, but that he really, in the Spite and Anguiſh of his Heart, threatened her with executing ſome terrible Enterprize; ſhe did not doubt, but he either intended to carry her away; or, thinking her Averſion to him proceeded from his having a Rival happy enough to be eſteemed by her, thoſe

myſterious

myſterious Words he had uttered related to his Deſign of killing him; ſo that as ſhe knew, he could diſcover no Rival to wreak his Revenge upon, ſhe feared, that, at once to ſatisfy that Paſſion as well as his Love, he would make himſelf Maſter of her Liberty: For, in fine, ſaid ſhe to *Lucy*, to whom ſhe communicated all her Thoughts, have I not every thing to apprehend from a Man, who knows ſo little how to treat my Sex with the Reſpect which is our Due; and who, after having, contrary to the timorous Nature of that Paſſion, inſulted me with a free Declaration of Love, treated my Commands with the utmoſt Contempt by appearing before me again; and even threatens me with the Revenge he is meditating at this Moment?

Had Mr. *Glanville* been preſent, and heard the terrible Misfortunes which ſhe preſaged from the few Words he had jeſtingly ſpoke, he would certainly have made her quite furious, by the Diverſion her Miſtake would have afforded him. But the more ſhe reflected on his Words, the more ſhe was perſuaded of the terrible Purpoſe of them.

'Twas in vain to acquaint her Father with the Reaſons ſhe had for diſliking his Choice: His Reſolution was fixed, and if ſhe did not voluntarily conform to it, ſhe expoſed herſelf to the Attempts of a violent and unjuſt Lover, who would either prevail upon the Marquis to lay a Force upon her Inclinations, or make himſelf Maſter of her Perſon, and never ceaſe perſecuting her, till he had obliged her to give him her Hand.

Having

Having reaſoned herſelf into a perfect Conviction that all theſe things muſt neceſſarily happen, ſhe thought it both juſt and reaſonable to provide for her own Security, by a ſpeedy Flight: The Want of a Precedent, indeed, for an Action of this Nature, held her a few Moments in Suſpenſe; for ſhe did not remember to have read of any Heroine that voluntarily left her Father's Houſe, however perſecuted ſhe might be; but ſhe conſidered, that there was not any of the Ladies in Romances, in the ſame Circumſtances with herſelf who was without a favoured Lover, for whoſe ſake it might have been believed ſhe had made an Elopement, which would have been highly prejudicial to her Glory; and, as there was no Foundation for any Suſpicion of that Kind in her Caſe, ſhe thought there was nothing to hinder her from withdrawing from a tyrannical Exertion of parental Authority, and the ſecret Machinations of a Lover, whoſe Aim was to take away her Liberty, either by obliging her to marry him, or by making her a Priſoner.

CHAP. X.

Contains ſeveral Incidents, in which the Reader is expected to be extremely intereſted.

ARABELLA had ſpent ſome Hours in her Cloſet, revolving a thouſand different Stratagems to eſcape from the Misfortune that threatened

threatened her, when ſhe was interrupted by *Lucy*, who, after deſiring Admittance, informed her, that the Marquis, having rode out to take the Air that Evening, had fallen from his Horſe and received ſome Hurt; that he was gone to Bed, and deſired to ſee her.

Arabella, hearing her Father was indiſpoſed, ran to him, exceſſively alarmed; and reflecting on the Reſolution ſhe had juſt before taken, of leaving him, which aggravated her Concern, ſhe came to his Bedſide with her Eyes ſwiming in Tears. Mr. *Glanville* was ſittting near him; but, riſing at her Appearance to give her his Chair, which ſhe accepted without taking any Notice of him, he ſtood at ſome Diſtance contemplating her Face, to which Sorrow had given ſo many Charms, that he gazed on her with an Eagerneſs and Delight that could not eſcape her Obſervation.

She bluſhed exceſſively at the paſſionate Looks he gave her; and, finding the Marquis's Indiſpoſition not conſiderable enough to oblige her to a conſtant Attendance at his Bed-ſide, ſhe took the firſt Opportunity of returning to her Chamber; but, as ſhe was going out, *Glanville* preſented his Hand to lead her up Stairs: Which ſhe ſcornfully refuſing;

Sure, Couſin, ſaid he, a little piqued, you are not diſpoſed to carry on your ill-natured Jeſt any further?

If you imagined I jeſted with you, ſaid *Arabella*, I am rather to accuſe the Slowneſs of your Underſtanding, for your perſiſting in treating me thus freely, than the Inſolence I firſt imputed it to: But, whatever is the Cauſe of it,

I now tell you again, that you have extremely offended me; and, if my Father's Illneſs did not ſet Bounds to my Reſentment at preſent, I would make you know, that I would not ſuffer the Injury you do me, ſo patiently.

Since you would have me to believe you are ſerious, replied *Glanville*, be pleaſed to let me know what Offence it is you complain of; for I proteſt I am quite at a Loſs to underſtand you.

Was it not enough, reſumed *Arabella*, to affront me with an inſolent Declaration of your Paſſion, but you muſt alſo, in Contempt of my Commands to the contrary, appear before me again, purſue me to my Chamber, and uſe the moſt brutal Menaces to me?

Hold, pray, Madam, interrupted *Glanville*, and ſuffer me to aſk you, If it is my Preſumption, in declaring myſelf your Admirer, that you are ſo extremely offended at?

Doubtleſs it is, Sir, anſwered *Arabella*; and ſuch a Preſumption, as, without the aggravating Circumſtances you have ſince added to it, is ſufficient to make me always your Enemy.

I beg Pardon, returned Mr. *Glanville* gravely, for that Offence; and alſo, for ſtaying any longer in a Houſe, which you have, ſo genteelly, turned me out of.

My Pardon, Mr. *Glanville*, reſumed ſhe, is not ſo eaſily gained: Time, and your Repentance, may, indeed, do much towards obtaining it.

Saying this, ſhe made a Sign to him to retire; for he had walked up with her to her Chamber: But, finding he did not obey her, for really he

was quite unacquainted with theſe Sorts of dumb Commands, ſhe haſtily retired to her Cloſet, leſt he ſhould attempt to move her Pity, by any Expreſſions of Deſpair for the cruel Baniſhment ſhe had doomed him to.

Mr. *Glanville*, ſeeing ſhe had ſhut herſelf up in her Cloſet, left her Chamber, and retired to his own, more confounded than ever at the Behaviour of his Couſin.

Her bidding him ſo peremptorily to leave the Houſe, would have equally perſuaded him of her Ignorance and Ill-breeding, had not the Elegance of her Manners, in every other reſpect, proved the contrary: Nor was it poſſible to doubt ſhe had a great Share of Underſtanding; ſince her Converſation, ſingular as ſome of her Sentiments ſeemed to him, was far ſuperior to moſt other Ladies. Therefore, he concluded, the Affront he had received, proceeded from her Diſdain to admit the Addreſſes of any Perſon, whoſe Quality was inferior to hers; which, probably, was increaſed to ſome particular Diſlike ſhe had to his Perſon.

His Honour would not permit him to make Uſe of that Advantage her Father's Authority could give him; and, wholly engroſſed by his Reſentment of the Uſage he had received from her, he reſolved to ſet out for *London* the next Day without ſeeing the Marquis, from whom he was apprehenſive of ſome Endeavours to detain him.

Having taken this Reſolution, he ordered his Servant to have the Horſes ready early in the Morning; and, without taking any Notice of his Intention, he left the Caſtle, riding, as faſt

as poſſible, to the next Stage, from whence he wrote to his Uncle; and, diſpatching a Meſſenger with his Letter, held on his Way to *London*.

The Marquis, being pretty well recovered from his Indiſpoſition by a good Night's Reſt, ſent for Mr. *Glanville* in the Morning, to walk with him, as was his Cuſtom, in the Garden; but, hearing he had rode out, tho' he imagined it was only to take the Air, yet he could not help accuſing him, in his own Thoughts, of a little Neglect; for which he reſolved to chide him, when he returned: But his long Stay filling him with ſome Surprize, he was beginning to expreſs his Fears that ſomething had befallen him, to *Arabella*, who was then with him; when a Servant preſented him the Letter, which Mr. *Glanville*'s Meſſenger had that Moment brought.

The Marquis caſting his Eyes on the Direction, and knowing his Nephew's Hand, Bleſs me, cried he, extremely ſurpriſed, What can this mean? *Bella*, added he, here's a Letter from your Couſin.

Arabella, at theſe Words, ſtarted up; and, preventing her Father, with a reſpectful Action, from opening it, I beſeech you, my Lord, ſaid ſhe, before you read this Letter, ſuffer me to aſſure you, that, if it contains any thing fatal, I am not at all acceſſary to it: 'Tis true I have baniſhed my Couſin, as a Puniſhment for the Offence he was guilty of towards me; but, Heaven is my Witneſs, I did not deſign his Death; and if he has taken any violent Reſolution againſt himſelf, he has greatly exceeded my Commands.

The

The Marquis, whoſe Surprize was conſiderably increaſed by theſe Words, haſtily broke open the Letter, which ſhe perceiving, hurried out of the Room; and, locking herſelf up in her Cloſet, began to bewail the Effect of her Charms, as if ſhe was perfectly aſſured of her Couſin's Death.

The Marquis, however, who, from Lady *Bella*'s Exclamation, had prepared himſelf for the Knowlege of ſome very extraordinary Accident, was leſs ſurpriſed, than he would otherwiſe have been, at the Contents; which were as follow:

My Lord,

AS my leaving your Houſe ſo abruptly will certainly make me appear guilty of a moſt unpardonable Rudeneſs, I cannot diſpenſe with myſelf from acquainting your Lordſhip with the Cauſe; though, to ſpare the Reproaches Lady *Bella* will probably caſt on me for doing ſo, I could wiſh you knew it by any other Means.

But, my Lord, I value your Eſteem too much to hazard the Loſs of it by ſuffering you to imagine, that I am capable of doing any thing to diſpleaſe you. Lady *Bella* was pleaſed to order me to ſtay no longer in the Houſe; and menaced me with ſome very terrible Uſage, if I diſobeyed her: She uſed ſo many other contemptuous Expreſſions to me, that, I am perſuaded, I ſhall never be ſo happy as to poſſeſs the Honour you deſigned for,

My Lord,

Your moſt obedient, *&c.*

Charles Glanville.

When the Marquis had read this Letter, he went to his Daughter's Apartment with an Intention to chide her ſeverely for her Uſage of his Nephew; but, ſeeing her come to meet him with her Eyes bathed in Tears, he inſenſibly loſt ſome Part of his Reſentment.

Alas! my Lord, ſaid ſhe, I know you come prepared to load me with Reproaches, upon my Couſin's Account; but, I beſeech your Lordſhip, do not aggravate my Sorrows: Tho' I baniſhed Mr. *Glanville*, I did not deſire his Death; and, queſtionleſs, if he knew how I *reſent* it, his Ghoſt would be ſatisfied with the Sacrifice I make him.

The Marquis, not being able to help ſmiling at this Conceit, which he ſaw had ſo ſtrongly poſſeſſed her Imagination, that ſhe had no ſort of Doubt but that her Couſin was dead, aſked her, If ſhe really believed Mr. *Glanville* loved her well enough to die with Grief at her ill Uſage of him?

If, ſaid ſhe, he loves me not well enough to die for me, he certainly loves me but little; and I am the leſs obliged to him.

But I deſire to know, interrupted the Marquis, For what Crime it was you took the Liberty to baniſh him from my Houſe?

I baniſhed him, my Lord, reſumed ſhe, for his Preſumption in telling me he loved me.

That Preſumption, as you call it, tho' I know not for what Reaſon, ſaid the Marquis, was authorized by me: Therefore, know, *Bella*, that I not only permit him to love you, but I alſo expect you ſhould endeavour to return his Affection; and look upon him as the Man whom

whom I deſign for your Huſband: There's his Letter, purſued he, putting it into her Hand. I bluſh for the Rudeneſs you have been guilty of; but endeavour to repair it, by a more obliging Behaviour for the future: I am going to ſend after him immediately to prevail upon to return: Therefore, write him an Apology, I charge you; and have it done by the Time my Meſſenger is ready to ſet out.

Saying this, he went out of the Room; and *Arabella* eagerly opened the Letter; and, finding it in a Style ſo different from what ſhe expected, her Diſlike of him returned with more Violence than ever.

Ah! the Traitor! ſaid ſhe aloud, Is it thus that he endeavours to move my Compaſſion? How greatly did I over-rate his Affection, when I imagined his Deſpair was capable of killing him? Diſloyal Man! purſued ſhe, walking about, Is it by Complaints to my Father that thou expecteſt to ſucceed? And doſt thou imagine the Heart of *Arabella* is to be won by Violence and Injuſtice?

In this manner ſhe waſted the Time allotted for her to write; and, when the Marquis ſent for her Letter, having no Intention to comply, ſhe went to his Chamber, conjuring him not to oblige her to a Condeſcenſion ſo unworthy of her.

The Marquis, being now exceſſively angry with her, roſe up in a Fury, and, leading her to his Writing-Deſk, ordered her, inſtantly, to write to her Couſin.

If I muſt write, my Lord, ſaid ſhe, ſobbing, pray be ſo good as to dictate what I muſt ſay.

Apologize for your rude Behaviour, ſaid the Marquis; and deſire him, in the moſt obliging manner you can, to return.

Arabella, ſeeing there was a neceſſity for obeying, took up the Pen, and wrote the following Billet:

The unfortunate Arabella, *to the moſt ungenerous* Glanville.

IT is not by the Power I have over you, that I command you to return, for I diſclaim any Empire over ſo unworthy a Subject; but, ſince it is my Father's Pleaſure I ſhould invite you back, I muſt let you know, that I repeal your Baniſhment, and expect you will immediately return with the Meſſenger who brings this; however, to ſpare your Acknowlegements, know, that it is in Obedience to my Father's abſolute Commands, that you receive this Mandate from

Arabella.

Having finiſhed this Billet, ſhe gave it to the Marquis to read; who, finding a great deal of his own Haughtineſs of Temper in it, could not reſolve to check her for a Diſpoſition ſo like his own: Yet he told her, her Stile was very uncommon: And pray, added he, ſmiling, who taught you to ſuperſcribe your Letters thus, "The un-"fortunate *Arabella*, to the moſt ungenerous "*Glanville?*" Why, *Bella*, this Superſcription is wholly calculated for the Bearer's Information: But come, alter it immediately; for I don't chooſe my Meſſenger ſhould know, that you are

are unfortunate, or that my Nephew is ungenerous.

Pray, my Lord, replied *Arabella*, content yourſelf with what I have already done in Obedience to your Commands, and ſuffer my Letter to remain as it is: Methinks it is but reaſonable I ſhould expreſs ſome little Reſentment at the Complaint my Couſin has been pleaſed to make to you againſt me; nor can I poſſibly make my Letter more obliging, without being guilty of an unpardonable Meanneſs.

You are a ſtrange Girl, replied the Marquis, taking the Letter, and incloſing it in one from himſelf; in which he earneſtly intreated his Nephew to return, threatening him with his Diſpleaſure, if he diſobeyed; and aſſuring him, that his Daughter would receive him as well as he could poſſibly deſire.

The Meſſenger being diſpatched, with Orders to ride Poſt, and overtake the young Gentleman, he obeyed his Orders ſo well, that he came up with him at —, where he intended to lodge that Night.

Mr. *Glanville*, who expected his Uncle would make uſe of ſome Methods to recal him, opened his Letter without any great Emotion; but ſeeing another incloſed, his Heart leaped to his Mouth, not doubting but it was a Letter from *Arabella*; but the Contents ſurpriſed him ſo much, that he hardly knew whether he ought to look upon them as an Invitation to return, or a new Affront, her Words were ſo diſtant and haughty. The Superſcription being much the ſame with a Billet he had received from her in the Garden, which had made him conclude her

in Jeſt, he knew not what to think of it: One would ſwear this dear Girl's Head is turned, ſaid he to himſelf, if ſhe had not more *Wit* than her whole Sex beſides.

After reading *Arabella*'s Letter ſeveral times, he at laſt opened his Uncle's; and, ſeeing the preſſing Inſtances he made him to return, he reſolved to obey; and the next Morning ſet out for the Caſtle.

Arabella, during the time her Couſin was expected, appeared ſo melancholy and reſerved, that the Marquis was extremely uneaſy: You have never, ſaid he to her, diſobeyed me in any one Action of your Life; and I may with reaſon expect you will conform to my Will in the Choice I have made of a Huſband for you, ſince it is impoſſible to make any Objection either to his Perſon or Mind; and, being the Son of my Siſter, he is certainly not unworthy of you, tho' he has not a Title.

My firſt Wiſh, my Lord, replied *Arabella*, is to live ſingle, not being deſirous of entering into any Engagement which may hinder my Solicitude and Cares, and leſſen my Attendance, upon the beſt of Fathers, who, till now, has always moſt tenderly complied with my Inclinations in every thing: But if it is your abſolute Command, that I ſhould marry, give me not to one who, tho' he has the Honour to be allied to you, has neither merited your Eſteem, or my Favour, by any Action worthy of his Birth, or the Paſſion he pretends to have for me; for, in fine, my Lord, by what Services has he deſerved the Diſtinction with which you honour him? Has he ever delivered you from any conſiderable Danger?

Danger? Has he ſaved your Life, and hazarded his own, for you, upon any Occaſion whatever? Has he merited my Eſteem, by his Sufferings, Fidelity, and Reſpect; or, by any great and generous Action, given me a Teſtimony of his Love, which ſhould oblige me to reward him with my Affection? Ah! my Lord, I beſeech you, think not ſo unworthily of your Daughter, as to beſtow her upon one who has done ſo little to deſerve her: If my Happineſs be dear to you, do not precipitate me into a State from whence you cannot recal me, with a Perſon whom I can never affect.

She would have gone on, but the Marquis interrupted her ſternly: I'll hear no more, ſaid he, of your fooliſh and ridiculous Objections: What Stuff is this you talk of? What Service am I to expect from my Nephew? And by what Sufferings is he to merit your Eſteem? Aſſure yourſelf, *Arabella*, continued he, that I will never pardon you, if you preſume to treat my Nephew in the Manner you have done: I perceive you have no real Objection to make to him; therefore I expect you will endeavour to obey me without Reluctance; for, ſince you ſeem to be ſo little acquainted with what will moſt conduce to your own Happineſs, you muſt not think it ſtrange, if I inſiſt upon directing your Choice in the moſt important Buſineſs of your Life.

Arabella was going to reply; but the Marquis ordered her to be ſilent; and ſhe went to her own Apartment in ſo much Affliction, that ſhe thought her Misfortunes were not exceeded by any ſhe had ever read.

Chap. XI.

In which a logical Argument is unſeaſonably interrupted.

THE Marquis was alſo extremely uneaſy at her Obſtinacy: He deſired nothing more ardently than to marry her to his Nephew; but he could not reſolve to force her Conſent; and, however determined he appeared to her, yet, in Reality, he intended only to uſe Perſuaſions to effect what he deſired; and, from the natural Sweetneſs of her Temper, he was ſometimes not without Hopes, that ſhe might, at laſt, be prevailed upon to comply.

His Nephew's Return reſtored him to Part of his uſual Tranquillity: After he had gently chid him for ſuffering himſelf to be ſo far tranſported with his Reſentment at the little Humours of a Lady, as to leave his Houſe, without acquainting him, he bid him go to *Arabella*, and endeavour to make his Peace with her.

Mr. *Glanville* accordingly went to her Apartment, reſolving to oblige her to come to ſome Explanation with him concerning the Offence ſhe complained of; but that fair incenſed Lady, who had taken Shelter in her Cloſet, ordered *Lucy* to tell him ſhe was indiſpoſed, and could not ſee him.

Glanville, however, comforted himſelf for this Diſappointment by the Hopes of ſeeing her at Supper; and accordingly ſhe came, when the Supper-Bell rung, and, making a very cool Compliment to her Couſin, placed herſelf at Table:

The

The ſoft Languor that appeared in her Eyes, gave ſuch an additional Charm to one of the loveliеſt Faces in the World, that *Glanville*, who ſat oppoſite to her, could not help gazing on her with a very particular Attention; he often ſpoke to her, and aſked her trifling Queſtions, for the ſake of hearing the Sound of her Voice, which Sorrow had made inchantingly ſweet.

When Supper was over, ſhe would have retired; but the Marquis deſired her to ſtay and entertain her Couſin, while he went to look over ſome Diſpatches he had received from *London*.

Arabella bluſhed with Anger at this Command; but, not daring to diſobey, ſhe kept her Eyes fixed on the Ground, as if ſhe dreaded to hear ſomething that would diſpleaſe her.

Well, Couſin, ſaid *Glanville*, tho' you deſire to have no Empire over ſo unworthy a Subject as myſelf, yet I hope you are not diſpleaſed at my returning, in Obedience to your Commands.

Since I am not allowed any Will of my own, ſaid ſhe, ſighing, it matters not whether I am pleaſed, or diſpleaſed; nor is it of any Conſequence to you to know.

Indeed but it is, Lady *Bella*, interrupted he; for if I knew how to pleaſe you, I would never, if I could help it, offend: Therefore, I beg you, tell me how I have diſobliged you; for, certainly, you have treated me as harſhly as if I had been guilty of ſome very terrible Offence.

You had the Boldneſs, ſaid ſhe, to talk to me of Love; and you well know that Perſons of my Sex and Quality are not permitted to liſten

liſten to ſuch Diſcourſes; and if, for that Offence, I baniſhed you my Preſence, I did no more than Decency required of me; and which I would yet do, were I Miſtreſs of my own Actions.

But is it poſſible, Couſin, ſaid *Glanville*, that you can be angry with any one for loving you? Is that a Crime of ſo high a Nature as to merit an eternal Baniſhment from your Preſence?

Without telling you, ſaid *Arabella*, bluſhing, whether I am angry at being loved, 'tis ſufficient you know, that I will not pardon the Man who ſhall have the Preſumption to tell me he loves me.

But, Madam, interrupted *Glanville*, if the Perſon who tells you he loves you, be of a Rank not beneath you, I conceive you are not at all injured by the favourable Sentiments he feels for you; and, tho' you are not diſpoſed to make any Returns to his Paſſion, yet you are certainly obliged to him for his good Opinion.

Since Love is not voluntary, replied *Arabella*, I am not obliged to any Perſon for loving me; for, queſtionleſs, if he could help it, he would.

If it is not a voluntary Favour, interrupted *Glanville*, it is not a voluntary Offence; and, if you do not think yourſelf obliged by the one, neither are you at Liberty to be offended with the other.

The Queſtion, ſaid *Arabella*, is not whether I ought to be offended at being loved, but whether it is not an Offence to be told I am ſo.

If there is nothing criminal in the Paſſion itſelf, Madam, reſumed *Glanville*, certainly there can be no Crime in declaring it.

However

However ſpecious your Arguments may appear, interrupted *Arabella*, I am perſuaded it is an unpardonable Crime to tell a Lady you love her; and, tho' I had nothing elſe to plead, yet the Authority of Cuſtom is ſufficient to prove it.

Cuſtom, Lady *Bella*, ſaid *Glanville*, ſmiling, is wholly on my Side; for the Ladies are ſo far from being diſpleaſed at the Addreſſes of their Lovers, that their chiefeſt Care is to gain them, and their greateſt Triumph to hear them talk of their Paſſion: So, Madam, I hope you'll allow that Argument has no Force.

I don't know, anſwered *Arabella*, what Sort of Ladies there are who allow ſuch unbecoming Liberties, but I am certain, that *Statira*, *Pariſatis*, *Clelia*, *Mandana*, and all the illuſtrious Heroines of Antiquity, whom it is a Glory to reſemble, would never admit of ſuch Diſcourſes.

Ah for Heaven's ſake, Couſin, interrupted *Glanville*, endeavouring to ſtifle a Laugh, do not ſuffer yourſelf to be governed by ſuch antiquated Maxims! The World is quite different to what it was in thoſe Days; and the Ladies in this Age would as ſoon follow the Faſhions of the *Greek* and *Roman* Ladies, as mimick their Manners; and I believe they would become one as ill as the other.

I am ſure, replied *Arabella*, the World is not more virtuous now than it was in their Days, and there is good Reaſon to believe it is not much wiſer; and I don't ſee why the Manners of this Age are to be preferred to thoſe of former ones, unleſs they are wiſer and better: However, I cannot be perſuaded, that Things

are

are as you ſay, and that when I am a little better acquainted with the World, I ſhall find as many Perſons who reſemble *Oroondates*, *Artaxerxes*, and the illuſtrious Lovers of *Clelia*, as thoſe who are like *Tiribaſes*, *Artaxes*, and the preſuming and inſolent *Glanville*.

By the Epithets you give me Madam, ſaid *Glanville*, I find you have placed me in very bad Company: But pray, Madam, if the illuſtrious Lover of *Clelia* had never diſcovered his Paſſion, how would the World have come to the Knowlege of it?

He did not diſcover his Paſſion, Sir, reſumed *Arabella*, till, by the Services he did the noble *Clelius*, and his incomparable Daughter, he could plead ſome Title to their Eſteem: He ſeveral times preſerved the Life of that renowned *Roman*; delivered the beautiful *Clelia* when ſhe was a Captive; and, in fine, conferred ſo many Obligations upon them, and all their Friends, as he might well expect to be pardoned by the divine *Clelia* for daring to love her. Nevertheleſs, ſhe uſed him very harſhly, when he firſt declared his Paſſion, and baniſhed him alſo from her Preſence; and it was a long time before ſhe could prevail upon herſelf to compaſſionate his Sufferings.

The Marquis coming in interrupted *Arabella*; upon which ſhe took Occaſion to retire; leaving *Glanville* more captivated with her than ever.

He found her Uſage of him was grounded upon Examples ſhe thought it her Duty to follow; and, ſtrange as her Notions of Life appeared, yet they were ſupported with ſo much

Wit

Wit and Delicacy, that he could not help admiring her, while he foreſaw, the Oddity of her Humour would throw innumerable Difficulties in his Way, before he ſhould be able to obtain her.

However, as he was really paſſionately in Love with her, he reſolved to accommodate himſelf, as much as poſſible, to her Taſte, and endeavour to gain her Heart by a Behaviour moſt agreeable to her: He therefore aſſumed an Air of great Diſtance and Reſpect; never mentioned his Affection, nor the Intentions of her Father in his Favour; and the Marquis, obſerving his Daughter converſed with him with leſs Reluctance than uſual, leaving to Time, and the Merit of his Nephew, to diſpoſe her to comply with his Deſires, reſolved not to interpoſe his Authority in an Affair upon which her own Happineſs ſo much depended.

CHAP. XII.

In which the Reader will find a Specimen of the true Pathetic, in a Speech of Oroondates.—*The Adventure of the Books.*

ARABELLA ſaw the Change in her Couſin's Behaviour with a great deal of Satisfaction; for ſhe did not doubt but his Paſſion was as ſtrong as ever; but that he forbore, thro' Reſpect, from entertaining her with any Expreſ-

Expreſſions of it: Therefore ſhe now converſed with him with the greateſt Sweetneſs and Complaiſance: She would walk with him for ſeveral Hours in the Garden, leaning upon his Arm; and charmed him to the laſt Degree of Admiration by the agreeable Sallies of her Wit, and her fine Reaſoning upon every Subject he propoſed.

It was with the greateſt Difficulty he reſtrained himſelf from telling her a Thouſand times a Day that he loved her to Exceſs, and conjuring her to give her Conſent to her Father's Deſigns in his Favour: But, tho' he could get over his Fears of offending her, yet it was impoſſible to expreſs any Sentiments of this Nature to her, without having her Women Witneſſes of his Diſcourſe; for, when he walked with her in the Garden, *Lucy*, and another Attendant, always followed her: If he ſat with her in her own Chamber, her Women were always at one End of it: And, when they were both in the Marquis's Apartment, where her Women did not follow her, poor *Glanville* found himſelf embarraſſed by his Preſence; for, conceiving his Nephew had Opportunities enough of talking to his Daughter in private, he always partook of their Converſation.

He paſſed ſome Weeks in this Manner, extremely chagrined at the little Progreſs he made; and was beginning to be heartily weary of the Conſtraint he laid upon himſelf, when *Arabella*, one Day, furniſhed him, without deſigning it, with an Opportunity of talking to her on the Subject he wiſhed for.

When

When I reflect, ſaid ſhe, laughing, upon the Difference there was between us ſome Days ago, and the Familiarity in which we live at preſent, I cannot imagine by what means you have arrived to a good Fortune you had ſo little Reaſon to expect; for, in fine, you have given me no Signs of Repentance for the Fault you committed, which moved me to baniſh you; and I am not certain whether, in converſing with you in the manner I do, I give you not as much Reaſon to find Fault with my too great Eaſineſs, as you did me to be diſpleaſed with your Preſumption.

Since, returned *Glanville*, I have not perſiſted in the Commiſſion of thoſe Faults which diſpleaſed you, what greater Signs of Repentance can you deſire, than this Reformation in my Behaviour?

But Repentance ought to precede Reformation, replied *Arabella*; otherwiſe, there is great room to ſuſpect it is only feigned: And a ſincere Repentance ſhews itſelf in ſuch viſible Marks, that one can hardly be deceived in that which is genuine. I have read of many indiſcreet Lovers, who not ſucceeding in their Addreſſes, have pretended to repent, and acted as you do; that is, without giving any Signs of Contrition for the Fault they had committed, have eat and ſlept well, never loſt their Colour, or grew one bit thinner, by their Sorrow; but contented themſelves with ſaying they repented; and, without changing thetr Diſpoſition to renew their Fault, only concealed their Intention, for fear of loſing any favourable Opportunity of committing it again: But true Repentance, as

I was

I was ſaying, not only produces Reformation, but the Perſon who is poſſeſſed of it voluntarily puniſhes himſelf for the Faults he has been guilty of. Thus *Mazares*, deeply repenting of the Crime his Paſſion for the divine *Mandana* had forced him to commit; as a Puniſhment, obliged himſelf to follow the Fortune of his glorious Rival; obey all his Commands; and, fighting under his Banners, aſſiſt him to gain the Poſſeſſion of his adored Miſtreſs. Such a glorious Inſtance of Self-denial was, indeed, a ſufficient Proof of his Repentance; and infinitely more convincing than the Silence he impoſed upon himſelf with reſpect to his Paſſion.

Oroondates, to puniſh himſelf for his Preſumption, in daring to tell the admirable *Statira*, that he loved her, reſolved to die, to expiate his Crime; and, doubtleſs, would have done ſo, if his fair Miſtreſs, at the Intreaty of her Brother, had not commanded him to live.

But pray, Lady *Bella*, interrupted *Glanville*, were not theſe Gentlemen happy at laſt in the Poſſeſſion of their Miſtreſſes?

Doubtleſs they were, Sir, reſumed ſhe; but it was not till after numberleſs Misfortunes, infinite Services, and many dangerous Adventures, in which their Fidelity was put to the ſtrongeſt Trials imaginable.

I am glad, however, ſaid *Glanville*, that the Ladies were not inſenſible; for, ſince you do not diſapprove of their Compaſſion for their Lovers, it is to be hoped you will not be always as inexorable as you are now.

When I ſhall be ſo fortunate, interrupted ſhe, to meet with a Lover who ſhall have as pure and

and perfect a Paſſion for me, as *Oroondates* had for *Statira*; and give me as many glorious Proofs of his Conſtancy and Affection, doubtleſs I ſhall not be ungrateful: But, ſince I have not the Merits of *Statira*, I ought not to pretend to her good Fortune; and ſhall be very well contented if I eſcape the Perſecutions which Perſons of my Sex, who are not frightfully ugly, are always expoſed to, without hoping to inſpire ſuch a Paſſion as that of *Oroondates*.

I ſhould be glad to be better acquainted with the Actions of this happy Lover, Madam, ſaid *Glanville*; that, forming myſelf upon his Example, I may hope to pleaſe a Lady as worthy of my Regard as *Statira* was of his.

For Heaven's ſake, Couſin, reſumed *Arabella*, laughing, how have you ſpent your Time; and to what Studies have you devoted all your Hours, that you could find none to ſpare for the Peruſal of Books from which all uſeful Knowlege may be drawn; which give us the moſt ſhining Examples of Generoſity, Courage, Virtue, and Love; which regulate our Actions, form our Manners, and inſpire us with a noble Deſire of emulating thoſe great, heroic, and virtuous Actions, which made thoſe Perſons ſo glorious in their Age, and ſo worthy Imitation in ours? However, as it is never too late to improve, ſuffer me to recommend to you the reading of theſe Books, which will ſoon make you diſcover the Improprieties you have been guilty of; and will, probably, induce you to avoid them for the future.

I ſhall certainly read them, if you deſire it, ſaid *Glanville*; and I have ſo great an Inclination

tion to be agreeable to you, that I ſhall embrace every Opportunity of becoming ſo; and will therefore take my Inſtructions from theſe Books, if you think proper, or from yourſelf; which, indeed, will be the quickeſt Method of teaching me.

Arabella having ordered one of her Women to bring *Cleopatra*, *Caſſandra*, *Clelia*, and the Grand *Cyrus*, from her Library, *Glanville* no ſooner ſaw the Girl return, ſinking under the Weight of thoſe voluminous Romances, but he began to tremble at the Apprehenſion of his Couſin laying her Commands upon him to read them; and repented of his Complaiſance, which expoſed him to the cruel Neceſſity of performing what to him appeared an *Herculean* Labour, or elſe incurring her Anger by his Refuſal.

Arabella, making her Women place the Books upon a Table before her, opened them, one after another, with Eyes ſparkling with Delight; while *Glanville* ſat rapt in Admiration at the Sight of ſo many huge Folio's, written, as he conceived, upon the moſt trifling Subjects imaginable.

I have choſen out theſe few, ſaid *Arabella* (not obſerving his Conſternation) from a great many others, which compoſe the moſt valuable Part of my Library; and, by that time you have gone thro' theſe, I imagine you will be conſiderably improved.

Certainly, Madam, replied *Glanville*, turning over the Leaves in great Confuſion, one may, as you ſay, be greatly improved; for theſe Books contain a great deal: And, looking over a Page of *Caſſandra*, without any Deſign, read

theſe

theſe Words, which were Part of *Oroondates*'s Soliloquy when he received a cruel Sentence from *Statira*:

"Ah cruel! ſays this miſerable Lover, and "what have I done to merit it? Examine the "Nature of my Offence, and you will ſee I am "not ſo guilty, but that my Death may free me "from Part of that Severity: Shall your Hatred "laſt longer than my Life? And can you deteſt "a Soul that forſakes its Body only to obey "you? No, no, you are not ſo hard-hearted; "that Satisfaction will, doubtleſs, content you: "And, when I ſhall ceaſe to be, doubtleſs I "ſhall ceaſe to be odious to you."

Upon my Soul, ſaid *Glanville*, ſtifling a Laugh with great Difficulty, I cannot help blaming the Lady this ſorrowful Lover complains of, for her great Cruelty; for here he gives one Reaſon to ſuſpect, that ſhe will not even be contented with his dying in Obedience to her Commands, but will hate him after Death; an Impiety quite inexcuſable in a Chriſtian!

You condemn this illuſtrious Princeſs with very little Reaſon, interrupted *Arabella*, ſmiling at his Miſtake; for, beſides that ſhe was not a Chriſtian, and ignorant of thoſe Divine Maxims of Charity and Forgiveneſs, which Chriſtians, by their Profeſſion, are obliged to practiſe, ſhe was very far from deſiring the Death of *Oroondates*; for, if you will take the Pains to read the ſucceeding Paſſages, you will find that ſhe expreſſes herſelf in the moſt obliging Manner in the World; for when *Oroondates* tells her he would live, if ſhe would conſent he ſhould, the

Princeſs

Princeſs moſt ſweetly replies, "I not only con-"ſent, but alſo intreat it; and, if I have any "Power, command it." However, leſt you ſhould fall into the other Extreme, and blame this great Princeſs for her Eaſineſs (as you before condemned her for her Cruelty), 'tis neceſſary you ſhould know how ſhe was induced to this favourable Behaviour to her Lover: Therefore pray read the whole Tranſaction. Stay! here it begins, continued ſhe; turning over a good many Pages, and marking where he ſhould begin to read.

Glanville, having no great Stomach to the Taſk, endeavoured to evade it, by intreating his Couſin to relate the Paſſages ſhe deſired he ſhould be acquainted with: But ſhe declining it, he was obliged to obey; and began to read where ſhe directed him: And, to leave him at Liberty to read with the greater Attention, ſhe left him, and went to a Window at another End of the Chamber.

Mr. *Glanville*, who was not willing to diſpleaſe her, examined the Taſk ſhe had ſet him, reſolving, if it was not a very hard one, to comply; but, counting the Pages, he was quite terrified at the Number, and could not prevail upon himſelf to read them: Therefore, glancing them over, he pretended to be deeply engaged in reading, when, in Reality, he was contemplating the ſurpriſing Effect theſe Books had produced in the Mind of his Couſin; who, had ſhe been untainted with the ridiculous Whims they created in her Imagination, was, in his Opinion, one of the moſt accompliſhed Ladies in the World.

When

When he had ſat long enough to make her believe he had read what ſhe had deſired, he roſe up, and, joining her at the Window, began to talk of the Pleaſantneſs of the Evening, inſtead of the Rigour of *Statira*.

Arabella coloured with Vexation at his extreme Indifference in a Matter which was of ſuch prodigious Conſequence, in her Opinion; but diſdaining to put him in mind of his Rudeneſs, in quitting a Subject they had not thoroughly diſcuſſed, and which ſhe had taken ſo much Pains to make him comprehend, ſhe continued ſilent; and would not condeſcend to afford him an Anſwer to any thing he ſaid.

Glanville, by her Silence and Frowns, was made ſenſible of his Fault; and, to repair it, began to talk of the inexorable *Statira*, though, indeed, he did not well know what to ſay.

Arabella, clearing up a little, did not diſdain to anſwer him upon her favourite Topic: I knew, ſaid ſhe, you would be ready to blame this Princeſs equally for her Rigour and her Kindneſs; but it muſt be remembred that, what ſhe did in Favour of *Oroondates*, was wholly owing to the Generoſity of *Artaxerxes*.

Here ſhe ſtopped, expecting *Glanville* to give his Opinion; who, ſtrangely puzzled, replied at random, To be ſure, Madam, he was a very generous Rival.

Rival! cried *Arabella*; *Artaxerxes* the Rival of *Oroondates!* Why certainly youhave loſt your Wits: He was *Statira*'s Brother; and it was to his Mediation that *Oroondates*, or *Orontes*, owed his Happineſs.

Certainly, Madam, replied *Glanville*, it was very generous in *Artaxerxes*, as he was Brother to *Statira*, to interpoſe in the Behalf of an unfortunate Lover; and both *Oroondates*, and *Orontes*, were extremely obliged to him.

Orontes, replied *Arabella*, was more obliged to him than *Oroondates*; ſince the Quality of *Orontes* was infinitely below that of *Oroondates*.

But, Madam, interrupted *Glanville* (extremely pleaſed at his having ſo well got over the Difficulty he had been in), which of theſe two Lovers did *Statira* make happy?

This unlucky Queſtion immediately informed *Arabella*, that ſhe had been all this time the Dupe of her Couſin; who, if he had read a ſingle Page, would have known that *Orontes* and *Oroondates* was the ſame Perſon; the Name of *Orontes* being aſſumed by *Oroondates*, to conceal his real Name and Quality.

The Shame and Rage ſhe conceived at ſo glaring a Proof of his Diſreſpect, and the Ridicule to which ſhe had expoſed herſelf, were ſo great, that ſhe could not find Words ſevere enough to expreſs her Reſentment; but, proteſting that no Conſideration whatever ſhould oblige her to converſe with him again, ſhe ordered him inſtantly to quit her Chamber; and aſſured him, if he ever attempted to approach her again, ſhe would ſubmit to the moſt terrible Effects of her Father's Reſentment, rather than be obliged to ſee a Perſon who had, by his unworthy Behaviour, made himſelf her Scorn and Averſion.

Glanville, who ſaw himſelf going to be diſcarded a ſecond time, attempted, with great Sub-

Submiſſion, to move her to recal her cruel Sentence; but *Arabella*, burſting into Tears, complained ſo pathetically of the Cruelty of her Deſtiny, in expoſing her to the hated Importunities of a Man ſhe deſpiſed, and whoſe Preſence was ſo inſupportable, that *Glanville*, thinking it beſt to let her Rage evaporate before he attempted to pacify her, quitted her Chamber; curſing *Statira* and *Orontes* a thouſand times, and loading the Authors of thoſe Books with all the Imprecations his Rage could ſuggeſt.

CHAP. XIII.

The Adventure of the Books continued.

IN this Temper he went to the Gardens to paſs over the Chagrin this unfortunate Accident had given him; when, meeting the Marquis, who inſiſted upon knowing the Cauſe of that ill Humour, ſo viſible in his Countenance, *Glanville* related all that had paſſed; but, in Spite of his Anger, it was impoſſible for him to repeat the Circumſtances of his Diſgrace without laughing, as well as the Marquis; who thought the Story ſo extremely diverting, that he would needs hear it over again.

However, *Charles*, ſaid he, though I ſhall do what I can to gain your Pardon from *Bella*, yet I ſhall not ſcruple to own you acted extremely wrong, in not reading what ſhe deſired you; for, beſides loſing an Opportunity of obliging her, you drew yourſelf into a terrible Dilemma;

for how was it poſſible for you to evade a Diſcovery of the Cheat you put upon her, when ſhe began to talk with you upon thoſe Paſſages ſhe had deſired you to read?

I acknowlege my Error, my Lord, anſwered *Glanville*; but if you reſtore me to my Couſin's Favour again, I promiſe you to repair it by a different Behaviour for the future.

I'll ſee what I can do for you, ſaid the Marquis; leaving him, to go to *Arabella*'s Apartment, who had retired to her Cloſet, extremely afflicted at this new Inſult ſhe had received from her Couſin: Her Grief was the more poignant, as ſhe was beginning to imagine, by the Alteration in his Behaviour, that he would prove ſuch a Lover as ſhe wiſhed; for Mr. *Glanville*'s Perſon and Qualifications had attracted her particular Notice: And, to ſpeak in the Language of Romance, ſhe did not hate him; but, on the contrary, was very much diſpoſed to wiſh him well: Therefore, it was no Wonder ſhe extremely reſented the Affront ſhe had received from him.

The Marquis, not finding her in her Chamber, proceeded to her Cloſet, where her Women informed him ſhe was retired; and, knocking gently at the Door, was admitted by *Arabella*, whom he immediately diſcerned to have been weeping very much; for her fine Eyes were red and ſwelled, and the Traces of her Tears might ſtill be obſerved on her fair Face; which, at the Sight of the Marquis, was overſpread with a Bluſh, as if ſhe was conſcious of her Weakneſs in lamenting the Crime her Couſin had been guilty of.

The

The Marquis drew a favourable Omen for his Nephew from her Tears and Confuſion; but, not willing to increaſe it, by acknowleging he had obſerved it, he told her he was come, at Mr. *Glanville*'s Requeſt, to make up the Quarrel between them.

Ah! my Lord, interrupted *Arabella*, ſpeak no more to me of that unworthy Man, who has ſo groſly abuſed my Favour, and the Privilege I allowed him: His Baſeneſs and Ingratitude are but too manifeſt; and there is nothing I ſo much regret as my Weakneſs in reſtoring him to Part of my good Opinion, after he had once forfeited it, by an Inſolence not to be paralleled.

Indeed, *Bella*, ſaid the Marquis, ſmiling, you reſent too deeply theſe ſlight Matters: I can't think my Nephew ſo guilty as you would have me believe he is; and you ought neither to be angry or ſurpriſed, that he preferred your Converſation before reading in a fooliſh old-faſhioned Book that you put in his Hands.

If your Lordſhip had ever read theſe Books, replied *Arabella*, reddening with Vexation, 'tis probable you would have another Opinion of them; but, however that may be, my Couſin is not to be excuſed for the Contempt he ſhewed to my Commands; and for daring, by the Cheat he put on me, to expoſe me to the Shame of ſeeing myſelf ſo ridiculouſly impoſed upon.

However, you muſt forgive him, ſaid the Marquis; and I inſiſt upon it, before I quit your Apartment, that you receive him into Favour.

Pardon me, my Lord, replied *Arabella*; this is what I neither can, nor ought to do; and I

hope you will not wrong me ſo much as to continue to deſire it.

Nay, *Bella*, ſaid he, this is carrying Things too far, and making trifling Diſputes of too great Conſequence: I am ſurpriſed at your Treatment of a Man whom, after all, if ever you intend to obey me, you muſt conſent to marry.

There is no Queſtion, my Lord, replied ſhe, but it would be my Glory to obey you in whatever is poſſible; but this you command me now to do, not being ſo, I conceive you will rather impute my Refuſal to Neceſſity, than Choice.

How! returned the Marquis, will you endeavour to perſuade me, that it is not poſſible Mr. *Glanville* ſhould be your Huſband?

'Tis impoſſible he ſhould be ſo with my Conſent, reſumed *Arabella*; and I cannot give it without wounding my own Quiet in a moſt ſenſible manner.

Come, come, *Bella*, ſaid the Marquis (fretting at her extreme Obſtinacy), this is too much: I am to blame to indulge your Foibles in this Manner: Your Couſin is worthy of your Affection, and you cannot refuſe it to him without incurring my Diſpleaſure.

Since my Affection is not in my own Power to beſtow, ſaid *Arabella*, weeping, I know not how to remove your Diſpleaſure; but, queſtionleſs, I know how to die, to avoid the Effects of what would be to me the moſt terrible Misfortune in the World.

Fooliſh Girl! interrupted the Marquis, how ſtrangely do you talk? Are the Thoughts of Death

Death become ſo familiar to you, that you ſpeak of dying with ſo little Concern?

Since, my Lord, reſumed ſhe, in an exalted Tone, I do not yield, either in Virtue or Courage, to many others of my Sex, who, when perſecuted like me, have fled to Death for Relief, I know not why I ſhould be thought leſs capable of it than they; and if *Artimiſa*, *Candace*, and the beautiful Daughter of *Cleopatra*, could brave the Terrors of Death for the ſake of the Men they loved, there is no Queſtion but I alſo could imitate their Courage, to avoid the Man I have ſo much Reaſon to hate.

The Girl is certainly diſtracted, interrupted the Marquis, exceſſively enraged at the ſtrange Speech ſhe had uttered: Theſe fooliſh Books my Nephew talks of have turned her Brain! Where are they? purſued he, going into her Chamber: I'll burn all I can lay my Hands upon.

Arabella, trembling for the Fate of her Books, followed her Father into the Room; who ſeeing the Books which had cauſed this woful Adventure lying upon the Table, he ordered one of her Women to carry them into his Apartment, vowing he would commit them all to the Flames.

Arabella not daring, in the Fury he was in, to interpoſe, he went out of the Room, leaving her to bewail the Fate of ſo many illuſtrious Heroes and Heroines, who, by an Effect of a more cruel Tyranny than any they had ever experienced before, were going to be caſt into the mercileſs Flames; which would, doubtleſs, pay very little Regard to the divine Beauties of the admirable *Clelia*, or the heroic Valour of the

brave *Orontes*; and the reſt of thoſe great Princes and Princeſſes, whoſe Actions *Arabella* propoſed for the Model of hers.

Fortune, however, which never wholly forſook theſe illuſtrious Perſonages, reſcued them from ſo unworthy a Fate, and brought Mr. *Glanville* into the Marquis's Chamber juſt as he was giving Orders to have them deſtroyed.

END of the FIRST BOOK.

THE

THE *Female* QUIXOTE.

BOOK II.

CHAP. I.

In which the Adventure of the Books is happily concluded.

THE Marquis, as ſoon as he ſaw Mr. *Glanville*, told him he was reſolved to cure *Arabella* of her Whims, by burning the Books that had put them into her Head: I have ſeized upon ſome of them, purſued he, ſmiling; and you may, if you pleaſe, wreak your Spite upon theſe Authors of your Diſgrace, by burning them yourſelf.

Though I have all the Reaſon in the World to be enraged with that Incendiary *Statira*, ſaid *Glanville* laughing, for the Miſchief ſhe has done me; yet I cannot conſent to put ſuch an Affront upon my Couſin, as to burn her favourite Books: And now I think of it, my Lord, purſued he, I'll endeavour to make a Merit with Lady *Bella* by ſaving them: Therefore ſpare them, at my Requeſt, and let me carry them to her. I ſhall be quite unhappy till we are Friends again.

You may do as you will, ſaid the Marquis; but I think it encouraging her in her Follies to give them to her again.

Glanville, without replying, eagerly took up the Books, for fear the Marquis ſhould change his Mind; and, highly delighted with the Opportunity he had got of making his Peace with Lady *Bella*, ran to her Apartment, loaded with theſe kind Interceſſors; and, making his Way by *Lucy*, who would have oppoſed him, penetrated even into the Cloſet of the melancholy Fair-one, who was making bitter Reflections on the Cruelty of her Deſtiny, and bewailing her Loſs with a Deluge of Tears.

As ridiculous as the Occaſion of theſe Tears was, yet *Glanville* could not behold them without being affected: Aſſuming, therefore, a Countenance as ſad as he was able, he laid the Books before her; and told her, he hoped ſhe would excuſe his coming into her Preſence without her Permiſſion, ſince it was only to reſtore her thoſe Books, whoſe Loſs ſhe ſeemed ſo greatly to lament; and added, that it was with much Difficulty he prevailed upon the Marquis not to

burn

burn them immediately; and his Fears, that he might really do as he threatened, made him ſnatch them up, and bring them, with ſo little Ceremony, into her Cloſet.

Arabella, whoſe Countenance brightened into a Smile of pleaſing Surprize at the Sight of her recovered Treaſure, turned her bright Eyes upon *Glanville* with a Look of Complacency that went to his Heart.

I well perceive, ſaid ſhe, that, in exaggerating the Merit of this little Service you have done me, you expect I ſhould ſuffer it to cancel your paſt Offences: I am not ungrateful enough to be inſenſible of any Kindneſs that is ſhewn me; and, tho' I might be excuſed for ſuſpecting it was rather Policy than Friendſhip, that induced you to ſeek my Satisfaction, by ſaving theſe innocent Victims of my Father's Diſpleaſure, nevertheleſs I pardon you upon the Suppoſition, that you will, for the future, avoid all Occaſion of offending me.

At theſe Words, ſhe made a Sign to him to be gone, fearing the Extravagance of his Joy would make him throw himſelf at her Feet to thank her for the infinite Favour ſhe had conferred upon him; but, finding he ſeemed diſpoſed to ſtay longer, ſhe called one of her Women into the Cloſet; and, by ſome very ſignificant Frowns, gave *Glanville* to underſtand his Stay was diſpleaſing; ſo that he left her, with a very low Bow, highly pleaſed at her having repealed his Baniſhment; and, aſſured the Marquis, that nothing could have happened more fortunate for him, than his intended Diſpoſal of

his Daughter's Books, ſince it had proved the Means of reſtoring him to her Favour.

CHAP. II.

Which contains a very natural Incident.

FROM this Time Mr. *Glanville*, tho' he was far from coming up to Lady *Bella*'s Idea of a Lover, yet, by the Pains he apparently ſeemed to be at in obliging her, made every Day ſome Progreſs in her Eſteem. The Marquis was extremely pleaſed at the Harmony which ſubſiſted between them; tho' he could have wiſhed to have ſeen their Marriage advance a little faſter; but *Glanville*, who was better acquainted with *Arabella*'s Foible than the Marquis, aſſured him, he would ruin all his Hopes, if he preſſed her to marry; and intreated him to leave it intirely to him, to diſpoſe her to conſent to both their Wiſhes.

The Marquis was ſatisfied with his Reaſons, and, reſolving not to importune his Daughter, upon that Subject, any more, they lived for ſome Months in a perfect Tranquillity; to which an Illneſs the Marquis was ſeized with, and which was, from the firſt, thought to be dangerous gave a ſad Interruption.

Arabella's extreme Tenderneſs upon this Occaſion, her anxious Solicitude, her pious Cares, and never-ceaſing Attendance at the Bedſide of her ſick Father, were ſo many new Charms, that

that engaged the Affection of *Glanville* more ſtrongly. As the Marquis's Indiſpoſition increaſed, ſo did her Care and Aſſiduity: She would not allow any one to give him any thing but herſelf; bore all the pettiſh Humours of a ſick Man with a ſurpriſing Sweetneſs and Patience; watched whole Nights, ſucceſſively, by his Bedſide; and when, at his Importunity, ſhe conſented to take any Reſt, it was only upon a Couch in his Chamber, from whence no Intreaties could make her remove. Mr. *Glanville* partook with her in theſe Fatigues; and, by his Care of her Father, and Tenderneſs for her, confirmed her in the Eſteem ſhe had entertained of him.

The Marquis, who had ſtruggled with the Violence of his Diſtemper for a Fortnight, died on the Fifteenth Day in the Arms of *Arabella*, who received his laſt Looks; his Eyes never removing themſelves from her Face, till they were cloſed by Death. Her Spirits, which the Deſire ſhe had of being uſeful to him, had alone ſupported, now failed her at once; and ſhe fell upon the Bed, without Senſe or Motion, as ſoon as ſhe ſaw him expire.

Mr. *Glanville*, who was kneeling on the other Side, and had been holding one of his Uncle's Hands, ſtarted up in the moſt terrible Conſternation, and, ſeeing the Condition ſhe was in, flew to her Relief: Her Women, while he ſupported her, uſed all the Endeavours they could think of to recover her; but ſhe continued ſo long in her Swoon, that they apprehended ſhe was dead; and *Glanville* was reſigning himſelf up to the moſt bitter Sorrow, when ſhe opened her Eyes; but it was only to cloſe them again.

Her

Her Faintings continued the whole Day; and the Phyſicians declaring ſhe was in great Danger, from her extreme Weakneſs, ſhe was carried to Bed in a Condition that ſeemed to promiſe very little Hopes of her Life.

The Care of the Marquis's Funeral devolving upon Mr. *Glanville*, he ſent a Meſſenger expreſs for his Father, who was appointed Guardian to Lady *Bella*; the Marquis having firſt aſked her if ſhe was willing it ſhould be ſo. This Gentleman arrived Time enough to be Witneſs of that ſad Ceremony, which was performed with a Magnificence ſuitable to the Birth and Fortune of the Marquis.

Lady *Bella* kept her Bed ſeveral Days, and her Life was thought to be in Danger; but her Youth, and the Strength of her Conſtitution, overcame her Diſeaſe; and, when ſhe was ſo well recovered as to be able to admit of a Viſit from her Uncle, Mr. *Glanville* ſent for Permiſſion to introduce him: The afflicted *Arabella* granted his Requeſt; but, being then more indiſpoſed than uſual, ſhe intreated they would defer their Viſit for an Hour or two, which they complied with; and, returning at the appointed Time, were conducted into her Dreſſing-Room by *Lucy*, who informed them her Lady was juſt fallen into a Slumber.

Mr. *Glanville*, who had not ſeen her for ſome Days, expected her waking with great Impatience; and pleaſed himſelf with deſcribing her, with a Lover's Fondneſs, to his Father, when the Sound of her Voice in the next Room interrupted him.

CHAP. III.

Which treats of a conſolatory Viſit, and other grave Matters.

ARABELLA, being then awaked from her Slumber, was indulging her Grief by Complaints, which her Women were ſo uſed to hear, that they never offered to diſturb her. Mercileſs Fate! ſaid ſhe, in the moſt moving Tone imaginable, Cruel Deſtiny! that, not contented with having deprived my Infancy of the ſoft Cares, and tender Indulgences, of a Mother's Fondneſs, has robbed me of the only Parent I had left, and expoſed me, at theſe early Years, to the Grief of loſing him, who was not only my Father, but my Friend, and Protector of my Youth!

Then, pauſing a Moment, ſhe renewed her Complaints with a deep Sigh: Dear Relics of the beſt of Fathers! purſued ſhe, Why was it not permitted me to bathe you with my Tears? Why were thoſe ſacred Remains of him, from whom I drew my Life, ſnatched from my Eyes, ere they had poured their Tribute of Sorrow over them? Ah! pitileſs Women! ſaid ſhe to her Attendants, you prevented me from performing the laſt pious Rites to my dear Father! You, by your cruel Care, hindered me from eaſing my ſad Heart, by paying him the laſt Duties he could receive from me! Pardon, O dear and ſacred Shade of my loved Father! pardon this unwilling Neglect of thy afflicted Child,

Child, who, to the laſt Moment of her wretched Life, will bewail thy Loſs!

Here ſhe ceaſed ſpeaking; and Mr. *Glanville*, whom this Soliloquy had much leſs confounded than his Father, was preparing to go in, and comfort her; when the old Gentleman ſtopping him with a Look of great Concern: My Niece is certainly much worſe than we apprehend, ſaid he: She is in a Delirium: Our Preſence may, perhaps, diſcompoſe her too much.

No, Sir, replied *Glanville*, extremely confuſed at this Suſpicion; my Couſin is not ſo bad as you ſuppoſe: It is common enough for People in any great Affliction to eaſe themſelves by Complaints.

But theſe, replied the Knight, are the ſtrangeſt Complaints I ever heard, and ſavour ſo much of Phrenſy, that I am perſuaded her Head is not quite right.

Glanville was going to reply, when *Lucy*, entering, told them her Lady had ordered their Admiſſion: Upon which they followed her into *Arabella*'s Chamber, who was lying negligently upon her Bed.

Her deep Mourning, and the black Gawſe, which covered Part of her fair Face, was ſo advantageous to her Shape and Complexion, that Sir *Charles*, who had not ſeen her ſince ſhe grew up, was ſtruck with an extreme Surprize at her Beauty, while his Son was gazing on her ſo paſſionately, that he never thought of introducing his Father to her, who contemplated her with as much Admiration as his Son, though with leſs Paſſion.

Arabella, riſing from her Bed, ſaluted her Uncle with a Grace that wholly charmed him; and, turning to receive Mr. *Glanville*, ſhe burſt into Tears at the Remembrance of his having aſſiſted her in her laſt Attendance upon her Father. Alas! Sir, ſaid ſhe, when we ſaw each other laſt, we were both engaged, in a very melancholy Office: Had it pleaſed Heaven to have ſpared my Father, he would, doubtleſs, have been extremely ſenſible of your generous Cares; nor ſhall you have any Reaſon to accuſe me of Ingratitude, ſince I ſhall always acknowlege your Kindneſs as I ought.

If you think you owe me any Obligation, returned *Glanville*, pay me, deareſt Couſin, by moderating your Sorrow: Indeed you ſuffer yourſelf to ſink too much under an Affliction which is impoſſible to be remedied.

Alas! anſwered *Arabella*, my Grief is very ſlight, compared to that of many others upon the Death of their Relations: The Great *Syſigambis*, who, queſtionleſs, wanted neither Fortitude nor Courage, upon the News of her Grand-daughter's Death, wrapt herſelf up in her Veil; and, reſolving never more to behold the Light, waited for Death in that Poſture.

Menecrates, upon the Loſs of his Wife, built a magnificent Tomb for her; and, ſhutting himſelf up in it, reſolved to paſs away the Remainder of his Life with her Aſhes. Theſe, indeed, were glorious Effects of Piety and Affection, and unfeigned Signs of an exceſſive Sorrow: What are the few Tears I ſhed to ſuch illuſtrious Inſtances of Grief and Affection, as theſe?

Glanville,

Glanville, finding his Couſin upon this Strain, bluſhed extremely, and would have changed the Subject; but the old Gentleman, who had never heard of theſe two Perſons ſhe mentioned, who expreſſed their Sorrow for their Loſſes in ſo ſtrange a Manner, was ſurpriſed at it; and was reſolved to know more about them.

Pray, Niece, ſaid he, were you acquainted with theſe People, who could not ſubmit to the Diſpenſation of Providence, but, as one may ſay, flew in the Face of Heaven by their Impatience?

I am very well acquainted with their Hiſtory, reſumed *Arabella*; and I can aſſure you, they were both very admirable Perſons.

Oh! Oh! their Hiſtory! interrupted the Knight! What, I warrant you, they are to be found in the *Fairy Tales*, and thoſe ſort of Books! Well, I never could like ſuch Romances, not I; for they only ſpoil Youth, and put ſtrange Notions into their Heads.

I am ſorry, reſumed *Arabella*, bluſhing with Anger, that we are like to differ in Opinion upon ſo important a Point.

Truly, Niece, ſaid Sir *Charles*, if we never differ in any thing elſe, I ſhall be very eaſy about this ſlight Matter; tho' I think a young Lady of your fine Senſe (for my Son praiſes you to the Skies for your *Wit*) ſhould not be ſo fond of ſuch ridiculous Nonſenſe as theſe Story-Books are filled with.

Upon my Word, reſumed *Arabella*, all the Reſpect I owe you cannot hinder me from telling you, that I take it extremely ill you ſhould, in my Preſence, rail at the fineſt Productions in the

the World: I think, we are infinitely obliged to theſe Authors, who have, in ſo ſublime a Style, delivered down to Poſterity the heroic Actions of the braveſt Men, and moſt virtuous of Women: But for the inimitable Pen of the famous *Scudery*, we had been ignorant of the Lives of many great and illuſtrious Perſons: The warlike Actions of *Oroondates*, *Aroncés*, *Juba*, and the renowned *Artaban*, had, haply, never been talked of in our Age; and thoſe fair and chaſte Ladies, who were the Objects of their pure and conſtant Paſſions, had ſtill been buried in Obſcurity; and neither their divine Beauties, or ſingular Virtue, been the Subject of our Admiration and Praiſe. But for the famous *Scudery*, we had not known the true Cauſe of that Action of *Clelia*'s, for which the Senate decreed her a Statue; namely, Her caſting herſelf, with an unparalleled Courage, into the *Tyber*, a deep and rapid River, as you muſt certainly know, and ſwimming to the other Side. It was not, as the *Roman* Hiſtorians falſly report, a Stratagem to recover herſelf, and the other Hoſtages, from the Power of *Porſena*; it was to preſerve her Honour from Violation by the impious *Sextus*, who was in the Camp. But for *Scudery*, we had ſtill thought the inimitable Poeteſs *Sappho* to be a looſe Wanton, whoſe Verſes breathed nothing but unchaſte and irregular Fires: On the contrary, ſhe was ſo remarkably chaſte, that ſhe would never even conſent to marry; but, loving *Phaon*, only with a Platonic Paſſion, obliged him to reſtrain his Deſires within the Compaſs of a Brother's Affection. Numberleſs are the Miſtakes he has cleared up of this Kind; and

I queſtion, if any other Hiſtorian, but himſelf, knew that *Cleopatra* was really married to *Julius Cæſar*; or that *Cæſario*, her Son by this Marriage, was not murdered, as was ſuppoſed, by the Order of *Auguſtus*, but married the fair Queen of *Ethiopia*, in whoſe Dominions he took Refuge. The prodigious Acts of Valour, which he has recounted of thoſe accompliſhed Princes, have never been equalled by the Heroes of either the *Greek* or *Roman* Hiſtorians: How poor and inſignificant are the Actions of their Warriors to *Scudery*'s, where one of thoſe admirable Heroes would put whole Armies into Terror, and with his ſingle Arm oppoſe a Legion!

Indeed, Niece, ſaid Sir *Charles*, no longer able to forbear interrupting her, theſe are all very improbable Tales. I remember, when I was a Boy, I was very fond of reading the Hiſtory of *Jack the Giant killer*, and *Tom Thumb*; and theſe Stories ſo filled my Head, that I really thought one of thoſe little Heroes killed Men an hundred Feet high; and that the other, after a great many ſurpriſing Exploits, was ſwallowed up by a Cow.

You was very young, Sir, you ſay, interrupted *Arabella* tartly, when thoſe Stories gained your Belief: However, your Judgment was certainly younger, if you ever believed them at all; for as credulous as you are pleaſed to think me, I ſhould never, at any Age, have been perſuaded ſuch Things could have happened.

My Father, Madam, ſaid *Glanville*, who was ſtrangely confuſed all this Time, bore Arms in his Youth; and Soldiers, you know, never trouble themſelves much with reading.

Has

Has my Uncle been a Soldier, ſaid *Arabella*, and does he hold in Contempt the Actions of the braveſt Soldiers in the World?

The Soldiers you ſpeak of, Niece, ſaid Sir *Charles*, were indeed the braveſt Soldiers in the World; for I don't believe, they ever had their Equals.

And yet, Sir, ſaid *Arabella*, there are a great Number of ſuch Soldiers to be found in *Scudery*.

Indeed, my dear Niece, interrupted Sir *Charles*, they are to be found no-where elſe, except in your Imagination, which, I am ſorry to ſee, is filled with ſuch *Whimſies*.

If you mean this to affront me, Sir, reſumed *Arabella*, hardly able to forbear Tears, I know how far, as my Uncle, I ought to bear with you: But, methinks, it is highly unkind to aggravate my Sorrows by ſuch cruel Jeſts; and, ſince I am not in an Humour to ſuffer them, don't take it ill, if I intreat you to leave me to myſelf.

Mr. *Glanville*, who knew nothing pleaſed his Couſin ſo much as paying an exact Obedience to her Commands, roſe up immediately; and, bowing reſpectfully to her, aſked his Father, If he ſhould attend him into the Gardens?

The Baronet, who thought *Arabella*'s Behaviour bordered a good deal upon Rudeneſs, took his Leave with ſome Signs of Diſpleaſure upon his Countenance; and, notwithſtanding all his Son could ſay in Excuſe for her, he was extremely offended.

What, ſaid he, to Mr. *Glanville*, does ſhe ſo little underſtand the Reſpect that is due to me as her Uncle, that ſhe, ſo peremptorily, deſired

me

me to leave her Room? My Brother was to blame to take ſo little Care of her Education; ſhe is quite a Ruſtic!

Ah! don't wrong your Judgment ſo much, Sir, ſaid *Glanville*; my Couſin has as little of the Ruſtic as if ſhe had paſſed all her Life in a Court: Her fine Senſe, and the native Elegance of her Manners give an inimitable Grace to her Behaviour; and as much exceed the ſtudied Politeneſs of other Ladies I have converſed with, as the Beauties of her Perſon do all I have ever ſeen.

She is very handſome, I confeſs, returned Sir *Charles*; but I cannot think ſo well of her *Wit* as you do; for methinks ſhe talks very oddly, and has the ſtrangeſt Conceits! Who, but herſelf, would think it probable, that one Man could put a whole Army to Flight; or commend a fooliſh Fellow for living in a Tomb, becauſe his Wife was buried in it? Fie, fie! theſe are ſilly and extravagant Notions, and will make her appear very ridiculous.

Mr. *Glanville* was ſo ſenſible of the Juſtneſs of this Remark, that he could not help ſighing; which his Father obſerving, told him, That, ſince ſhe was to be his Wife, it was his Buſineſs to produce a Reformation in her; for, added he, notwithſtanding the immenſe Fortune ſhe will bring you, I ſhould be ſorry to have a Daughter-in-law, for whom I ſhould bluſh as often as ſhe opens her Mouth.

I aſſure you, Sir, ſaid Mr. *Glanville*, I have but very little Hopes, that I ſhall be ſo happy as to have my Couſin for a Wife; for, tho' it was my Uncle's Command I ſhould make my Addreſſes

dreſſes to her, ſhe received me ſo ill, as a Lover, that I have never dared to talk to her upon that Subject ſince.

And pray, reſumed Sir *Charles*, upon what Terms are you at preſent?

While I ſeem to pretend nothing to her, as a Lover, replied Mr. *Glanville*, ſhe is very obliging, and we live in great Harmony together; but I am perſuaded, if I exceed the Bounds of Friendſhip in my Profeſſions, ſhe will treat me extremely ill.

But, interrupted Sir *Charles*, when ſhe ſhall know, that her Father has bequeathed you one Third of his Eſtate, provided ſhe don't marry you, 'tis probable her Mind may change; and you may depend upon it, ſince your Heart is ſo much ſet upon her, that, as I am her Guardian, I ſhall preſs her to perform the Marquis's Will.

Ah! Sir, reſumed Mr. *Glanville*, never attempt to lay any Conſtraint upon my Couſin in an Affair of this Nature: Permit me to tell you, it would be an Abuſe of the Marquis's generous Confidence, and what I would never ſubmit to.

Nay, nay, ſaid the old Gentleman, you have no Reaſon to fear any Compulſion from me: Tho' her Father has left me her Guardian, till ſhe is of Age, yet it is with ſuch Reſtriction, that my Niece is quite her own Miſtreſs in that Reſpect; for tho' ſhe is directed to conſult me in her Choice of an Huſband, yet my Conſent is not abſolutely neceſſary. The Marquis has certainly had a great Opinion of his Daughter's Prudence; and I hope, ſhe will prove herſelf worthy of it by her Conduct.

Mr.

Mr. *Glanville* was ſo taken up with his Reflections upon the State of his Affairs, that he made but little Reply; and, as ſoon as he had diſengaged himſelf, retired to his Chamber, to be at more Liberty to indulge his Meditations. As he could not flatter himſelf, with having made any Impreſſion upon the Heart of *Arabella*, he foreſaw a thouſand Incoveniences from the Death of the Marquis; for, beſides that he loſt a powerful Mediator with his Couſin, he feared that, when ſhe appeared in the World, her Beauty and Fortune would attract a Croud of Admirers, among whom, it was probable, ſhe would find ſome one more agreeable to her Taſte than himſelf. As he loved her with great Tenderneſs, this Thought made him extremely uneaſy; and he would ſometimes wiſh the Marquis had laid a ſtronger Injunction upon her in his Will to marry him; and regretted the little Power his Father had over her: But he was too generous, to dwell long upon theſe Thoughts, and contented himſelf with doing all that was honourable to obtain her, without ſeeking for any Aſſiſtance from unjuſtifiable Methods.

CHAP. IV.

Which contains ſome common Occurrences, but placed in a new Light.

ARABELLA, in a few Days, leaving her Chamber, had ſo many Opportunities of charming her Uncle by her Converſation, which,

which, when it did not turn upon any Incident in her Romances, was perfectly fine, eaſy, and entertaining, that he declared, he ſhould quit the Caſtle with great Regret; and endeavoured to perſuade her to accompany him to Town: But *Arabella*, who was determined to paſs the Year of her Mourning, in the Retirement ſhe had always lived in, abſolutely refuſed, ſtrong as her Curioſity was, to ſee *London*.

Mr. *Glanville* ſecretly rejoiced at this Reſolution, tho' he ſeemed deſirous of making her change it; but ſhe was unalterable; and, therefore, the Baronet did not think proper to preſs her any more.

Her Father's Will being read to her, ſhe ſeemed extremely pleaſed with the Articles in favour of Mr. *Glanville*, wiſhing him Joy of the Eſtate that was bequeathed to him, with a moſt inchanting Sweetneſs.

Mr. *Glanville* ſighed, and caſt his Eyes on the Ground, as he returned her Compliment, with a very low Bow; and Sir *Charles*, obſerving his Confuſion, told *Arabella*, that he thought it was a very bad Omen for his Son, to wiſh him Joy of an Eſtate, which he could not come to the Poſſeſſion of, but by a very great Misfortune.

Arabella, underſtanding his Meaning, bluſhed; and, willing to change the Diſcourſe, proceeded to conſult her Uncle upon the Regulation of her Houſe. Beſides the Legacies her Father had bequeathed to his Servants, thoſe, who were more immediately about his Perſon, ſhe deſired, might have their Salaries continued to them: She made no other Alteration, than diſcharging theſe Attendants, retaining all the others; and

ſubmitting to her Uncle the Management of her Eſtates, receiving the Allowance he thought proper to aſſign her, till ſhe was of Age, of which ſhe wanted three Years.

Every Thing being ſettled, Sir *Charles* prepared to return to Town. Mr. *Glanville*, who deſired nothing ſo much as to ſtay ſome time longer with his Couſin in her Solitude, got his Father to intreat that Favour for him of *Arabella*: But ſhe repreſented to her Uncle the Impropriety of a young Gentleman's ſtaying with her, in her Houſe, now her Father was dead, in a manner ſo genteel and convincing, that Sir *Charles* could preſs it no further; and all that Mr. *Glanville* could obtain, was, a Permiſſion to viſit her ſome time after, provided he could prevail upon his Siſter, Miſs *Charlotte Glanville*, to accompany him.

The Day of their Departure being come, Sir *Charles* took his Leave of his charming Niece, with many Expreſſions of Eſteem and Affection; and Mr. *Glanville* appeared ſo concerned, that *Arabella* could not help obſerving it; and bade him adieu with great Sweetneſs.

When they were gone, ſhe found her Time hung heavy upon her Hands; her Father was continually in her Thoughts, and made her extremely melancholy: She recollected the many agreeable Converſations ſhe had had with *Glanville*; and wiſhed it had been conſiſtent with Decency to have detained him. Her Books being the only Amuſement ſhe had left, ſhe applied herſelf to reading with more Eagerneſs than ever; but, notwithſtanding the Delight ſhe took in this Employment, ſhe had ſo many Hours of Solitude and Melancholy to indulge

the Remembrance of her Father in, that ſhe was very far from being happy.

As ſhe wiſhed for nothing more paſſionately than an agreeable Companion of her own Sex and Rank, an Accident threw a Perſon in her Way, who, for ſome Days, afforded her a little Amuſement. Stepping one Day out of her Coach, to go into Church, ſhe ſaw a young Lady enter, accompanied with a middle-aged Woman, who ſeemed to be an Attendant. As *Arabella* had never ſeen any one, above the Rank of a Gentleman Farmer's Daughter, in this Church, her Attention was immediately engaged by the Appearance of this Stranger, who was very magnificently dreſſed: Tho' ſhe did not ſeem to be more than eighteen Years of Age, her Stature was above the ordinary Size of Women; and, being rather too plump to be delicate, her Mien was ſo majeſtic, and ſuch an Air of Grandeur was diffuſed over her whole Perſon, joined to the Charms of a very lovely Face, that *Arabella* could hardly help thinking ſhe ſaw the beautiful *Candace* before her, who, by *Scudery*'s Deſcription, very much reſembled this Fair one.

Arabella, having heedfully obſerved her Looks, thought ſhe ſaw a great Appearance of Melancholy in her Eyes, which filled her with a generous Concern for the Misfortunes of ſo admirable a Perſon; but, the Service beginning, ſhe was not at Liberty to indulge her Reflections upon this Occaſion, as ſhe never ſuffered any Thoughts, but thoſe of Religion, to intrude upon her Mind, during theſe pious Rites.

As ſhe was going out of Church ſhe obſerved the young Lady, attended only with the Woman who came with her, preparing to walk

home, and therefore ſtept forward, and, ſaluting her with a Grace peculiar to herſelf, intreated her to come into her Coach, and give her the Pleaſure of ſetting her down at her own Houſe: So obliging an Offer from a Perſon of *Arabella*'s Rank could not fail of being received with great Reſpect by the young Lady, who was not ignorant of all the Forms of Good-breeding; and, accepting her Invitation, ſhe ſtepped into the Coach; *Arabella* obliging her Woman to come in alſo, for whom, as ſhe had that Day only *Lucy* along with her, there was Room enough.

As they were going home, *Arabella*, who longed to be better acquainted, intreated the fair Stranger, as ſhe called her, to go to the Caſtle, and ſpend the Day with her; and ſhe conſenting, they paſſed by the Houſe where ſhe lodged, and alighted at the Caſtle, where *Arabella* welcomed her, with the moſt obliging Expreſſions of Civility and Reſpect. The young Lady, tho' perfectly verſed in the Modes of Town-Breeding, and *nothing-meaning* Ceremony, was at a Loſs how to make proper Returns to the Civilities of *Arabella*: The native Elegance and Simplicity of her Manners were accompanied with ſo much real Benevolence of Heart, ſuch inſinuating Tenderneſs, and Graces ſo irreſiſtible, that ſhe was quite oppreſſed with them; and, having ſpent moſt of her Time between her Toilet and Quadrille, was ſo little qualified for partaking a Converſation ſo refined as *Arabella*'s, that her Diſcourſe appeared quite tedious to her, ſince it was neither upon Faſhions, Aſſemblies, Cards, or Scandal.

Her Silence, and that Abſence of Mind, which ſhe betrayed, made *Arabella* conclude, ſhe was under

under ſome very great Affliction; and, to amuſe her after Dinner, led her into the Gardens, ſuppoſing a Perſon, whoſe Uneaſineſs, as ſhe did not doubt, proceeded from Love, would be pleaſed with the Sight of Groves and Streams, and be tempted to diſcloſe her Misfortunes, while they wandered in that agreeable Privacy. In this, however, ſhe was deceived; for, tho' the young Lady ſighed ſeveral times, yet, when ſhe did ſpeak, it was only of indifferent Things, and not at all in the manner of an afflicted Heroine.

After obſerving upon a thouſand Trifles, ſhe told *Arabella* at laſt, to whom ſhe was deſirous of making known her Alliance to Quality, that theſe Gardens were extremely like thoſe of her Father's-in-Law, the Duke of —— at ——

At this Intimation, ſhe expected *Arabella* would be extremely ſurpriſed; but that Lady, whoſe Thoughts were always familiarized to Objects of Grandeur, and would not have been aſtoniſhed, if ſhe had underſtood her Gueſt was the Daughter of a King, appeared ſo little moved, that the Lady was piqued by her Indifference; and, after a few Moment's Silence, began to mention going away.

Arabella, who was deſirous of retaining her a few Days, intreated her ſo obligingly to favour her with her Company, for ſome time, in her Solitude, that the other could not refuſe; and, diſpatching her Woman to the Houſe where ſhe lodged, to inform them of her Stay at the Caſtle, would have diſpenſed with her coming again to attend her, had not *Arabella* inſiſted upon the contrary.

The Reſerve, which the Daughter-in-Law of the Duke of —— ſtill continued to maintain,

notwithſtanding the repeated Expreſſions of Friendſhip *Arabella* uſed to her, increaſed her Curioſity to know her Adventures, which ſhe was extremely ſurpriſed, ſhe had never offered to relate; but, attributing her Silence, upon this Head, to her Modeſty, ſhe was reſolved, as was the Cuſtom in thoſe Caſes, to oblige her Woman, who, ſhe preſumed, was her Confidante, to relate, her Lady's Hiſtory to her; and ſending for this Perſon one Day, when ſhe was alone, to attend her in her Cloſet, ſhe gave Orders to her Women, if the fair Stranger came to inquire for her, to ſay ſhe was then buſy, but would wait on her as ſoon as poſſible.

After this Caution, ſhe ordered Mrs. *Morris* to be admitted; and, obliging her to ſit down, told her, ſhe ſent for her in order to hear from her the Hiſtory of her Lady's Life, which ſhe was extremely deſirous of knowing.

Mrs. *Morris*, who was a Perſon of Senſe, and had ſeen the World, was extremely ſurpriſed at this Requeſt of *Arabella*, which was quite contrary to the Laws of Good-breeding; and, as ſhe thought, betrayed a great deal of impertinent Curioſity: She could not tell how to account for the free Manner in which ſhe deſired her to give up her Lady's Secrets, which, indeed, were not of a Nature to be told; and appeared ſo much confuſed, that *Arabella* took Notice of it; and, ſuppoſing it was her Baſhfulneſs which cauſed her Embarraſſment, ſhe endeavoured to re-aſſure her by the moſt affable Behaviour imaginable.

Mrs. *Morris*, who was not capable of much Fidelity for her Lady, being but lately taken into

into her Service, and not extremely fond of her, thought ſhe had now a fine Opportunity of recommending herſelf to *Arabella*, by telling her all ſhe knew of Miſs *Groves*, for that was her Name; and, therefore, told her, ſince ſhe was pleaſed to command it, ſhe would give her what Account ſhe was able of her Lady; but intreated her to be ſecret, becauſe it was of great Conſequence to her, that her Affairs ſhould not be known.

I always imagined, ſaid *Arabella*, that your beautiful Miſtreſs had ſome particular Reaſon for not making herſelf known, and for coming in this private Manner into this Part of the Country: You may aſſure yourſelf therefore, that I will protect her as far as I am able, and offer her all the Aſſiſtance in my Power to give her: Therefore you may acquaint me with her Adventures, without being apprehenſive of a Diſcovery that would be prejudicial to her.

Mrs. *Morris*, who had been much better pleaſed with the Aſſurances of a Reward for the Intelligence ſhe was going to give her, looked a little fooliſh at theſe fine Promiſes, in which ſhe had no Share; and *Arabella*, ſuppoſing ſhe was endeavouring to recollect all the Paſſages of her Lady's Life, told her, She need not give herſelf the Trouble to acquaint her with any thing that paſſed during the Infancy of her Lady, but proceed to acquaint her with Matters of greater Importance: And ſince, ſaid ſhe, you have, no doubt, been moſt favoured with her Confidence, you will do me a Pleaſure to deſcribe to me, exactly, all the Thoughts of her Soul, as ſhe has communicated them to you, that I may the better comprehend her Hiſtory.

CHAP. V.

The History of Miss Groves, *interspersed with some very curious Observations.*

THOUGH, Madam, said Mrs. *Morris*, I have not been long in Miss *Groves*'s Service, yet I know a great many Things by the means of her former Woman, who told them to me, tho' my Lady thinks I am ignorant of them; and I know that this is her second Trip into the Country.

Pray, interrupted *Arabella*, do me the Favour to relate Things methodically: Of what Use is it to me to know that this is your Lady's second Trip, as you call it, into the Country, if I know not the Occasion of it? Therefore begin with informing me, who were the Parents of this admirable young Person.

Her Father, Madam, said Mrs. *Morris*, was a Merchant; and, at his Death, left her a large Fortune, and so considerable a Jointure to his Wife, that the Duke of ——, being then a Widower, was tempted to make his Addresses to her. Mrs. *Groves* was one of the proudest Women in the World; and, this Offer flattering her Ambition more than ever she had Reason to expect, she married the Duke after a very short Courtship; and carried Miss *Groves* down with her to ——, where the Duke had a fine Seat, and where she was received by his Grace's Daughters, who were much about her own Age, with great Civility. Miss *Groves*, Madam, was then about twelve Years old, and was educated with

with the Duke's Daughters, who, in a little time, became quite diſguſted with their new Siſter; for Miſs *Groves*, who inherited her Mother's Pride, tho' not her Underſtanding, in all things affected an Equality with thoſe young Ladies, who, conſcious of the Superiority of their Birth, could but ill bear with her Inſolence and Preſumption. As they grew older, the Difference of their Inclinations cauſed perpetual Quarrels amongſt them; for his Grace's Daughters were ſerious, reſerved, and pious. Miſs *Groves* affected noiſy Mirth, was a great Romp, and delighted in maſculine Exerciſes.

The Ducheſs was often reflected on for ſuffering her Daughter, without any other Company than two or three Servants, to ſpend great Part of the Day in riding about the Country, leaping over Hedges and Ditches, expoſing her fair Face to the Injuries of the Sun and Wind; and, by thoſe coarſe Exerciſes, contracting a maſculine and robuſt Air not becoming her Sex, and tender Years: Yet ſhe could not be prevailed upon to reſtrain her from this Diverſion, till it was reported, ſhe had liſtened to the Addreſſes of a young Sportſman, who uſed to mix in her Train, when ſhe went upon thoſe Rambles, and procured frequent Opportunities of converſing with her.

There is a great Difference, interrupted *Arabella*, in ſuffering Addreſſes, and being betrayed into an involuntary Hearing of them, and this laſt, I conceive to have been the Caſe of your Lady; for it is not very probable, ſhe would ſo far forget what ſhe owed to her own Glory,

as to be induced to liſten quietly to Diſcourſes like thoſe you mention.

However, Madam, reſumed Mrs. *Morris*, the Ducheſs thought it neceſſary to keep her more at home; but, even here, ſhe was not without meeting Adventures, and found a Lover in the Perſon who taught her to write.

That, indeed, was a very notable Adventure, ſaid *Arabella*; but it is not ſtrange, that Love ſhould produce ſuch Metamorphoſes: 'Tis not very long ago, that I heard of a Man of Quality, who diſguiſed himſelf in a poor Habit, and worked in the Gardens of a certain Nobleman, whoſe Daughter he was enamoured with: Theſe things happen every Day.

The Perſon I ſpeak of, Madam, ſaid Mrs. *Morris*, was never diſcovered to be any thing better than a Writing-maſter; and yet, for all that, Miſs was *ſmitten* with his fine Perſon, and was taking Meaſures to run away with him, when the Intrigue was diſcovered, the Lover diſmiſſed, and the young Lady, whoſe faulty Conduct had drawn upon her her Mother's Diſlike, was ſent up to *London*, and allowed to be her own Miſtreſs at Sixteen; to which unpardonable Neglect of her Mother ſhe owes the Misfortunes that have ſince befallen her.

Whatever may be the common Opinion of this Matter, interrupted *Arabella* again, I am perſuaded the Writing-maſter, as you call him, was ſome Perſon of Quality, who made uſe of that Device to get Acceſs to his beautiful Miſtreſs. Love is ingenious in Artifices: Who would have thought, that, under the Name of *Alcippus*, a ſimple Attendant of the fair *Artemiſa* Princeſs

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of *Armenia*, the gallant *Alexander* Son of the great and unfortunate *Antony*, by Queen *Cleopatra*, was concealed, who took upon himſelf that mean Condition for the ſake of ſeeing his adored Princeſs? Yet the Contrivance of *Orontes*, Prince of the *Maſſagetes*, was far more ingenious, and even dangerous; for this valiant and young Prince, happening to ſee the Picture of the beautiful *Thaleſtris*, Daughter of the Queen of the *Amazons*, he fell paſſionately in Love with her; and, knowing that the Entrance into that Country was forbid to Men, he dreſſed himſelf in Womens Apparel; and, finding means to be introduced to the Queen, and her fair Daughter, whoſe Amity he gained by ſome very ſingular Services in the Wars, he lived ſeveral Years undiſcovered in their Court: I ſee, therefore, no Reaſon to the contrary, but that this Writing-maſter might have been ſome illuſtrious Perſon, whom Love had diſguiſed; and, I am perſuaded, added ſhe, ſmiling, that I ſhall hear more of him anon, in a very different Character.

Indeed, Madam, ſaid Mrs. *Morris*, whom this Speech of *Arabella* had extremely ſurpriſed, I never heard any thing more about him, than what I have related; and, for what I know, he continues ſtill to teach Writing; for I don't ſuppoſe the Ducheſs's Diſpleaſure could affect him.

How is it poſſible, ſaid *Arabella*, that you can ſuppoſe ſuch an Offence to Probability? In my Opinion, 'tis much more likely, that this unfortunate Lover is dead thro' Deſpair; or, perhaps, wandering over the World in Search

of that Fair one, who was ſnatched from his Hopes.

If it was his Deſign to ſeek for her, Madam, reſumed Mrs. *Mottes*, he need not have gone far, ſince ſhe was only ſent to *London*, whither he might eaſily have followed her.

There is no accounting for theſe Things, ſaid *Arabella*: Perhaps he has been impoſed upon, and made to believe, that it was ſhe herſelf that baniſhed him from her Preſence: 'Tis probable too, that he was jealous, and thought ſhe preferred ſome one of his Rivals to him. Jealouſy is inſeparable from true Love; and the ſlighteſt Matters imaginable will occaſion it: And, what is ſtill more wonderful, this Paſſion creates the greateſt Diſorders in the moſt ſenſible and delicate Hearts. Never was there a more refined and faithful Paſſion, than that of the renowned *Artamenes* for *Mandana*; and yet this Prince was driven almoſt to Diſtraction by a Smile, which, he fanſied, he ſaw in the Face of his Divine Miſtreſs, at a time when ſhe had ſome Reaſon to believe he was dead; and he was ſo tranſported with Grief and Rage, that, tho' he was a Priſoner in his Enemy's Camp, where the Knowlege of his Quality would have procured him certain Death, yet he determined to hazard all Things for the ſake of preſenting himſelf before *Mandana*, and upbraiding her with her Infidelity; when, in Reality, nothing was farther from the Thoughts of that fair and virtuous Princeſs, than the Lightneſs he accuſed her of: So that, as I ſaid before, it is not at all to be wondered at, if this diſguiſed Lover of your Lady was driven to Deſpair by Suſpicions as groundleſs, perhaps, as thoſe of

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Artamenes, yet not the leſs cruel and tormenting.

Mrs. *Morris*, finding *Arabella* held her Peace at theſe Words, went on with her Hiſtory in this manner: — Miſs *Groves*, Madam, being directed by her Woman in all things, took up her Lodgings in her Father's Houſe, who was a broken Tradeſman, and obliged to keep himſelf concealed for fear of his Creditors: Here ſhe formed her Equipage, which conſiſted of a Chair, one Footman, a Cook, and her Woman: As ſhe was indulged with the Command of what Money ſhe pleaſed, her Extravagance was boundleſs: She laviſhed away large Sums at Gaming, which was her favourite Diverſion; kept ſuch a Number of different Animals for Favourites, that their Maintenance amounted to a conſiderable Sum every Year: Her Woman's whole Family were ſupported at her Expence; and, as ſhe frequented all public Places, and ſurpaſſed Ladies of the firſt Quality in Finery, her Dreſs alone conſumed great Part of her Income. I need not tell you, Madam, that my Lady was a celebrated Beauty: You have yourſelf been pleaſed to ſay, that ſhe is very handſome. When ſhe firſt appeared at Court, her Beauty, and the uncommon Dignity of her Perſon, at ſuch early Years, made her the Object of general Admiration. The King was particularly ſtruck with her; and declared to thoſe about him, that Miſs *Groves* was the fineſt Woman at Court. The Ladies, however, found means to explain away all that was flattering in this Diſtinction: They ſaid, Miſs *Groves* was clumſy; and it was her Reſemblance to the *unwieldy* Ger-

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man Ladies that made her ſo much admired by his Majeſty. Her Pride, and the Quality Airs ſhe affected, were the Subject of great Ridicule to thoſe that envied her Charms: Some Cenſures were maliciouſly caſt on her Birth; for, as ſhe was always ſtyled the Ducheſs of ——'s Daughter, a Cuſtom ſhe introduced herſelf, ſhe ſeemed to diſclaim all Title to a legal Father. Miſs *Groves*, as univerſally admired as ſhe was, yet made but very few particular Conqueſts. Her Fortune was known to be very conſiderable, and her Mother's Jointure was to deſcend to her after her Death: Yet there was no Gentleman, who would venture upon a Wife of Miſs *Groves*'s Taſte for Expence, as very few Eſtates, *to which ſhe could pretend*, would ſupport her Extravagance. — The Honourable Mr. *L*—, Brother to the Earl of ——, was the only one, amidſt a Croud of Admirers, who made any particular Addreſs to her. This Gentleman was tolerably handſome, and had the Art of making himſelf agreeable to the Ladies, by a certain Air of Softneſs and Tenderneſs, which never failed to make ſome Impreſſion upon thoſe he deſired to deceive.

Miſs *Groves* was raviſhed with her Conqueſt, and boaſted of it ſo openly, that People, who were acquainted with this Gentleman's Character, foreſeeing her Fate, could not help pitying her.

A very few Months Courtſhip completed the Ruin of poor Miſs *Groves*: She fell a Sacrifice to Oaths which had been often proſtituted for the ſame inhuman Purpoſes; and became ſo fond of her Betrayer, that it was with great

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Difficulty he could perſuade her not to give him, even in public, the moſt ridiculous Proofs of her *Tenderneſs*. Her Woman pretends, that ſhe was ignorant of this Intrigue, till Miſs *Groves* growing big with Child, it could no longer be concealed; it was at length agreed, ſhe ſhould lie-in at her own Lodgings, to prevent any Suſpicions from her retreating into the Country; but that Scheme was over-ruled by her Woman's Mother, who adviſed her to conceal herſelf in ſome Village, not far from Town, till the Affair was over.

Miſs *Groves* approved of this ſecond Propoſal, but took Advantage of her Shape, which, being far from delicate, would not eaſily diſcover any growing Bigneſs, to ſtay in Town as long as ſhe poſſibly could. When her Removal was neceſſary, ſhe went to the Lodgings provided for her, a few Miles diſtant from *London*: And, notwithſtanding the Excuſes which were framed for this ſudden Abſence, the true Cauſe was more than ſuſpected by ſome buſy People, who induſtriouſly inquired into her Affairs.

Mr. *L*— ſaw her but ſeldom during her Illneſs: The Fear of being diſcovered was his Pretence: But her Friends eaſily ſaw through this Diſguiſe, and were perſuaded Miſs *Groves* was waning in his Affections.

As ſhe had a very ſtrong Conſtitution, ſhe returned to Town at the End of three Weeks: The Child was dead, and ſhe looked handſomer than ever. Mr. *L*— continued his Viſits; and the Town to make Remarks of them. All this time the Ducheſs never troubled herſelf about the Conduct of this unfortu-

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nate young Creature: And the People she was with had not the Goodness to give her any Hint of her Misconduct, and the Waste of her Fortune: On the contrary, they almost turned her Head with their Flatteries, preyed upon her Fortune, and winked at her Irregularities.

She was now a second time with Child: Her Character was pretty severely handled by her Enemies: Mr. *L*— began openly to slight her: And she was now several thousand Pounds in Debt. The Mother and Sisters of her Woman, in whose House she still was, were base enough to whisper the Fault she had been guilty of to all their Acquaintances. Her Story became generally known: She was shunned and neglected by every body; and even Mr. *L*—, who had been the Cause of her Ruin, intirely abandoned her, and boasted openly of the Favours he had received from her.

Miss *Groves* protested to her Friends, That he had promised her Marriage; but Mr. *L*— constantly denied it, and never scrupled to say, when he was questioned about it, That he found Miss *Groves* too easy a Conquest to make any Perjury necessary. Her Tenderness, however, for this base Man, was so great, that she never could bear to hear him railed at in her Presence; but would quarrel with the only Friends she had left, if they said any thing to his Disadvantage. As she was now pretty far advanced with Child, she would have retired into the Country; but the bad Condition of her Affairs made her Removal impossible: In this Extremity she had Recourse to her Uncle, a rich Merchant in the City, who, having taken all the necessary Precautions

cautions for his own Security, paid Miſs *Groves*'s Debts, carrying on, in her Name, a Law-ſuit with the Ducheſs, for ſome Lands, which were to be put into her Hands, when ſhe was of Age, and which that great Lady detained. Miſs *Groves*, being reduced to live upon ſomething leſs than an Hundred a Year, quitted *London*, and came into this Part of the Country, where ſhe was received by Mrs. *Barnett*, one of her Woman's Siſters, who is married to a Country Gentleman of ſome Fortune: In her Houſe ſhe lay-in of a Girl, which Mr. *L*— ſent to demand, and will not be perſuaded to inform her how, or in what manner, he has diſpoſed of the Child.

Her former Woman leaving her, I was received in her Place, from whom I learnt all theſe Particulars: And Miſs *Groves* having gained the Affections of Mr. *Barnett*'s Brother, her Beauty, and the large Fortune which ſhe has in Reverſion, has induced him, notwithſtanding the Knowlege of her paſt unhappy Conduct, to marry her. But their Marriage is yet a Secret, Miſs *Groves* being apprehenſive of her Uncle's Diſpleaſure for not conſulting him in her Choice.

Her Huſband is gone to *London*, with an Intention to acquaint him with it; and, when he returns, their Marriage will be publicly owned.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

Containing what a judicious Reader will hardly approve.

MRS. *Morris* ending her Narration, *Arabella*, who had not been able to reſtrain her Tears at ſome Parts of it, thanked her for the Trouble ſhe had been at; and aſſured her of her Secrecy: Your Lady's Caſe, ſaid ſhe, is much to be lamented; and greatly reſembles the unfortunate *Cleopatra*'s, whom *Julius Cæſar* privately marrying, with a Promiſe to own her for his Wife, when he ſhould be peaceable Maſter of the *Roman* Empire, left that great Queen big with Child, and, never intending to perform his Promiſe, ſuffered her to be expoſed to the Cenſures the World has ſo freely caſt upon her; and which ſhe ſo little deſerved.

Mrs. *Morris*, ſeeing the favourable Light in which *Arabella* viewed the Actions of her Lady, did not think proper to ſay any thing to undeceive her; but went out of the Cloſet, not a little mortified at her Diſappointment: For ſhe ſaw ſhe was likely to receive nothing for betraying her Lady's Secrets, from *Arabella*: Who ſeemed ſo little ſenſible of the Pleaſure of Scandal, as to be wholly ignorant of its Nature; and not to know it when it was told her.

Miſs *Groves*, who was juſt come to Lady *Bella*'s Chamber-door, to inquire for her, was ſurpriſed to ſee her Woman come out of it; and

and who, upon meeting her, expreſſed great Confuſion. As ſhe was going to aſk her ſome Queſtions concerning her Buſineſs there, *Arabella* came out of her Cloſet; and, ſeeing Miſs *Groves* in her Chamber, aſked her Pardon for ſtaying ſo long from her.

I have been liſtening to your Hiſtory, ſaid ſhe, with great Frankneſs, which your Woman has been relating: And I aſſure you I am extremely ſenſible of your Misfortunes.

Miſs *Groves*, at theſe Words, bluſhed with extreme Confuſion; and Mrs. *Morris* turned pale with Aſtoniſhment and Fear. *Arabella*, not ſenſible that ſhe had been guilty of any Indiſcretion, proceeded to make Reflections upon ſome Part of her Story; which, though they were not at all diſadvantageous to that young Lady, ſhe received as ſo many Inſults: And aſked Lady *Bella*, If ſhe was not aſhamed to tamper with a Servant to betray the Secrets of her Miſtreſs?

Arabella, a little ſurpriſed at ſo rude a Queſtion, anſwered, however, with great Sweetneſs; and proteſted to her, that ſhe would make no ill Uſe of what ſhe had learned of her Affairs: For, in fine, Madam, ſaid ſhe, do you think I am leſs fit to be truſted with your Secrets, than the Princeſs of the *Leontines* was with thoſe of *Clelia*; between whom there was no greater Amity and Acquaintance, than with us? And you muſt certainly know, that the Secrets which that admirable Perſon entruſted with *Lyſimena*, were of a Nature to be more dangerous, if revealed, than yours. The Happineſs of *Clelia* depended upon *Lyſimena*'s Fidelity: And the Liberty,

Liberty, nay, haply, the Life, of *Aronces*, would have been in Danger, if ſhe had betrayed them. Though I do not intend to arrogate to myſelf the Poſſeſſion of thoſe admirable Qualities which adorned the Princeſs of the *Leontines*, yet I will not yield to her, or any one elſe, in Generoſity and Fidelity: And if you will be pleaſed to repoſe as much Confidence in me, as thoſe illuſtrious Lovers did in her, you ſhall be convinced I will labour as earneſtly for your Intereſt, as that fair Princeſs did for thoſe of *Aronces* and *Clelia*.

Miſs *Groves* was ſo buſied in reflecting upon the Baſeneſs of her Woman in expoſing her, that ſhe heard not a Word of this fine Harangue (at which Mrs. *Morris*, notwithſtanding the Cauſe ſhe had for Uneaſineſs, could hardly help laughing); but, aſſuming ſome of that Haughtineſs in her Looks, for which ſhe uſed to be remarkable, ſhe told Lady *Bella*, that ſhe imputed her impertinent Curioſity to her Country Ignorance, and ill Breeding: And ſhe did not doubt but ſhe would be ſerved in her own kind, and meet with as bad Fortune as ſhe had done; and, perhaps, deſerve it *worſe* than ſhe did: For there are more falſe Men in the World beſides Mr. *L*——; and ſhe was no handſomer than other People.

Saying this, ſhe flung out of the Room, her Woman following, leaving *Arabella* in ſuch Confuſion at a Behaviour of which ſhe had never before had an Idea, that for ſome Moments ſhe remained immoveable.

Recollecting herſelf, at laſt, and conceiving, that Civility required ſhe ſhould endeavour to appeaſe this incenſed Lady, ſhe went down Stairs

Stairs after her; and, ſtopping her juſt as ſhe was going out of the Houſe, intreated her to be calm, and ſuffer her to vindicate herſelf from the Imputation of being impertinently curious to know her Affairs.

Miſs *Groves*, quite tranſported with Shame and Anger, refuſed abſolutely to ſtay.

At leaſt, Madam, ſaid *Arabella*, ſtay till my Coach can be got ready; and don't think of walking home, ſo ſlightly attended.

This Offer was as ſullenly anſwered as the other: And *Arabella*, finding ſhe was determined to venture home, with no other Guard than her Woman, who ſilently followed her, ordered two of her Footmen to attend her at a ſmall Diſtance; and to defend her, if there ſhould be Occaſion.

For who knows, ſaid ſhe to *Lucy*, what Accident may happen? Some one or other of her inſolent Lovers may take this Opportunity to carry her away; and I ſhould never forgive myſelf for being the Cauſe of ſuch a Misfortune to her.

Mrs. *Morris* having found it eaſy to reconcile herſelf to her Lady, by aſſuring her, that Lady *Bella* was acquainted with great Part of her Story before; and that what ſhe told her, tended only to juſtify her Conduct, as ſhe might have been convinced by what Lady *Bella* ſaid; they both went home with a Reſolution to ſay nothing of what had paſſed, with relation to the Cauſe of the Diſguſt Miſs *Groves* had received: But only ſaid, in general, that Lady *Bella* was the moſt ridiculous Creature in the World; and

was

was ſo totally ignorant of good Breeding, that it was impoſſible to converſe with her.

CHAP. VII.

Which treats of the Olympic *Games.*

WHILE *Arabella* was ruminating on the unaccountable Behaviour of her new Acquaintance, ſhe received a Letter from her Uncle, informing her (for ſhe had expreſly forbid Mr. *Glanville* to write to her), that his Son and Daughter intended to ſet out for her Seat in a few Days.

This News was received with great Satisfaction by *Arabella*, who hoped to find an agreeable Companion in her Couſin; and was not ſo inſenſible of Mr. *Glanville*'s Merit, as not to feel ſome kind of Pleaſure at the Thought of ſeeing him again.

This Letter was ſoon followed, by the Arrival of Mr. *Glanville*, and his Siſter; who, upon the Sight of *Arabella*, diſcovered ſome Appearance of Aſtoniſhment and Chagrin; for, notwithſtanding all her Brother had told her of her Accompliſhments, ſhe could not conceive it poſſible for a young Lady, bred up in the Country, to be ſo perfectly elegant and genteel as ſhe found her Couſin.

As Miſs *Charlotte* had a large Share of Coquetry in her Compoſition, and was fond of Beauty in none of her own Sex but herſelf, ſhe

was

was ſorry to ſee Lady *Bella* poſſeſſed of ſo great a Share; and, being in Hopes her Brother had drawn a flattering Figure of her Couſin, ſhe was extremely diſappointed at finding the Original ſo handſome.

Arabella, on the contrary, was highly pleaſed with Miſs *Glanville*; and, finding her Perſon very agreeable, did not fail to commend her Beauty: A ſort of Complaiſance mightily in Uſe among the Heroines, who knew not what Envy or Emulation meant.

Miſs *Glanville* received her Praiſes with great Politeneſs, but could not find in her Heart to return them: And, as ſoon as theſe Compliments were over, Mr. *Glanville* told Lady *Bella*, how tedious he had found the ſhort Abſence ſhe had forced him to, and how great was his Satisfaction at ſeeing her again.

I ſhall not diſpute the Truth of your laſt Aſſertion, replied *Arabella*, ſmiling, ſince I verily believe, you are mighty well ſatisfied at preſent; but I know not how you will make it appear, that an Abſence, which you allow to be ſhort, has ſeemed ſo tedious to you; for this is a manifeſt Contradiction: However, purſued ſhe, preventing his Reply, you look ſo well, and ſo much at Eaſe, that I am apt to believe, Abſence has agreed very well with you.

And yet I aſſure you, Madam, ſaid Mr. *Glanville*, interrupting her, that I have ſuffered more Uneaſineſs during this Abſence, than I fear you will permit me to tell you.

Since, replied *Arabella*, that Uneaſineſs has neither made you thinner, nor paler, I don't think you ought to be pitied: For, to ſay the Truth,

Truth, in theſe Sort of Matters, a Perſon's bare Teſtimony has but little Weight.

Mr. *Glanville* was going to make her ſome Anſwer; when Miſs *Glanville*, who, while they had been ſpeaking, was adjuſting her Dreſs at the Glaſs, came up to them, and made the Converſation more general.

After Dinner, they adjourned to the Gardens, where the gay Miſs *Glanville*, running eagerly from one Walk to another, gave her Brother as many Opportunities of talking to Lady *Bella* as he could wiſh: However, he ſtood in ſuch Awe of her, and dreaded ſo much another Baniſhment, that he did not dare, otherwiſe than by diſtant Hints, to mention his Paſſion; and *Arabella*, well enough pleaſed with a Reſpect that in ſome meaſure came up to her Expectation, diſcovered no Reſentment at Inſinuations ſhe was at Liberty to diſſemble the Knowlege of: And if he could not, by her Behaviour, flatter himſelf with any great Hopes, yet he found as little Reaſon, in *Arabella*'s Language, to deſpair.

Miſs *Glanville*, at the End of a few Weeks, was ſo tired of the magnificent Solitude ſhe lived in, that ſhe heartily repented her Journey; and inſinuated to her Brother, her Inclination to return to Town.

Mr. *Glanville*, knowing his Stay was regulated by his Siſter's, intreated her not to expoſe him to the Mortification of leaving *Arabella* ſo ſoon; and promiſed her he would contrive ſome Amuſements for her, which ſhould make her reliſh the Country better than ſhe had yet done.

Accord-

Accordingly, he propoſed to *Arabella* to go to the Races, which were to be held at ——— a few Miles from the Caſtle: She would have excuſed herſelf, upon account of her Mourning; but Miſs *Glanville* diſcovered ſo great an Inclination to be preſent at this Diverſion, that *Arabella* could no longer refuſe to accompany her.

Since, ſaid ſhe to Miſs *Glanville*, you are fond of public Diverſions, it happens very luckily, that theſe Races are to be held at the Time you are here: I never heard of them before, and I preſume 'tis a good many Years ſince they were laſt celebrated. Pray, Sir, purſued ſhe, turning to *Glanville*, do not theſe Races, in ſome Degree, reſemble the *Olympic* Games? Do the Candidates ride in Chariots?

No, Madam, replied *Glanville*; the Jockeys are mounted upon the fleeteſt Courſers they can procure; and he who firſt reaches the Goal obtains the Prize.

And who is the fair Lady that is to beſtow it? reſumed *Arabella:* I dare engage one of her Lovers will enter the Liſts; ſhe will, doubtleſs, be in no leſs Anxiety than he; and the Shame of being overcome, will hardly affect him with more Concern, than herſelf; that is, provided he be ſo happy as to have gained her Affections. I cannot help thinking the fair *Eliſmonda* was extremely happy in this Particular: For ſhe had the Satisfaction to ſee her ſecret Admirer Victor in all the Exerciſes at the *Olympic* Games, and carry away the Prize from many Princes, and Perſons of rare Quality, who were Candidates with him; and he had alſo the Glory to receive

three Crowns in one Day, from the Hands of his adored Princeſs; who, queſtionleſs, beſtowed them upon him with an infinite deal of Joy.

What Sort of Races were thoſe, Madam? ſaid Miſs *Glanville*; whoſe Reading had been very confined.

The *Olympic* Games, Miſs, ſaid *Arabella*, ſo called from *Olympia*, a City near which they were performed, in the Plains of *Elis*, conſiſted of Foot and Chariot-Races; Combats with the Ceſtus; Wreſtling, and other Sports. They were inſtituted in Honour of the Gods and Heroes; and were therefore termed ſacred, and were conſidered as a Part of Religion.

They were a kind of School, or military Apprenticeſhip; in which the Courage of the Youth found conſtant Employment: And the Reaſon why Victory in thoſe Games was attended with ſuch extraordinary Applauſe, was, that their Minds might be quickened with great and noble Proſpects, when, in this Image of War, they arrived to a Pitch of Glory, approaching, in ſome reſpects, to that of the moſt famous Conquerors. They thought this Sort of Triumph one of the greateſt Parts of Happineſs of which Human Nature was capable: So that when *Diagoras* had ſeen his Sons crowned in the *Olympic* Games, one of his Friends made him this Compliment, Now, *Diagoras*, you may die ſatisfied; ſince you can't be a God. It would tire you, perhaps, was I to deſcribe all the Exerciſes performed there: But you may form a general Notion of them, from what you have doubtleſs read of Juſts and Tournaments.

Really,

Really, ſaid Miſs *Glanville*, I never read about any ſuch Things.

No! replied *Arabella*, ſurpriſed: Well, then, I muſt tell you, that they hold a middle Place, between a Diverſion and a Combat; but the *Olympic* Games were attended with a much greater Pomp and Variety: And not only all *Greece*, but other neighbouring Nations, were in a manner drained, to furniſh out the Appearance.

Well, for my Part, ſaid Miſs *Glanville*, I never before heard of theſe Sort of Races; thoſe I have been at were quite different. I know the Prizes and Bets are ſometimes very conſiderable.

And, doubtleſs, interrupted *Arabella*, there are a great many Heroes who ſignalize themſelves at theſe Races; not for the ſake of the Prize, which would be unworthy of great Souls, but to ſatisfy that burning Deſire of Glory, which ſpurs them on to every Occaſion of gaining it.

As for the Heroes, or Jockeys, ſaid Miſs *Glanville*, call them what you pleaſe, I believe they have very little Share, either of the Profit or Glory: For their Maſters have the one, and the Horſes the other.

Their Maſters! interrupted *Arabella:* What, I ſuppoſe, a great many foreign Princes ſend their Favourites to Combat, in their Name? I remember to have read, that *Alcibiades* triumphed three times ſucceſſively at the *Olympic* Games, by means of one of his Domeſtics, who, in his Maſter's Name, entered the Liſts.

Mr. *Glanville*, fearing his Siſter would make ſome abſurd Anſwer, and thereby diſoblige his Couſin, took up the Diſcourſe: And, turning it upon the *Grecian* Hiſtory, engroſſed her Converſation, for two Hours, wholly to himſelf; while Miſs *Glanville* (to whom all they ſaid was quite unintelligible) diverted herſelf with humming a Tune, and tinkling her Couſin's Harpſichord; which proved no Interruption to the more rational Entertainment of her Brother and *Arabella*.

CHAP. VIII.

Which concludes with an excellent moral Sentence.

THE Day being come on which they deſigned to be preſent at the Races (or, as *Arabella* called them, the *Games*), Miſs *Glanville*, having ſpent four long Hours in dreſſing herſelf to the greateſt Advantage, in order, if poſſible, to eclipſe her lovely Couſin, whoſe Mourning, being much deeper, was leſs capable of Ornaments, came into her Chamber; and, finding her ſtill in her Morning Dreſs, For Heaven's ſake, Lady *Bella*, ſaid ſhe, when do you purpoſe to be ready? Why it is almoſt time to be gone, my Brother ſays, and here you are not a bit dreſſed!

Don't

Don't be uneaſy, ſaid *Arabella*, ſmiling; and, going to her Toilet, I ſhan't make you wait long.

Miſs *Glanville*, ſeating herſelf near the Table, reſolved to be preſent while her Couſin was dreſſing, that ſhe might have an Opportunity to make ſome Remarks to her Diſadvantage: But ſhe was extremely mortified, to obſerve the Haſte and Negligence ſhe made her Women uſe in this important Employment; and that, notwithſtanding her Indifference, nothing could appear more lovely and genteel.

Miſs *Glanville*, however, pleaſed herſelf with the Certainty of ſeeing her Couſin's Dreſs extremely ridiculed, for the peculiar Faſhion of her Gown: And the Veil, which, as becoming as it was, would, by its Novelty, occaſion great Diverſion among the Ladies, helped to comfort her for the Superiority of her Charms; which, partial as ſhe was to her own, ſhe could not help ſecretly confeſſing.

Arabella being dreſſed in much leſs time than her Couſin, Mr. *Glanville* was admitted, who led her down Stairs to her Coach, which was waiting: His Siſter (ſecretly repining at the Advantage *Arabella* had over her, in having ſo reſpectful an Adorer) followed: And, being placed in the Coach, they ſet out with great Appearance of Good-humour on all Sides.

They got to——— but juſt time enough to ſee the Beginning of the firſt Courſe: *Arabella*, who fanſied the Jockeys were Perſons of great Diſtinction, ſoon became intereſted in the Fate of one of them, whoſe Appearance pleaſed her

more than the others. Accordingly, ſhe made Vows for his Succeſs, and appeared ſo extremely rejoiced at the Advantage he had gained, that Miſs *Glanville* maliciouſly told her, People would make Remarks at the Joy ſhe expreſſed, and fanſy ſhe had a more than ordinary Intereſt in that Jockey, who had firſt reached the Goal.

Mr. *Glanville*, whom this impertinent Inſinuation of his Siſter had filled with Confuſion and Spite, ſat biting his Lips, trembling for the Effect it would produce in *Arabella:* But ſhe, giving quite another Turn to her Couſin's Words, I aſſure you, ſaid ſhe, with a Smile, I am not any further intereſted in the Fate of this Perſon, who has hitherto been ſucceſsful, than what the Handſomeneſs of his Garb, and the Superiority of his Skill, may demand, from an unprejudiced Spectator: And, though I perceive you imagine he is ſome concealed Lover of mine, yet I don't remember to have ever ſeen him: And I am confident it is not for my ſake that he entered the Liſts; nor is it my Preſence which animates him.

Lord bleſs me, Madam! replied Miſs *Glanville*, Who would ever think of ſuch ſtrange things as theſe you talk of? No-body will pretend to deny that you are very handſome, to be ſure; but yet, thank Heaven, the Sight of you is not ſo dangerous, but that ſuch ſort of People, as theſe are, may eſcape your Chains.

Arabella was ſo wholly taken up with the Event of the Races, that ſhe gave but very little Heed to this ſarcaſtic Anſwer of Miſs *Glanville*; whoſe Brother, taking Advantage of an Opportunity which *Arabella* gave him by putting her Head

Head quite out of the Coach, chid her very ſeverely for the Liberty ſhe took with her Couſin. *Arabella*, by looking earneſtly out of the Window, had given ſo full a View of her fine Perſon to a young Baronet, who was not many Paces from the Coach, that, being ſtruck with Admiration at the Sight of ſo lovely a Creature, he was going up to ſome of her Attendants to aſk who ſhe was, when he perceived Mr. *Glanville*, with whom he was intimately acquainted, in the Coach with her: Immediately he made himſelf known to his Friend, being exceſſively rejoiced at having got an Opportunity of beginning an Acquaintance with a Lady whoſe Sight had ſo charmed him.

Mr. *Glanville*, who had obſerved the profound Bow he made to *Arabella*, accompanied with a Glance that ſhewed an extreme Admiration of her, was very little pleaſed at this Meeting; yet he diſſembled his Thoughts well enough in his Reception of him. But Miſs *Glanville* was quite overjoyed, hoping ſhe would now have her Turn of Gallantry and Compliment: Therefore, accoſting him in her free Manner, Dear Sir *George*, ſaid ſhe, you come in a lucky Time to brighten up the Converſation: Relations are ſuch dull Company for one another, 'tis half a Minute ſince we have exchanged a Word.

My Couſin, ſaid *Arabella* ſmiling, has ſo ſtrange a Diſpoſition for Mirth, that ſhe thinks all her Moments are loſt, in which ſhe finds nothing to laugh at: For my Part, I do ſo earneſtly long to know, to which of theſe Pretenders Fortune will give the Victory, that I

can ſuffer my Cares for them to receive no Interruption from my Couſin's agreeable Gaiety.

Mr. *Glanville*, obſerving the Baronet gazed upon *Arabella* earneſtly while ſhe was ſpeaking thoſe few Words, reſolved to hinder him from making any Reply, by aſking him ſeveral Queſtions concerning the Racers, their Owners, and the Bets which were laid; to which *Arabella* added, And pray, Sir, ſaid ſhe, do me the Favour to tell me, if you know who that gallant Man is, who has already won the firſt Courſe.

I don't know really, Madam, ſaid Sir *George*, what his Name is, extremely ſurpriſed at her Manner of aſking.

The Jockey had now gained the Goal a Second time; and *Arabella* could not conceal her Satisfaction. Queſtionleſs, ſaid ſhe, he is a very extraordinary Perſon; but I am afraid we ſhall not have the Pleaſure of knowing who he is; for if he has any Reaſon for keeping himſelf concealed, he will evade any Inquiries after him, by ſlipping out of the Liſts while this Hurry and Tumult laſts, as *Hortenſius* did at the *Olympic* Games; yet, notwithſtanding all his Care, he was diſcovered by being obliged to fight a ſingle Combat with one of the Perſons whom he had worſted at thoſe Games.

Mr. *Glanville*, who ſaw his Siſter, by her little Coquetries with Sir *George*, had prevented him from hearing great Part of this odd Speech, propoſed returning to the Caſtle; to which *Arabella* agreed: But, conceiving Civility obliged her to offer the Convenience of a Lodging to a Stranger of Sir *George*'s Appearance, and who was an Acquaintance of her Couſins, You muſt permit

permit me, ſaid ſhe to Mr. *Glanville*, to intreat your noble Friend will accompany us to the Caſtle, where he will meet with better Accommodations than at any Inn he can find; for I conceive, that, coming only to be a Spectator of theſe Games, he is wholly unprovided with a Lodging.

The Baronet, ſurpriſed at ſo uncommon a Civility, was at a Loſs what Anſwer to make her at firſt; but, recollecting himſelf, he told her that he would, if ſhe pleaſed, do himſelf the Honour to attend her home; but, as his Houſe was at no great Diſtance from ——, he would be put to no Inconveniency for a Lodging.

Miſs *Glanville*, who was not willing to part ſo ſoon with the Baronet, inſiſted, with her Couſin's Leave, upon his coming into the Coach; which he accordingly did, giving his Horſe to the Care of his Servant; and they proceeded together to the Caſtle; *Arabella* ſtill continuing to talk of the Games, as ſhe called them, while poor *Glanville*, who was exceſſively confuſed, endeavoured to change the Diſcourſe, not without an Apprehenſion, that every Subject he could think of, would afford *Arabella* an Occaſion of ſhewing her Foible; which, notwithſtanding the Pain it gave him, could not leſſen the Love he felt for her.

Sir *George*, whoſe Admiration of Lady *Bella* increaſed the longer he ſaw her, was extremely pleaſed with the Opportunity ſhe had given him of cultivating an Acquaintance with her: He therefore lengthened out his Viſit, in hopes of being able to ſay ſome fine Things to her before he went away; but Miſs *Glanville*, who ſtrove

by all the little Arts ſhe was Miſtreſs of, to engage his Converſation wholly to herſelf, put it abſolutely out of his Power; ſo that he was obliged to take his Leave without having the Satisfaction of even preſſing the fair Hand of *Arabella*; ſo cloſely was he obſerved by her Couſin. Happy was it for him, that he was prevented by her Vigilance from attempting a Piece of Gallantry, which would, undoubtedly, have procured him a Baniſhment from her Preſence; but, ignorant, how kind Fortune was to him in balking his Deſigns, he was ungrateful enough to go away in a mighty ill Humour with this fickle Goddeſs: So little capable are poor Mortals of knowing what is beſt for them!

CHAP. IX.

Containing ſome curious Anecdotes.

LADY *Bella*, from the Familiarity with which Miſs *Glanville* treated this gay Gentleman, concluding him her Lover, and one who was apparently well received by her, had a ſtrong Curioſity to know her Adventures; and as they were walking the next Morning in the Garden, ſhe told her, that ſhe thought it was very ſtrange they had hitherto obſerved ſuch a Reſerve to each other, as to baniſh mutual Truſt and Confidence from their Converſation: Whence comes it, Couſin, added ſhe, being ſo young and lovely as you are, that you, queſtionleſs, have been engaged in many Adventures, you have never

never repoſed Truſt enough in me to favour me with a Recital of them?

Engaged in many Adventures, Madam! returned Miſs *Glanville*, not liking the Phraſe: I believe I have been engaged in as few as your Ladyſhip.

You are too obliging, returned *Arabella*, who miſtook what ſhe ſaid for a Compliment; for ſince you have more Beauty than I, and have alſo had more Opportunities of making yourſelf beloved, queſtionleſs you have a greater Number of Admirers.

As for Admirers, ſaid Miſs *Charlotte* bridling, I fanſy I have had my Share! Thank God, I never found myſelf neglected; but, I aſſure you, Madam, I have had no Adventures, as you call them, with any of them.

No, really! interrupted *Arabella*, innocently.

No, really, Madam, retorted Miſs *Glanville*; and I am ſurpriſed you ſhould think ſo.

Indeed, my Dear, ſaid *Arabella*, you are very happy in this reſpect, and alſo very ſingular; for I believe there are few young Ladies in the World, who have any Pretenſions to Beauty, that have not given Riſe to a great many Adventures; and ſome of them haply very fatal.

If you knew more of the World, Lady *Bella*, ſaid Miſs *Glanville* pertly, you would not be ſo apt to think, that young Ladies engage themſelves in troubleſome Adventures: Truly the Ladies that are brought up in Town are not ſo ready to run away with every Man they ſee.

No, certainly, interrupted *Arabella*; they do not give their Conſent to ſuch Proceedings; but for all that, they are, doubtleſs, run away with many times; for truly there are ſome Men, whoſe Paſſions are ſo unbridled, that they will have recourſe to the moſt violent Methods to poſſeſs themſelves of the Objects they love. Pray do you remember how often *Mandana* was run away with?

Not I indeed, Madam, replied Miſs *Glanville*; I know nothing about her; but I ſuppoſe ſhe is a *Jew*, by her outlandiſh Name.

She was no *Jew*, ſaid *Arabella*, tho' ſhe favoured that People very much; for ſhe obtained the Liberty of great Numbers of them from *Cyrus*, who had taken them Captives, and could deny her nothing ſhe aſked.

Well, ſaid Miſs *Glanville*; and I ſuppoſe ſhe denied *him* nothing he aſked; and ſo they were even.

Indeed but ſhe did tho', reſumed *Arabella*; for ſhe refuſed to give him a glorious Scarf which ſhe wore, tho' he begged it on his Knees.

And ſhe was very much in the right, ſaid Miſs *Glanville*; for I ſee no Reaſon why a Lover ſhould expect a Gift of any Value from his Miſtreſs.

Doubtleſs, ſaid *Arabella*, ſuch a Gift was worth a Million of Services; and, had he obtained it, it would have been a glorious Diſtinction for him: However, *Mandana* refuſed it; and, ſeverely virtuous as you are, I am perſuaded you can't help thinking, ſhe was a little too rigorous in denying a Favour to a Lover like him —

Severely

Severely virtuous, Lady *Bella*! ſaid Miſs *Glanville*, colouring with Anger: Pray what do you mean by that? Have you any Reaſon to imagine, I would grant any Favour to a Lover?

Why, if I did, Couſin, ſaid *Arabella*, would it derogate ſo much from your Glory, think you, to beſtow a Favour upon a Lover worthy your Eſteem, and from whom you had received a thouſand Marks of a moſt pure and faithful Paſſion, and alſo a great Number of very ſingular Services?

I hope, Madam, ſaid Miſs *Glanville*, it will never be my Fate to be ſo much obliged to any Lover, as to be under a Neceſſity of granting him Favours in Requital.

I vow, Couſin, interrupted *Arabella*, you put me in mind of the fair and virtuous *Antonia*, who was ſo rigid and auſtere, that ſhe thought all Expreſſions of Love were criminal; and was ſo far from granting any Perſon Permiſſion to love her, that ſhe thought it a mortal Offence to be adored even in private.

Miſs *Glanville*, who could not imagine *Arabella* ſpoke this ſeriouſly, but that it was deſigned to ſneer at her great Eagerneſs to make Conqueſts, and the Liberties ſhe allowed herſelf in, which had probably come to her Knowlege, was ſo extremely vexed at the malicious Jeſt, as ſhe thought it, that, not being able to revenge herſelf, ſhe burſt into Tears.

Arabella's Good-nature made her be greatly affected at this Sight; and, aſking her Pardon for having undeſignedly occaſioned her ſo much Uneaſineſs, begged her to be compoſed, and

tell

tell her in what ſhe had offended her, that ſhe might be able to juſtify herſelf in her Apprehenſions.

You have made no Scruple to own, Madam, ſaid ſhe, that you think me capable of granting Favours to Lovers, when, Heaven knows, I never granted a Kiſs without a great deal of Confuſion.

And you had certainly much Reaſon for Confuſion, ſaid *Arabella*, exceſſively ſurpriſed at ſuch a Confeſſion: I aſſure you I never injured you ſo much in my Thoughts, as to ſuppoſe you ever granted a Favour of ſo criminal a Nature.

Look you there now! ſaid Miſs *Glanville*, weeping more violently than before: I knew what all your round-about Speeches would come to: All you have ſaid in Vindication of granting Favours, was only to draw me into a Confeſſion of what I have done: How ungenerous was that!

The Favours I ſpoke of, Madam, ſaid *Arabella*, were quite of another Nature, than thoſe it ſeems you have ſo liberally granted: Such as giving a Scarf, a Bracelet, or ſome ſuch Thing, to a Lover, who had haply ſighed whole Years in Silence, and did not preſume to declare his Paſſion, till he had loſt beſt Part of his Blood in Defence of the Fair one he loved: It was when you maintained, that *Mandana* was in the right to refuſe her magnificent Scarf to the illuſtrious *Cyrus*, that I took upon me to oppoſe your Rigidneſs; and ſo much miſtaken was I in your Temper, that I fooliſhly compared you to the fair and wiſe *Antonia*, whoſe Severity was ſo remarkable; but really, by what I underſtand from

from your own Confeſſion, your Diſpoſition reſembles that of the inconſiderate *Julia*, who would receive a Declaration of Love without Anger from any one; and was not over-ſhy, any more than yourſelf, of granting Favours almoſt as conſiderable as that you have mentioned.

While *Arabella* was ſpeaking, Miſs *Glanville*, having dried up her Tears, ſat ſilently ſwelling with Rage, not knowing whether ſhe ſhould openly avow her Reſentment for the injurious Language her Couſin had uſed to her, by going away immediately, or, by making up the Matter, appear ſtill to be her Friend, that ſhe might have the more Opportunities of revenging herſelf. The Impetuoſity of her Temper made her moſt inclined to the former; but the Knowlege that Sir *George* was to ſtay yet ſome Months in the Country, made her unwilling to leave a Place, where ſhe might often ſee a Man whoſe fine Perſon had made ſome Impreſſion upon her Heart; and, not enduring to leave ſuch a charming Conqueſt to *Arabella*, ſhe reſolved to ſuppreſs her Reſentment for the preſent; and liſtened, without any Appearance of Diſcompoſure, to a fine Harangue of her Couſin upon the Neceſſity of Reſerve, and diſtant Behaviour, to Men who preſumed to declare themſelves Lovers, enforcing her Precepts with Examples drawn from all the Romances ſhe had ever read; at the End of which ſhe embraced her, and aſſured her, if ſhe had ſaid any thing harſh, it proceeded from her great Regard to her Glory, of which ſhe ardently wiſhed to ſee her as fond as herſelf.

Miſs

Miſs *Glanville* conſtrained herſelf to make a Reply that might not appear diſagreeable: And they were upon theſe Terms, when Mr. *Glanville* came up to them, and told Lady *Bella*, Sir *George* had ſent to intreat their Company at his Houſe that Day: But, added he, as I preſume you will not think proper to go, on account of your Mourning, neither my Siſter nor I will accept the Invitation.

I dare ſay, interrupted Miſs *Glanville* haſtily, Lady *Bella* will not expect ſuch a needleſs Piece of Ceremony from us; and, if ſhe don't think proper to go, ſhe won't confine *us*.

By no means, Couſin, ſaid *Arabella*, ſmiling; and, being perſuaded Sir *George* makes the Entertainment purely for your Sake, it would not be kind in me to deprive him of your Company.

Mr. *Glanville*, being pleaſed to find his Couſin diſcovered no Inclination to go, would have perſuaded his Siſter not to leave Lady *Bella*: But Miſs *Glanville* looked ſo much diſpleaſed at his Requeſt, that he was obliged to inſiſt upon it no more; and, both retiring to dreſs, Lady *Bella* went up to her Apartment, and betook herſelf to her Books, which ſupplied the Place of all Company to her.

Miſs *Glanville*, having taken more than ordinary Pains in dreſſing herſelf, in order to appear charming in the Eyes of Sir *George*, came in to pay her Compliments to Lady *Bella* before ſhe went, not doubting but ſhe would be chagrined to ſee her look ſo well: But Lady *Bella*, on the contrary, praiſed the Clearneſs of her Complexion, and the Sparkling of her Eyes.

I queſtion not, ſaid ſhe, but you will give Fetters to more Perſons than one To-day; but remember, I charge you, added ſhe ſmiling, while you are taking away the Liberty of others, to have a ſpecial Care of your own.

Miſs *Glanville*, who could not think it poſſible, one Woman could praiſe another with any Sincerity, caſt a Glance at the Glaſs, fearing it was rather becauſe ſhe looked but indifferently, that her Couſin was ſo laviſh in her Praiſes; and, while ſhe was ſetting her Features in a Mirror which every Day repreſented a Face infinitely more lovely than her own, Mr. *Glanville* came in, who, after having very reſpectfully taken Leave of Lady *Bella*, led his Siſter to the Coach.

Sir *George*, who was extremely mortified to find Lady *Bella* not in it, handed Miſs *Glanville* out with an Air ſo reſerved, that ſhe raillied him upon it; and gave her Brother a very unpleaſing Emotion, by telling Sir *George*, ſhe hoped Lady *Bella*'s not coming along with them, would not make him bad Company.

As he was too gallant to ſuffer an handſome young Lady, who ſpread all her Attractions for him, to believe he regretted the Abſence of another when ſhe was preſent; he coquetted with her ſo much, that Mr. *Glanville* was in hopes his Siſter would wholly engage him from Lady *Bella*.

Chap. X.

In which our Heroine is engaged in a very perilous Adventure.

IN the mean time, that ſolitary Fair one was alarmed by a Fear of a very unaccountable Nature; for, being in the Evening in her Cloſet, the Windows of which had a Proſpect of the Gardens, ſhe ſaw her illuſtrious concealed Lover, who went by the Name of *Edward*, while he was in her Father's Service, talking with great Emotion to her Houſe-Steward, who ſeemed earneſtly to liſten to ſome Propoſitions he was making to him. Her Surprize at this Sight was ſo great, that ſhe had not Power to obſerve them any longer; but, ſeating herſelf in her Chair, ſhe had juſt Spirits enough to call *Lucy* to her Aſſiſtance; who, extremely frighted at the pale Looks of her Lady, gave her a Smelling-bottle, and was preparing to cut her Lace, when *Arabella*, preventing her, told her in a low Voice, that ſhe feared ſhe ſhould be betrayed into the Hands of an inſolent Lover, who was come to ſteal her away. Yes, added ſhe with great Emotion, I have ſeen this preſumptuous Man holding a Converſation with one of my Servants; and tho' I could not poſſibly, at this Diſtance, hear their Diſcourſe, yet the Geſtures they uſed in ſpeaking, explained it too well to me; and I have Reaſon to expect, I ſhall ſuffer the ſame Violence that many illuſtrious Ladies have done before me; and be carried

carried away by Force from my own Houſe, as they were.

Alas! Madam! ſaid *Lucy*, terrified at this Diſcourſe, who is it that intends to carry your Ladyſhip away? Sure no Robbers will attempt any Miſchief at ſuch a time as this!

Yes, *Lucy*, replied *Arabella*, with great Gravity, the worſt kind of Robbers; Robbers who do not prey upon Gold and Jewels; but, what is infinitely more precious, Liberty and Honour. Do you know that Perſon who called himſelf *Edward*, and worked in theſe Gardens like a common Gardener, is now in the Houſe, corrupting my Servants; and, queſtionleſs, preparing to force open my Chamber, and carry me away? And Heaven knows when I ſhall be delivered from his Chains.

God forbid, ſaid *Lucy*, ſobbing, that ever ſuch a Lady ſhould have ſuch hard Hap! What Crime, I wonder, can you be guilty of, to deſerve to be in Chains?

My Crime, reſumed *Arabella*, is to have Attractions which expoſe me to theſe inevitable Misfortunes, which even the greateſt Princeſſes have not eſcaped.—But, dear *Lucy*, can you not think of ſome Methods by which I may avoid the Evil which waits me? Who knows but that he may, within theſe few Moments, force a Paſſage into my Apartment? Theſe ſlight Locks can make but a poor Reſiſtance to the Violence he will be capable of uſing.

Oh dear Madam! cried *Lucy*, trembling, and preſſing near her, what ſhall we do?

I aſked your Advice, ſaid ſhe; but I perceive you are leſs able than myſelf to think of any thing

thing to ſave me.—Ah! *Glanville*, purſued ſhe, ſighing, would to Heaven thou wert here now!

Yes, Madam, ſaid *Lucy*, Mr. *Glanville*, I am ſure, would not ſuffer any one to hurt your Ladyſhip.

As thou valueſt my Friendſhip, ſaid *Arabella*, with great Earneſtneſs, never acquaint him with what has juſt now eſcaped my Lips: True, I did call upon him in this Perplexity; I did pronounce his Name; and that, haply, with a Sigh, which involuntarily forced its Way: And, queſtionleſs, if he knew his good Fortune, even amidſt the Danger of loſing me for ever, he would reſent ſome Emotions of Joy: But I ſhould die with Shame at having ſo indiſcreetly contributed to his Satisfaction: And, therefore, again I charge you, conceal, with the utmoſt Care, what I have ſaid.

Indeed, Madam, ſaid *Lucy*, I ſhall tell him nothing but what your Ladyſhip bids me; and I am ſo frighted, that I can think of nothing but that terrible Man, that wants to carry you away. Mercy on us! added ſhe, ſtarting, I think I hear ſomebody on the Stairs!

Do not be alarmed, ſaid *Arabella*, in a majeſtic Tone: It is I who have moſt Reaſon to fear: Nevertheleſs, I hope the Grandeur of my Courage will not ſink under this Accident. Hark, ſomebody knocks at the Door of my Antechamber:—My own Virtue ſhall ſupport me:—Go, *Lucy*, and aſk who it is.

Indeed I can't, Madam, ſaid ſhe, clinging to her: Pray pardon me: Indeed I am ſo afraid, I cannot ſtir.

Weak-

Weak-fouled Wench! ſaid *Arabella*, How unfit art thou for Accidents like theſe! Ah! had *Cylenia* and *Narteſia* been like thee, the fair *Berenice*, and the Divine Princeſs of *Media*, had not ſo eagerly intreated their Raviſhers to afford them their Company in their Captivity: But go, I order you, and aſk who it is that is at the Door of my Apartment: They knock again: Offer at no Excuſes; but do your Duty.

Lucy, ſeeing her Lady was really angry, went trembling out of the Cloſet; but would go no farther than her Bedchamber, from whence ſhe called out to know who was at the Door.

I have ſome Buſineſs with your Lady, ſaid the Houſe-Steward (for it was he that knocked): Can I ſpeak with her at preſent?

Lucy, a little reaſſured by his Voice, made no Anſwer; but, creeping ſoftly to the Door of the Antechamber, double-locked it; and then cried out in a Tranſport, No, I will take Care you ſhall not come to my Lady.

And why, pray, Mrs. *Lucy?* ſaid the Steward: What have I done, that you are ſo much my Enemy?

You are a Rogue, ſaid *Lucy*, growing very courageous, becauſe the Door was locked between them.

A Rogue! ſaid he, What Reaſon have you for calling me a Rogue? I aſſure you I will acquaint my Lady with your Inſolence. I came to ſpeak to her Ladyſhip about *Edward*; who prayed me to intercede for him, that he may be taken again into her Service: For he ſays, my Lady never believed any thing againſt him; and

and that was my Buſineſs: But, when I ſee her, I'll know whether you are allowed to abuſe me in this manner.

Arabella, by this time, was advanced as far as the Bedchamber, longing to know what ſort of Conference *Lucy* was holding with her intended Raviſher: When that faithful Confidante, ſeeing her, came running to her, and whiſpered her, that the Houſe-Steward was at the Door, and ſaid he wanted to intercede for *Edward*.

Ah! the Traitor! ſaid *Arabella*, retiring again: Has he, then, really bargained with that diſloyal Man, to deliver up his Miſtreſs? I am undone, *Lucy*, ſaid ſhe, unleſs I can find a Way to eſcape out of the Houſe. They will, queſtionleſs, ſoon force the Doors of my Apartment.

Suppoſe, ſaid *Lucy*, your Ladyſhip went down the Stairs that lead from your Dreſſing-room into the Garden; and you may hide yourſelf in the Gardener's Houſe till Mr. *Glanville* come.

I approve, ſaid *Arabella*, of one Part of your Propoſal: But I ſhall not truſt myſelf in the Gardener's Houſe; who, queſtionleſs, is in the Plot with the reſt of my perfidious Servants, ſince none of them have endeavoured to adverti ſe me of my Danger. If we can gain the Gardens undiſcovered, we may get out by that Door at the Foot of the Terrace, which leads into the Fields; for you know I always keep the Key of that private Door: So, *Lucy*, let us commend ourſelves to the Direction of Providence, and be gone immediately.

But

But what ſhall we do, Madam, ſaid *Lucy*, when we are got out?

Why, ſaid *Arabella*, you ſhall conduct me to your Brother's; and, probably, we may meet with ſome generous Cavalier by the Way, who will protect us till we get thither: However, as I have as great a Danger to fear within Doors, as without, I will venture to make my Eſcape, though I ſhould not be ſo fortunate as to meet with any Knight who will undertake to protect me from the Danger which I may apprehend in the Fields.

Saying this, ſhe gave the Key of the Door to *Lucy*, whoſe Heart beat violently with Fear; and, covering herſelf with ſome black Cypreſs, which ſhe wore in the Nature of a Veil, went ſoftly down the little Staircaſe to the Terrace, followed by *Lucy* (who looked eagerly about her every Step that ſhe went); and, having gained the Garden-door, haſtily unlocked it, and fled, as faſt as poſſible, croſs the Fields, in order to procure a Sanctuary at *William*'s Houſe: *Arabella*, begging Heaven to throw ſome generous Cavalier in her Way, whoſe Protection ſhe might implore, and, taking every Tree at a Diſtance for a Horſe and Knight, haſtened her Steps to meet her approaching Succour; which, as ſoon as ſhe came near, miſerably balked her Expectations.

Though *William*'s Farm was not more than two Miles from the Caſtle; yet *Arabella*, unuſed to ſuch a rude Way of Travelling, began to be greatly fatigued: The Fear ſhe was in of being purſued by her apprehended Raviſher, had ſo violent an Effect upon her Spirits, that ſhe

was

was hardly able to proſecute her Flight; and, to complete her Misfortunes, happening to ſtumble over a Stump of a Tree that lay in her Way, ſhe ſtrained her Ancle; and the violent Anguiſh ſhe felt, threw her into a Swoon.

Lucy, upon whoſe Arm ſhe leaned, perceiving her fainting, ſcreamed out aloud, not knowing what to do with her in that Condition: She placed her upon the Ground; and, ſupporting her Head againſt that fatal Stump, began to rub her Temples, weeping exceſſively all the time. Her Swoon ſtill continuing, the poor Girl was in inconceivable Terror: Her Brother's Houſe was now but a little Way off; but it being impoſſible for her to carry her Lady thither without ſome Help, ſhe knew not what to reſolve upon.

At length, thinking it better to leave her for a few Moments, to run for Aſſiſtance, than to ſit by her and ſee her periſh for want of it, ſhe left her, though not without extreme Agony; and flew, with the utmoſt Eagerneſs, to her Brother's. She was lucky enough to meet him juſt coming out of his Door; and, telling him the Condition in which ſhe left her Lady, he, without aſking any Queſtions about the Occaſion of ſo ſtrange an Accident, notwithſtanding his Amazement, ran with all Speed to the Place where *Lucy* had left her: But, to their Aſtoniſhment and Sorrow, ſhe was not to be found: They walked a long time in Search of her; and *Lucy*, being almoſt diſtracted with Fear leſt ſhe had been carried away, made Complaints that ſo puzzled her Brother he knew not what to ſay to her: But, finding their

Search fruitleſs, they agreed to go home to the Caſtle, ſuppoſing, with ſome Appearance of Reaſon, that they might hear of her there.

Here they found nothing but Grief and Confuſion. Mr. *Glanville* and his Siſter were juſt returned, and had been at Lady *Bella*'s Apartment; but, not finding her there, they aſked her Women where ſhe was, who, not knowing any thing of her Flight, concluded ſhe was in the Garden with *Lucy*. Mr. *Glanville*, ſurpriſed at her being at that Hour in the Garden, ran eagerly to engage her to come in, being apprehenſive ſhe would take Cold, by ſtaying ſo late in the Air: But, not finding her in any of her uſual Walks, he ordered ſeveral of the Servants to aſſiſt him in ſearching the whole Garden, ſending them to different Places: But they all returned without Succeſs; which filled him with the utmoſt Conſternation.

He was returning, exceſſively uneaſy, to the Houſe, when he ſaw *Lucy*; who had been juſt told, in anſwer to her Inquiries about her Lady, that they were gone to look for her in the Garden; and running up to Mr. *Glanville*, who hoped to hear News of Lady *Bella* from her, Oh! Sir, ſaid ſhe, is my Lady found?

What! *Lucy*, ſaid Mr. *Glanville* (more alarmed than before), do not you know where ſhe is? I thought you had been with her.

Oh! dear, cried *Lucy*, wringing her Hands; for certain my poor Lady was ſtolen away while ſhe was in that fainting Fit. Sir, ſaid ſhe to *Glanville*, I know who the Perſon is that my Lady ſaid (and almoſt broke my Heart) would

keep her in Chains: He was in the Houſe not many Hours ago.

Mr. *Glanville*, ſuſpecting this was ſome new Whim of *Arabella*'s, would not ſuffer *Lucy* to ſay any more before the Servants, who ſtood gaping with Aſtoniſhment at the ſtrange Things ſhe uttered; but bid her follow him to his Apartment, and he would hear what ſhe could inform him concerning this Accident. He would, if poſſible, have prevented his Siſter from being preſent at the Story; but, not being able to form any Excuſe for not ſuffering her to hear every thing that related to her Couſin, they all three went into his Chamber; where he deſired *Lucy* to tell him what ſhe knew about her Lady.

You muſt know, Sir, ſaid *Lucy*, ſobbing, that there came a Man here to take away my Lady: A great Man he is, though he worked in the Gardens; for he was in Love with her: And ſo he would not own who he was.

And pray, interrupted Miſs *Glanville*, Who told you he was a great Man, as you ſay?

My Lady told me, ſaid *Lucy:* But, *howſomever*, he was turned away; for the Gardener ſays he catched him ſtealing Carp.

A very great Man, indeed, ſaid Miſs *Glanville*, that would ſteal Carp!

You muſt know, Madam, ſaid ſhe, that was only a Pretence: For he went there, my Lady ſays, to drown himſelf.

Bleſs me! cried Miſs *Glanville*, laughing; the Girl's diſtracted, ſure. Lord! Brother, don't liſten to her nonſenſical Tales; we ſhall never find my Couſin by her.

Leave

Leave her to me, ſaid Mr. *Glanville*, whiſpering: Perhaps I may diſcover ſomething by her Diſcourſe, that will give us ſome Light into this Affair.

Nay, I'll ſtay, I am reſolved, anſwered ſhe; for I long to know where my Couſin is: Tho', do you think what this Girl ſays is true, about a great Man diſguiſed in the Gardens? Sure my Couſin could never tell her ſuch Stuff: But, now I think of it, added ſhe, Lady *Bella*, when we were ſpeaking about the Jockey, talked ſomething about a Lover: I now believe it is as the Girl ſays. Pray let's hear her out.

Mr. *Glanville* was ready to die with Vexation, at the Charmer of his Soul's being thus expoſed; but there was no Help for it.

Pray, ſaid he to *Lucy*, tell us no more about this Man: But, if you can gueſs where your Lady is, let me know.

Indeed I can't, Sir, ſaid ſhe; for my Lady and I both ſtole out of the Houſe, for fear *Edward* ſhould break open the Doors of her Apartment; and we were running as faſt as poſſible to my Brother's Houſe (where ſhe ſaid ſhe would hide herſelf till you came); but my poor dear Lady fell down and hurt herſelf ſo much, that ſhe fainted away: I tried what I could to fetch her again; but ſhe did not open her Eyes: So I ran like Lightning to my Brother, to come and help me to carry her to the Farm; but, when we came back, ſhe was gone.

What do you ſay? cried Mr. *Glanville*, with a diſtracted Look: Did you leave her in that Condition in the Fields? And was ſhe not to be found when you came back?

No, indeed, Sir, ſaid *Lucy*, weeping, we could not find her, though we wandered about a long time.

Oh! Heavens! ſaid he, walking about the Room in a violent Emotion, Where can ſhe be? What is become of her? Dear Siſter, purſued he, order ſomebody to ſaddle my Horſe: I'll traverſe the Country all Night in queſt of her.

You had beſt inquire, Sir, ſaid *Lucy*, if *Edward* is in the Houſe: He knows, may be, where my Lady is.

Who is he? cried *Glanville*.

Why the great Man, Sir, ſaid *Lucy*, whom we thought to be a Gardener, who came to carry my Lady away; which made her get out of the Houſe as faſt as ſhe could.

This is the ſtrangeſt Story, ſaid Miſs *Glanville*, that ever I heard: Sure nobody would be ſo mad to attempt ſuch an Action; my Couſin has the oddeſt Whims!

Mr. *Glanville*, not able to liſten any longer, charged *Lucy* to ſay nothing of this Matter to any one; and then ran eagerly out of the Room, ordering two or three of the Servants to go in Search of their Lady: He then mounted his Horſe in great Anguiſh of Mind, not knowing whither to direct his Courſe.

CHAP. XI.

In which the Lady is wonderfully delivered.

BUT to return to *Arabella*, whom we left in a very melancholy Situation: *Lucy* had not been gone long from her before ſhe opened her Eyes; and, beginning to come perfectly to herſelf, was ſurpriſed to find her Woman not near her: The Moon ſhining very bright, ſhe looked round her, and called *Lucy* as loud as ſhe was able; but not ſeeing her, or hearing any Anſwer, her Fears became ſo powerful, that ſhe had like to have relapſed into her Swoon.

Alas! unfortunate Maid that I am! cried ſhe, weeping exceſſively, queſtionleſs I am betrayed by her on whoſe Fidelity I relied, and who was acquainted with my moſt ſecret Thoughts: She is now with my Raviſher, directing his Purſuit, and I have no Means of eſcaping from his Hands! Cruel and ungrateful Wench, thy unparalleled Treachery grieves me no leſs than all my other Misfortunes: But why do I ſay, Her Treachery is unparalleled? Did not the wicked *Arianta* betray her Miſtreſs into the Power of her inſolent Lover? Ah! *Arabella*, thou art not ſingle in thy Miſery, ſince the divine *Mandana* was, like thyſelf, the Dupe of a mercenary Servant.

Having given a Moment or two to theſe ſad Reflections, ſhe roſe from the Ground with an

Intention to walk on; but her Ancle was ſo painful, that ſhe could hardly move: Her Tears began now to flow with greater Violence: She expected every Moment to ſee *Edward* approach her; and was reſigning herſelf up to Deſpair, when a Chaiſe, driven by a young Gentleman, paſſed by her. *Arabella*, thanking Heaven for ſending this Relief, called out as loud as ſhe could, conjuring him to ſtay.

The Gentleman, hearing a Woman's Voice, ſtopped immediately, and aſked what ſhe wanted.

Generous Stranger, ſaid *Arabella*, advancing as well as was ſhe able, do not refuſe your Aſſiſtance to ſave me from a moſt terrible Danger: I am purſued by a Perſon whom, for very urgent Reaſons, I deſire to avoid. I conjure you, therefore, in the Name of her you love beſt, to protect me; and may you be crowned with the Enjoyment of all your Wiſhes, for ſo charitable an Action!

If the Gentleman was ſurpriſed at this Addreſs, he was much more aſtoniſhed at the Beauty of her who made it: Her Stature; her Shape, her inimitable Complexion; the Luſtre of her fine Eyes, and the thouſand Charms that adorned her whole Perſon, kept him a Minute ſilently gazing upon her, without having the Power to make her an Anſwer.

Arabella, finding he did not ſpeak, was extremely diſappointed. Ah! Sir, ſaid ſhe, What do you deliberate upon? Is it poſſible you can deny ſo reaſonable a Requeſt, to a Lady in my Circumſtances?

For

For God's ſake, Madam, ſaid the Gentleman, alighting, and approaching her, let me know who you are, and how I can be of any Service to you.

As for my Quality, ſaid *Arabella*, be aſſured it is not mean; and let this Knowlege ſuffice at preſent: The Service I deſire of you is, to convey me to ſome Place where I may be in Safety for this Night: To-morrow I will intreat you to let ſome Perſons, whom I ſhall name to you, know where I am; to the end they may take proper Meaſures to ſecure me from the Attempts of an inſolent Man, who has driven me from my own Houſe, by the Deſigns he was going to execute.

The Gentleman ſaw there was ſome Myſtery in her Caſe, which ſhe did not chooſe to explain; and, being extremely glad at having ſo beautiful a Creature in his Power, told her ſhe might command him in all ſhe pleaſed; and, helping her into the Chaiſe, drove off as faſt as he could; *Arabella* ſuffering no Apprehenſions from being alone with a Stranger, ſince nothing was more common to Heroines than ſuch Adventures; all her Fears being of *Edward*, whom ſhe fanſied every Moment ſhe ſaw purſuing them: And, being extremely anxious to be in ſome Place of Safety, ſhe urged her Protector to drive as faſt as poſſible; who, willing to have her at his own Houſe, complied with her Requeſt; but was ſo unlucky in his Haſte, as to overturn the Chaiſe. Though neither *Arabella* nor himſelf were hurt by the Fall, yet the Neceſſity there was to ſtay ſome time to put the Chaiſe in a Condition to carry them any farther, filled

her with a thouſand Apprehenſions, leſt they ſhould be overtaken.

In the mean time, the Servants of *Arabella*, among whom *Edward*, not knowing how much he was concerned in her Flight, was reſolved to diſtinguiſh himſelf by his Zeal in ſearching for her, had diſperſed themſelves about in different Places: Chance conducted *Edward* to the very Spot where ſhe was: When *Arabella*, perceiving him while he was two or three Paces off, Oh! Sir, cried ſhe, behold my Perſecutor! Can you reſolve to defend me againſt the Violence he comes to offer me?

The Gentleman, looking up, and ſeeing a Man in Livery approaching them, aſked her, If that was the Perſon ſhe complained of; and if he was her Servant?

If he is my Servant, Sir, replied ſhe, bluſhing, he never had my Permiſſion to be ſo: And, indeed, no one elſe can boaſt of my having granted them ſuch a Liberty.

Do you know whoſe Servant he is, then, Madam? replied the Gentleman, a little ſurpriſed at her Anſwer; which he could not well underſtand.

You throw me into a great Embarraſſment, Sir, reſumed *Arabella*, bluſhing more than before: Queſtionleſs, he appears to be mine; but, ſince, as I told you before, he never diſcovered himſelf to me, and I never permitted him to aſſume that Title, his Services, if ever I received any from him, were not at all conſidered by me, as Things for which I was obliged to him.

The

The Gentleman, ſtill more amazed at Anſwers ſo little to the Purpoſe, was going to deſire her to explain herſelf upon this ſtrange Affair; when *Edward*, coming up cloſe to *Arabella*, cried out in a Tranſport, Oh! Madam! thank God you are found.

Hold, impious Man! ſaid *Arabella*, and do not give Thanks for that which, haply, may prove thy Puniſhment. If I am found, thou wilt be no better for it: And, if thou continueſt to perſecute me, thou wilt probably meet with thy Death, where thou thinkeſt thou haſt found thy Happineſs.

The poor Fellow, who underſtood not a Word of this Diſcourſe, ſtared upon her like one that had loſt his Wits; when the Protector of *Arabella*, approaching him, aſked him, with a ſtern Look, What he had to ſay to that Lady, and why he preſumed to follow her?

As the Man was going to anſwer him, Mr. *Glanville* came galloping up; and *Edward*, ſeeing him, ran up to him, and informed him, that he had met with Lady *Bella*, and a Gentleman, who ſeemed to have been overturned in a Chaiſe, which he was endeavouring to refit; and that her Ladyſhip was offended with him for coming up to her; and alſo, that the Gentleman had uſed ſome threatening Language to him upon that Account.

Mr. *Glanville*, exceſſively ſurpriſed at what he heard, ſtopped; and, ordering a Servant who came along with him, to run back to the Caſtle, and bring a Chaiſe thither to carry Lady *Bella* home, he aſked *Edward* ſeveral more Queſtions relating to what ſhe and the Gentle-

man had ſaid to him: And, notwithſtanding his Knowlege of her ridiculous Humour, he could not help being alarmed by her Behaviour, nor concluding that there was ſomething very myſterious in the Affair.

While he was thus converſing with *Edward*, *Arabella*, who had ſpied him almoſt as ſoon, was filled with Apprehenſion to ſee him hold ſo quiet a Parly with her Raviſher: The more ſhe reflected upon this Accident, the more her Suſpicions increaſed; and, perſuading herſelf at laſt, that Mr. *Glanville* was privy to his Deſigns, this Belief, however improbable, wrought ſo powerfully upon her Imagination, that ſhe could not reſtrain her Tears.

Doubtleſs, ſaid ſhe, I am betrayed, and the perjured *Glanville* is no longer either my Friend or Lover: He is this Moment concerting Meaſures with my Raviſher, how to deliver me into his Power; and, like *Philidaſpes*, is glad of an Opportunity, by this Treachery, to be rid of a Woman whom his Parents and hers had deſtined for his Wife.

Mr. *Glanville*, having learned all he could from *Edward*, alighted; and, giving him his Horſe to hold, came up to *Arabella*: And, after expreſſing his Joy at meeting with her, begged her to let him know what Accident had brought her, unattended, from the Caſtle, at that time of Night.

If by this Queſtion, ſaid the incenſed *Arabella*, you would perſuade me you are ignorant of the Cauſe of my Flight, know, your Diſſimulation will not ſucceed; and that, having Reaſon to believe you are equally guilty with him from whoſe

whoſe intended Violence I fled, I ſhall have recourſe to the Valour of this Knight you ſee with me, to defend me, as well againſt you, as that Raviſher, with whom I ſee you leagued.—Ah! unworthy Couſin, purſued ſhe, What doſt thou propoſe to thyſelf by ſo black a Treachery? What is to be the Price of my Liberty, which thou ſo freely diſpoſeſt of? Has thy Friend there, ſaid ſhe (pointing to *Edward*), a Siſter, or any Relation, for whom thou bartereſt, by delivering me up to him? But, aſſure thyſelf, this Stratagem ſhall be of no Uſe to thee: For, if thou art baſe enough to oppreſs my valiant Deliverer with Numbers, and thinkeſt, by Violence, to get me into thy Power, my Cries ſhall arm Heaven and Earth in my Defence. Providence may, haply, ſend ſome generous Cavaliers to my Reſcue; and, if Providence fails me, my own Hand ſhall give me Freedom; for that Moment thou offereſt to ſeize me, that Moment ſhall be the laſt of my Life.

While *Arabella* was ſpeaking, the young Gentleman and *Edward*, who liſtened to her, eagerly, thought her Brain was diſturbed: But Mr. *Glanville* was in a terrible Confuſion, and ſilently curſed his ill Fate, to make him in Love with a Woman ſo ridiculous.

For Heaven's ſake, Couſin, ſaid he, ſtriving to repreſs ſome Part of his Diſorder, Do not give way to theſe extravagant Notions: There is nobody intends to do you any Wrong.

What! interrupted ſhe, would you perſuade me, that that Impoſtor there, pointing to *Edward*, has not a Deſign to carry me away;

which you, by ſupporting him, are not equally guilty of?

Who? I! Madam! cried out *Edward:* Sure your Ladyſhip does not ſuſpect me of ſuch a ſtrange Deſign! God knows I never thought of ſuch a Thing!

Ah! Diſſembler! interrupted *Arabella*, do not make uſe of that ſacred Name to maſk thy impious Falſhoods: Confeſs with what Intent you came into my Father's Service diſguiſed.

I never came diſguiſed, Madam, returned *Edward.*

No! ſaid *Arabella:* What means that Dreſs in which I ſee you, then?

'Tis the Marquis's Livery, Madam, ſaid *Edward*, which he did not order to be taken from me when I left his Service.

And with what Purpoſe didſt thou wear it? ſaid ſhe, Do not your Thoughts accuſe you of your Crime?

I always hoped, Madam——ſaid he.

You hoped! interrupted *Arabella:* frowning, Did I ever give you Reaſon to hope? I will not deny but I had Compaſſion on you; but even That you was ignorant of.

I know, Madam, you had Compaſſion on me, ſaid *Edward*; for your Ladyſhip, I always thought, did not believe me guilty.

I was weak enough, ſaid ſhe, to have Compaſſion on you, though I *did* believe you guilty.

Indeed, Madam, returned *Edward*, I always hoped, as I ſaid before (but your Ladyſhip would not hear me out), that you did not believe any malicious Reports; and therefore you had Compaſſion on me.

I had

I had no Reports of you, ſaid ſhe, but what my own Obſervation gave me; and that was ſufficient to convince me of your Fault.

Why, Madam, ſaid *Edward*, did your Ladyſhip ſee me ſteal the Carp then, which was the Fault unjuſtly laid to my Charge?

Mr. *Glanville*, as much Cauſe as he had for Uneaſineſs, could with great Difficulty reſtrain Laughter at this ludicrous Circumſtance; for he gueſſed what Crime *Arabella* was accuſing him of: As for the young Gentleman, he could not conceive what ſhe meant, and longed to hear what would be the End of ſuch a ſtrange Conference. But poor *Arabella* was prodigiouſly confounded at his mentioning ſo low an Affair; not being able to endure that *Glanville* and her Protector ſhould know a Lover of her's could be ſuſpected of ſo baſe a Theft.

The Shame ſhe conceived at it, kept her ſilent for a Moment: But, recovering herſelf at laſt, No, ſaid ſhe, I knew you better than to give any Credit to ſuch an idle Report: Perſons of your Condition do not commit ſuch paltry Crimes.

Upon my Soul, Madam, ſaid the young Gentleman, Perſons of his Condition often do worſe.

I don't deny it, Sir, ſaid *Arabella*; and the Deſign he meditated of carrying me away was infinitely worſe.

Really, Madam, returned the Gentleman, if you are ſuch a Perſon as I apprehend, I don't ſee how he durſt make ſuch an Attempt.

It is very poſſible, Sir, ſaid ſhe, that I might be carried away, though I was of greater Quality than I am: Were not *Mandana*, *Candace*, *Clelia*, and many other Ladies who underwent the ſame Fate, of a Quality more illuſtrious than mine?

Really, Madam, ſaid he, I know none of theſe Ladies.

No, Sir! ſaid *Arabella*; extremely mortified.

Let me intreat you, Couſin, interrupted *Glanville* (who feared this Diſpute would be very tedious), to expoſe yourſelf no longer to the Air at this time of Night: Suffer me to conduct you home.

It concerns my Honour, ſaid ſhe, that this generous Stranger ſhould not think I am the only one that was ever expoſed to theſe inſolent Attempts. You ſay, Sir, purſued ſhe, that you don't know any of theſe Ladies I mentioned before: Let me aſk you, then, If you are acquainted with *Partheniſſa*, or *Cleopatra?* who were both, for ſome Months, in the Hands of their Raviſhers.

As for *Partheniſſa*, Madam, neither have I heard of her; nor do I remember to have heard of any more than one *Cleopatra:* But ſhe was never raviſhed, I am certain; for ſhe was too willing.

How! Sir, ſaid *Arabella:* Was *Cleopatra* ever willing to run away with her Raviſher?

Cleopatra was a Whore, was ſhe not, Madam? ſaid he.

Hold thy Peace, unworthy Man, ſaid *Arabella*; and profane not the Memory of that fair and glorious Queen, by ſuch injurious Language: That Queen, I ſay, whoſe Courage was equal

equal to her Beauty; and her Virtue ſurpaſſed by neither. Good Heavens! What a black Defamer have I choſen for my Protector!

Mr. *Glanville*, rejoicing to ſee *Arabella* in a Diſpoſition to be offended with her new Acquaintance, reſolved to ſooth her a little, in hopes of prevailing upon her to return home. Sir, ſaid he to the Gentleman, who could not conceive why the Lady ſhould ſo warmly defend *Cleopatra*, you were in the Wrong to caſt ſuch Reflections upon that great Queen (repeating what he had heard his Couſin ſay before): For all the World, purſued he, knows ſhe was married to *Julius Cæſar*.

Though I commend you, ſaid *Arabella*, for taking the Part of a Lady ſo baſely vilified; yet let not your Zeal for her Honour induce you to ſay more than is true for its Juſtification; for thereby you weaken, inſtead of ſtrengthening, what may be ſaid in her Defence. One Falſhood always ſuppoſes another, and renders all you can ſay ſuſpected: Whereas pure, unmixed Truth, carries Conviction along with it, and never fails to produce its deſired Effect.

Suffer me, Couſin, interrupted *Glanville*, to repreſent to you, the Inconveniency you will certainly feel, by ſtaying ſo late in the Air: Leave the Juſtification of *Cleopatra* to ſome other Opportunity; and take care of your own Preſervation.

What is it you require of me? ſaid *Arabella*.

Only, reſumed *Glanville*, that you would be pleaſed to return to the Caſtle, where my Siſter, and all your Servants, are inconſolable for your Abſence.

But

But who can aſſure me, anſwered ſhe, that I ſhall not, by returning home, enter voluntarily into my Priſon? For, to ſay the Truth, I ſtill more than ſuſpect you abet the Deſigns of this Man; ſince I behold you in his Party, and ready, no doubt, to draw your Sword in his Defence: How will you be able to clear yourſelf of this Crime? Yet I will venture to return to my Houſe, provided you will ſwear to me, you will offer me no Violence, with regard to your Friend there: And alſo I inſiſt, that he, from this Moment, diſclaim all Intentions of perſecuting me, and baniſh himſelf from my Preſence for ever. Upon this Condition I pardon him, and will likewiſe pray to Heaven to pardon him alſo. Speak, preſumptuous Unknown, ſaid ſhe to *Edward*, Wilt thou accept of my Pardon upon the Terms I offer it thee? And wilt thou take thyſelf to ſome Place where I may never behold thee again?

Since your Ladyſhip, ſaid *Edward*, is reſolved not to receive me into your Service, I ſhan't trouble you any more: But I think it hard to be puniſhed for a Crime I was not guilty of.

'Tis better, ſaid *Arabella*, turning from him, that thou ſhouldſt complain of my Rigour, than the World tax me with Lightneſs and Indiſcretion. And now, Sir, ſaid ſhe to *Glanville*, I muſt truſt myſelf to your Honour, which I confeſs I do a little ſuſpect: But, however, 'tis poſſible you have repented, like the poor Prince *Thraſybulus*, when he ſubmitted to the Suggeſtions of a wicked Friend, to carry away the fair *Alcionida*, whom he afterwards reſtored. Speak, *Glanville*, purſued ſhe, are you deſirous

of

of imitating that virtuous Prince, or do you ſtill retain your former Sentiments?

Upon my Word, Madam, ſaid *Glanville*, you will make me quite mad, if you go on in this manner: Pray let me ſee you ſafe home; and then, if you pleaſe, you may forbid my Entrance into the Caſtle, if you ſuſpect me of any bad Intentions towards you.

'Tis enough, ſaid ſhe; I will truſt you. As for you, Sir, ſpeaking to the young Gentleman, you are ſo unworthy, in my Apprehenſions, by the Calumnies you have uttered againſt a Perſon of that Sex which merits all your Admiration and Reverence, that I hold you very unfit to be a Protector of any of it: Therefore I diſpenſe with your Services upon this Occaſion; and think it better to truſt myſelf to the Conduct of a Perſon, who, like *Thraſybulus*, by his Repentance, has reſtored himſelf to my Confidence, than to one, who, though, indeed, he has never betrayed me, yet ſeems very capable of doing ſo, if he had the Power.

Saying this, ſhe gave her Hand to *Glanville*, who helped her into the Chaiſe that was come from the Caſtle; and the Servant, who brought it, mounting his Horſe, Mr. *Glanville* drove her Home, leaving the Gentleman, who, by this time, had refitted his Chaiſe, in the greateſt Aſtoniſhment imaginable at her unaccountable Behaviour.

END of the SECOND BOOK.

THE

THE *Female* QUIXOTE.

BOOK III.

CHAP. I.

Two Converſations, out of which the Reader may pick up a great deal.

ARABELLA, continuing to ruminate upon her Adventure during their little Journey, appeared ſo low and reſerved, that Mr. *Glanville*, tho' he ardently wiſhed to know all the Particulars of her Flight, and Meeting with that Gentleman, whoſe Company he found her in, was obliged to ſuppreſs his Curioſity for the preſent, out of a Fear of diſpleaſing her. As ſoon as they alighted at the Caſtle,

Caſtle, her Servants ran to receive her at the Gates, expreſſing their Joy to ſee her again, by a thouſand confuſed Exclamations.

Miſs *Glanville*, being at her Toilet when ſhe heard of her Arrival, ran down to welcome her, in her Hurry forgetting, that as her Woman had been curling her Hair, ſhe had no Cap on.

Arabella received her Compliments with a little Coolneſs; for, obſerving that her Grief for her Abſence had not made her neglect any of her uſual Solicitude about her Perſon, ſhe could not conceive it had been very great: Therefore, when ſhe had made ſome ſlight Anſwer to the hundred Queſtions ſhe aſked in a Breath, ſhe went up to her Apartment; and, calling *Lucy*, who was crying with Joy for her Return, ſhe queſtioned her ſtrictly concerning her leaving her in the Fields, acknowleging to her, that ſhe ſuſpected her Fidelity, tho' ſhe wiſhed, at the ſame time, ſhe might be able to clear herſelf.

Lucy, in her Juſtification, related, after her punctual Way, all that had happened: By which, *Arabella* was convinced ſhe had not betrayed her; and was alſo in ſome Doubt, whether Mr. *Glanville* was guilty of any Deſign againſt her.

Since, ſaid ſhe to *Lucy*, thou art reſtored to my good Opinion, I will, as I have always done, unmaſk my Thoughts to thee. I confeſs then, with Shame and Confuſion, that I cannot think of Mr. *Glanville*'s aſſiſting the Unknown to carry me away, without *reſenting* a moſt poignant Grief: Queſtionleſs, my Weakneſs will ſurpriſe thee; and could I conceal it from

from myſelf, I would from thee; but, alas! it is certain, that I do not hate him; and I believe I never ſhall, guilty as he may be in my Apprehenſions.

Hate him! Madam, ſaid *Lucy*: God forbid you ſhould ever hate Mr. *Glanville*, who, I am ſure, loves your Ladyſhip as well as he does his own Siſter!

You are very confident, *Lucy*, ſaid *Arabella* bluſhing, to mention the Word Love to me: If I thought my Couſin had bribed thee to it, I ſhould be greatly incenſed: However, tho' I forbid you to talk of his Paſſion, yet I permit you to tell me the Violence of his Tranſports when I was miſſing; the Threats he uttered againſt my Raviſhers; the Complaints he made againſt Fortune; the Vows he offered for my Preſervation; and, in fine, whatever Extravagances the Exceſs of his Sorrow forced him to commit.

I aſſure you, Madam, ſaid *Lucy*, I did not hear him ſay any of all this.

What! interrupted *Arabella*: And didſt thou not obſerve the Tears trickle from his Eyes, which, haply, he ſtrove to conceal? Did he not ſtrike his Boſom with the Vehemence of his Grief; and caſt his accuſing and deſpairing Eyes to Heaven, which had permitted ſuch a Misfortune to befal me?

Indeed, Madam, I did not, reſumed *Lucy*; but he ſeemed to be very ſorry; and ſaid, He would go and look for your Ladyſhip.

Ah! the Traitor! interrupted *Arabella* in a Rage: Fain would I have found out ſome Excuſe for him, and juſtified him in my Apprehenſions;

henſions; but he is unworthy of theſe favourable Thoughts: Speak of him no more, I command you; he is guilty of aſſiſting my Raviſher to carry me away; and therefore merits my eternal Diſpleaſure: But tho' I could find Reaſons to clear him even of that Crime, yet he is guilty of Indifference and Inſenſibility for my Loſs, ſince he neither died with Grief at the News of it; nor needed the Interpoſition of his Siſter, or the Deſire of delivering me, to make him live.

Arabella, when ſhe had ſaid this, was ſilent; but could not prevent ſome Tears ſtealing down her fair Face: Therefore, to conceal her Uneaſineſs, or to be at more Liberty to indulge it, ſhe ordered *Lucy* to make haſte and undreſs her; and, going To-bed, paſſed the ſmall Remainder of the Night, not in Reſt, which ſhe very much needed, but, in Reflections on all the Paſſages of the preceding Day: And, finding, or imagining ſhe found, new Reaſons for condemning Mr. *Glanville*, her Mind was very far from being at Eaſe.

In the Morning, lying later than uſual, ſhe received a Meſſage from Mr. *Glanville*, inquiring after her Health; to which ſhe anſwered, That he was too little concerned in the Preſervation of it, to make it neceſſary to acquaint him.

Miſs *Glanville* ſoon after ſent to deſire Permiſſion to drink her Chocolate by her Bedſide; which as ſhe could not in Civility refuſe, ſhe was very much perplexed how to hide her Melancholy from the Eyes of that diſcerning Lady, who, ſhe queſtioned not, would interpret it in favour of her Brother.

Upon

Upon Miſs *Glanville*'s Appearance, ſhe forced herſelf to aſſume a chearful Look, aſking her Pardon, for receiving her in Bed; and complaining of bad Reſt, which had occaſioned her lying late.

Miſs *Glanville*, after anſwering her Compliments with almoſt equal Politeneſs, proceeded to aſk her an hundred Queſtions concerning the Cauſe of her Abſence from the Caſtle: Your Woman, purſued ſhe, laughing, told us a ſtrange Medley of Stuff about a great Man, who was a Gardener; and wanted to carry you away: Sure there was nothing in it! Was there?

You muſt excuſe me, Couſin, ſaid *Arabella*, if I do not anſwer your Queſtions preciſely now: 'Tis ſufficient that I tell you, Certain Reaſons obliged me to act in the Manner I did, for my own Preſervation; and that, another time, you ſhall know my Hiſtory; which will explain many things you ſeem to be ſurpriſed at, at preſent.

Your Hiſtory, ſaid Miſs *Glanville!* Why, will you write your own Hiſtory then?

I ſhall not write it, ſaid *Arabella*; tho', queſtionleſs, it will be written after my Death.

And muſt I wait till then for it, reſumed Miſs *Glanville*, gaily?

No, no, interrupted *Arabella:* I mean to gratify your Curioſity ſooner; but it will not be yet a good time; and, haply, not till you have acquainted me with yours.

Mine! ſaid Miſs *Glanville:* It would not be worth your hearing; for really I have nothing to tell, that would make an Hiſtory.

You

You have, queſtionleſs, returned *Arabella*, gained many Victories over Hearts; have occaſioned many Quarrels between your Servants, by favouring ſome one, more than the others: Probably, you have cauſed ſome Bloodſhed; and have not eſcaped being carried away once or twice: You have alſo, I ſuppoſe, undergone ſome Perſecution, from thoſe who have the Diſpoſal of you, in Favour of a Lover whom you have an Averſion to; and laſtly, there is haply ſome one among your Admirers, who is happy enough not to be hated by you.

I aſſure you, interrupted Miſs *Glanville*, I hate none of my Admirers; and I can't help thinking you very unkind to uſe my Brother as you do: I am ſure, there is not one Man in an hundred, that would take ſo much from your Hands as he does.

Then there is not one Man in an hundred, reſumed *Arabella*, whom I ſhould think worthy to ſerve me: But, pray, Madam, What ill Uſage is it your Brother complains of? I have treated him with much leſs Severity than he had Reaſon to expect; and, notwithſtanding he had the Preſumption to talk to me of Love, I have endured him in my Sight; an Indulgence, for which I may haply be blamed in After-ages.

Why, ſure, Lady *Bella*, ſaid Miſs *Glanville*, it would be no ſuch Crime for my Brother to love you!

But it was a mortal Crime to tell me ſo, interrupted *Arabella*.

And why was it ſuch a mortal Crime to tell you ſo, ſaid Miſs *Glanville*? Are you the firſt Woman by Millions, that has been told ſo?

Doubtleſs,

Doubtleſs, returned *Arabella*, I am the firſt Woman of my Quality, that ever was told ſo by any Man, till after an infinite Number of Services, and ſecret Sufferings: And truly, I am of the illuſtrious *Mandana*'s Mind; for ſhe ſaid, That ſhe ſhould think it an unpardonable Preſumption, for the greateſt King on Earth to tell her he loved her, tho' after Ten Years of the moſt faithful Services, and concealed Torments.

Ten Years! cried out Miſs *Glanville*, in Amazement; Did ſhe conſider what Alterations ten Years would make in her Face, and how much older ſhe would be at the End of Ten Years, than ſhe was before?

Truly, ſaid *Arabella*, it is not uſual to conſider ſuch little Matters ſo nicely; one never has the Idea of an Heroine older than Eighteen, tho' her Hiſtory begins at that Age; and the Events, which compoſe it, contain the Space of Twenty more.

But, dear Couſin, reſumed Miſs *Glanville*, do you reſolve to be Ten Years a courting? Or rather, will you be loved in Silence Ten Years, and be courted the other Ten; and ſo marry when you are an old Woman?

Pardon me, Couſin, reſumed *Arabella*; I muſt really find Fault with the Coarſeneſs of your Language. Courting, and Old Woman! What ſtrange Terms! Let us, I beſeech you, end this Diſpute: If you have any thing to ſay in Juſtification of your Brother, which, I ſuppoſe, was the chief Intention of your Viſit, I ſhall not be rude enough to reſtrain you; tho' I could wiſh you would not lay me under the Neceſ-

ſity of hearing what I cannot perſuade myſelf to believe.

Since, returned Miſs *Glanville*, I know of no Crime my Brother has been guilty of, I have nothing to ſay in his Juſtification: I only know, that he is very much mortified at the Meſſage you ſent him this Morning; for I was with him when he received it: But pray, What has he done to offend you?

If Mr. *Glanville*, interrupted *Arabella*, hopes for my Pardon, he muſt purchaſe it by his Repentance, and a ſincere Confeſſion of his Fault; which you may much better underſtand from himſelf, than from me: And, for this Purpoſe, I will condeſcend to grant him a private Audience, at which I deſire you would be preſent; and alſo, I ſhould take it well, if you will let him know, that he owes this Favour wholly to your Interpoſition.

Miſs *Glanville*, who knew her Brother was extremely deſirous of ſeeing *Arabella*, was glad to accept of theſe ſtrange Terms; and left her Chamber, in order to acquaint him with that Lady's Intentions.

Chap. II.

A ſolemn Interview.

IN the mean time, that Fair-one, being riſen, and negligently dreſſed, as was her Cuſtom, went into her Cloſet, ſending to give Miſs *Glanville*

Glanville Notice, That ſhe was ready to ſee her. This Meſſage immediately brought both the Brother and the Siſter to her Apartment: And Miſs *Glanville*, at her Brother's Requeſt, ſtaying in the Chamber, where ſhe buſied herſelf in looking at her Couſin's Jewels, which lay upon the Toilet, he came alone into the Cloſet, in ſo much Confuſion at the Thoughts of the ridiculous Figure he made in complying with *Arabella*'s fantaſtical Humours, that his Looks perſuading her, there was ſome great Agitation in his Mind, ſhe expected to ſee him fall at her Feet, and endeavour to deprecate her Wrath by a Deluge of Tears.

Mr. *Glanville* however diſappointed her in that reſpect; for, taking a Seat near her, he began to intreat, her with a ſmiling Countenance, to tell him in what he had offended her; proteſting, that he was not conſcious of doing or ſaying any thing to diſpleaſe her.

Arabella was greatly confuſed at this Queſtion, which ſhe thought ſhe had no Reaſon to expect; it not being poſſible for her to tell him ſhe was offended, that he was not in abſolute Deſpair for her Abſence, without, at the ſame time, confeſſing ſhe looked upon him in the Light of a Lover, whoſe Expreſſions of a violent Paſſion would not have diſpleaſed her: Therefore, to diſengage herſelf from the Perplexity his Queſtion threw her into, ſhe was obliged to offer ſome Violence to her Ingenuouſneſs; and, contrary to her real Belief, tax him again with a Deſign of betraying her into the Power of the Unknown.

Mr. *Glanville*, tho' exceſſively vexed at her perſiſting in ſo ridiculous an Error, could hardly

help ſmiling at the ſtern Manner in which ſhe ſpoke; but, knowing of what fatal Conſequence it would be to him, if he indulged any Gaiety in ſo ſolemn a Conference, he compoſed his Looks to a Gravity ſuitable to the Occaſion; and aſked her, in a very ſubmiſſive Tone, What Motive ſhe was pleaſed to aſſign for ſo extraordinary a Piece of Villainy, as that ſhe ſuppoſed him guilty of?

Truly, anſwered ſhe, bluſhing, I do not pretend to account for the Actions of wicked and ungenerous Perſons.

But, Madam, reſumed *Glanville*, if I muſt needs be ſuſpected of a Deſign to ſeize upon your Perſon, methinks it would have been more reaſonable to ſuppoſe, I would rather uſe that Violence in Favour of my own Pretenſions, than thoſe of any other whatever; for, tho' you have expreſly forbid me to tell you I love you, yet I hope, you ſtill continue to think I do.

I aſſure you, returned *Arabella*, aſſuming a ſevere Look, I never gave myſelf the Trouble to examine your Behaviour with Care enough to be ſenſible, if you ſtill were guilty of the Weakneſs, which diſpleaſed me; but, upon a Suppoſition, that you repented of your Fault, I was willing to live with you upon Terms of Civility and Friendſhip, as became Perſons in that Degree of Relationſhip in which we are: Therefore, if you are wiſe, you will not renew the Remembrance of thoſe Follies I have long ſince pardoned; nor ſeek Occaſions of offending me by new ones of the ſame kind, leſt it produce a more ſevere Sentence than that I formerly laid upon you.

How-

However, Madam, returned Mr. *Glanville*, you muſt ſuffer me to aſſure you, That my own Intereſt, which was greatly concerned in your Safety, and my Principles of Honour, would never allow me to engage in ſo villainous an Enterprize, as that of abetting any Perſon in ſtealing you away: Nor can I conceive, how you poſſibly could imagine a Fellow, who was your menial Servant, could form ſo preſumptuous and dangerous a Deſign.

By your Manner of ſpeaking, reſumed *Arabella*, one would imagine you were really ignorant, both of the Quality of that preſumptuous Man, as well as his deſigned Offence: But yet, 'tis certain, I ſaw you in his Company; and ſaw you ready to draw your Sword in his Defence, againſt my Deliverer. Had I not the Evidence of my own Senſes, for your Guilt, I muſt confeſs, I could not be perſuaded of it by any other Means: Therefore, ſince Appearances are certainly againſt you, it is not ſtrange, if I cannot conſent to acquit you in my Apprehenſions, till I have more certain Confirmation of your Innocence, than your bare Teſtimony only; which, at preſent, has not all the Weight with me it had ſome time ago.

I proteſt, Madam, ſaid Mr. *Glanville*, who was ſtrangely perplexed, I have Reaſon to think my Caſe extremely hard, ſince I have brought myſelf to be ſuſpected by you, only through my Eagerneſs to find you, and Solicitude for your Welfare.

Doubtleſs, interrupted *Arabella*, if you are innocent, your Caſe is extremely hard; yet it is not ſingular; and therefore you have

leſs Reaſon to complain: The valiant *Coriolanus*, who was the moſt paſſionate and faithful Lover imaginable, having, by his admirable Valour, aſſiſted the Raviſhers of his adored *Cleopatra*, againſt thoſe who came to reſcue her; and, by his Arm alone, oppoſed to great Numbers of their Enemies, facilitated the Execuion of their Deſign, had the Mortification afterwards to know, that he had, all that time, been fighting againſt that Divine Princeſs, who loaded him with the moſt cruel Reproaches for the Injury he had done her: Yet Fortune was ſo kind, as to give him the Means of repairing his Fault, and reſtoring him to ſome Part of her good Opinion; for, covered with Wounds as he was, and fatigued with fighting, before, yet he undertook, in that Condition, to prevent her Raviſhers from carrying her off; and, for ſeveral Hours, continued fighting alone with near Two hundred Men, who were not able to overcome him, notwithſtanding his extreme Wearineſs, and the Multitude of Blows which they aimed at him: Therefore, *Glanville*, conſidering you, as *Cleopatra* did that unfortunate Prince, who was before ſuſpected by her, as neither guilty nor innocent, I can only, like her, wiſh you may find ſome Occaſion of juſtifying yourſelf, from the Crime laid to your Charge: 'Till then, I muſt be under a Neceſſity of baniſhing you from my Preſence, with the ſame conſolatory Speech ſhe uſed to that unfortunate Prince:—"Go, therefore, *Glanville*, go, and "endeavour your own Juſtification; I deſire "you ſhould effect it, no leſs than you do your-"ſelf; and, if my Prayers can obtain from "Heaven

" Heaven this Favour for you, I ſhall not " ſcruple to offer ſome *in your behalf.*"

CHAP. III.

In which the Interview is ended, not much to the Lover's Satisfaction, but exactly conformable to the Rules of Romance.

ARABELLA, when ſhe had pronounced theſe Words, bluſhed exceſſively, thinking ſhe had ſaid too much: But, not ſeeing any Signs of extreme Joy in the Face of *Glanville*, who was ſilently curſing *Cleopatra*, and the Authors of thoſe Romances, that had ruined ſo noble a Mind; and expoſed him to perpetual Vexations, by the unaccountable Whims they had raiſed—Why are you not gone, ſaid ſhe, while I am in an Humour not to repent of the Favour I have ſhewn you?

You muſt excuſe me, Couſin, ſaid Mr. *Glanville*, peeviſhly, if I do not think ſo highly as you do of the Favour. Pray how am I obliged to you for depriving me of the Pleaſure of ſeeing you, and ſending me on a Wild-gooſe Chace, after Occaſions to juſtify myſelf of a Crime I am wholly innocent of, and would ſcorn to commit?

Though, reſumed *Arabella*, with great Calmneſs, I have Reaſon to be diſſatisfied with the cool and unthankful manner in which you re-

ceive my Indulgence, yet I ſhall not change the favourable Diſpoſition I am in towards you, unleſs you provoke me to it by new Acts of Diſobedience: Therefore, in the Language of *Cleopatra*, I ſhall tell you.——

Upon my Soul, Madam, interrupted *Glanville*, I have no Patience with that rigorous Gipſy, whoſe Example you follow ſo exactly, to my Sorrow: Speak in your own Language, I beſeech you; for I am ſure neither hers, nor any one's upon Earth, can excel it.

Yet, ſaid *Arabella*, ſtriving to repreſs ſome Inclination to ſmile at this Sally, notwithſtanding your unjuſt Prohibitions, I ſhall make uſe of the Language of that incomparable Lady, to tell you my Thoughts; which are, That 'tis poſſible you might be ſufficiently juſtified in my Apprehenſions, by the Anxiety it now appears you had for my Safety, by the Probability which I find in your Diſcourſe, and the good Opinion I have of you, were it not requiſite to make your Innocence apparent to the World, that ſo it might be lawful for *Arabella* to readmit you, with Honour, into her former Eſteem and Friendſhip.

Mr. *Glanville*, ſeeing it would be in vain to attempt to make her alter her fantaſtical Determination at this time, went out of the Cloſet without deigning to make any Reply to his Sentence, though delivered in the Language of the admirable *Cleopatra*: But his ill Humour was ſo viſible in his Face, that *Arabella*, who miſtook it for an Exceſs of Deſpair, could not help feeling ſome kind of Pity for the Rigour which the Laws of Honour and Romance

obliged

obliged her to uſe him with. And, while ſhe ſat meditating upon the Scene which had juſt paſſed, Mr. *Glanville* returned to his own Room, glad that his Siſter, not being in *Arabella*'s Chamber, where he had left her, had no Opportunity of obſerving his Diſcontent, which ſhe would not fail to inquire the Cauſe of.

Here he ſat, ruminating upon the Follies of *Arabella*, which he found grew more glaring every Day: Every thing furniſhed Matter for ſome new Extravagance; her Character was ſo ridiculous, that he could propoſe nothing to himſelf but eternal Shame and Diſquiet, in the Poſſeſſion of a Woman, for whom he muſt always bluſh, and be in Pain. But her Beauty had made a deep Impreſſion on his Heart: He admired the Strength of her Underſtanding; her lively Wit; the Sweetneſs of her Temper; and a Thouſand amiable Qualities which diſtinguiſhed her from the reſt of her Sex: Her Follies, when oppoſed to all thoſe Charms of Mind and Perſon, ſeemed inconſiderable and weak; and, though they were capable of giving him great Uneaſineſs, yet they could not leſſen a Paſſion which every Sight of her ſo much the more confirmed.

As he feared it was impoſſible to help loving her, his Happineſs depended upon curing her of her romantic Notions; and, though he knew not how to effect ſuch a Change in her as was neceſſary to complete it, yet he would not deſpair, but comforted himſelf with Hopes of what he had not Courage to attempt. Sometimes he fanſied Company, and an Acquaintance with the World, would produce the Al-

teration he wiſhed: Yet he dreaded to ſee her expoſed to Ridicule by her fantaſtical Behaviour, and become the Jeſt of Perſons who were not poſſeſſed of half her Underſtanding.

While he traverſed his Chamber, wholly engroſſed by theſe Reflections, Miſs *Glanville* was entertaining Sir *George*, of whoſe coming ſhe was informed while ſhe was in *Arabella*'s Chamber.

CHAP. IV.

In which our Heroine is greatly diſappointed.

MISS *Glanville*, ſuppoſing her Brother would be glad not to be interrupted in his Conference with Lady *Bella*, did not allow any one to acquaint them with Sir *George*'s Viſit; and, telling the Baronet her Couſin was indiſpoſed, had, by theſe means, all his Converſation to herſelf.

Sir *George*, who ardently wiſhed to ſee Lady *Bella*, protracted his Viſit, in hopes that he ſhould have that Satisfaction before he went away. And that fair Lady, whoſe Thoughts were a little diſcompoſed by the Deſpair ſhe apprehended Mr. *Glanville* was in, and fearful of the Conſequences, when ſhe had ſat ſome time after he left her, ruminating upon what had happened, quitted her Cloſet, to go and inquire of Miſs *Glanville*, in what Condition his Mind

ſeemed to be when he went away; for ſhe never doubted but that he was gone, like *Coriolanus*, to ſeek out for ſome Occaſion to manifeſt his Innocence.

Hearing, therefore, the Voice of that Lady, who was talking and laughing very loud in one of the Summer-parlours, and being terrified with the Apprehenſion, that it was her Brother with whom ſhe was thus diverting herſelf, ſhe opened the Door of the Room precipitately; and, by her Entrance, filled Sir *George* with extreme Pleaſure; while her unexpected Sight produced a quite contrary Effect on Miſs *Glanville*.

Arabella, eaſed of her Fear, that it was Mr. *Glanville*, who, inſtead of dying with Deſpair, was giving Occaſion for that noiſy Laugh of his Siſter, ſaluted the Baronet with great Civility; and, turning to Miſs *Glanville*, I muſt needs chide you, ſaid ſhe, for the Inſenſibility with which it appears you have parted with your Brother.

Bleſs me, Madam, interrupted Miſs *Glanville*, what do you mean? Whither is my Brother gone?

That, indeed, I am quite ignorant of, reſumed *Arabella*; and I ſuppoſe he himſelf hardly knows what Courſe he ſhall take: But he has been with you, doubtleſs, to take his Leave.

Take his Leave! repeated Miſs *Glanville*: Has he left the Caſtle ſo ſuddenly then, and gone away without me?

The Enterprize upon which he is gone, ſaid *Arabella*, would not admit of a Lady's Company: And, ſince he has left ſo conſiderable an

Hoſtage with me as yourſelf, I expect he will not be long before he return; and, I hope, to the Satisfaction of us both.

Miſs *Glanville*, who could not penetrate into the Meaning of her Couſin's Words, began to be ſtrangely alarmed: But, preſently, ſuppoſing ſhe had a mind to divert herſelf with her Fears, ſhe recovered herſelf, and told her ſhe would go up to her Brother's Chamber, and look for him.

Arabella did not offer to prevent her, being very deſirous of knowing, whether he had not left a Letter for her upon his Table, as was the Cuſtom in thoſe Caſes: And, while ſhe was gone, Sir *George* ſeized the Opportunity of ſaying an hundred gallant Things to her, which ſhe received with great Indifference; the moſt extravagant Compliments being what ſhe expected from all Men: And, provided they did not directly preſume to tell her they loved her, no Sort of Flattery or Adulation could diſpleaſe her.

In the mean time, Miſs *Glanville*, having found her Brother in his Chamber, repeated to him what Lady *Bella* had ſaid, as ſhe ſuppoſed, to fright her.

Mr. *Glanville*, hearing this, and that Sir *George* was with her, haſtened to them as faſt as poſſible, that he might interrupt the fooliſh Stories he did not doubt ſhe was telling.

Upon Miſs *Glanville*'s Appearance with her Brother, *Arabella* was aſtoniſhed.

I apprehended, Sir, ſaid ſhe, that you were ſome Miles from the Caſtle by this time: But your Delay and Indifference convince me, you neither

neither expect nor wiſh to find the means of being juſtified in my Opinion.

Pray, Couſin, interrupted *Glanville* (ſpeaking ſoftly to her), let us leave this Diſpute to ſome other time.

No, Sir, reſumed ſhe, aloud, my Honour is concerned in your Juſtification: Nor is it fit I ſhould ſubmit to have the Appearance of Amity for a Perſon who has not yet ſufficiently cleared himſelf of a Crime, with too much Reaſon laid to his Charge. Did *Coriolanus*, think you, act in this manner? Ah! if he had, doubtleſs, *Cleopatra* would never have pardoned him: Nor will I any longer ſuffer you to give me repeated Cauſes of Diſcontent.

Sir *George*, ſeeing Confuſion in Mr. *Glanville*'s Countenance, and Rage in *Arabella*'s, began to think, that what he had at firſt took for a Jeſt, was a ſerious Quarrel between them, at which it was not proper he ſhould be preſent; and was preparing to go: When *Arabella*, ſtopping him with a graceful Action——

If, noble Stranger, ſaid ſhe, you are ſo partial to the Failings of a Friend, that you will undertake to defend any unjuſtifiable Action he may be guilty of, you are at Liberty to depart: But, if you will promiſe to be an unprejudiced Hearer of the Diſpute between Mr. *Glanville* and myſelf, you ſhall know the Adventure which has given Riſe to it; and will be Judge of the Reaſonableneſs of the Commands I have laid on him.

Though, Madam, ſaid Sir *George* (bowing very low to her), Mr. *Glanville* is my Friend, yet there is no Likelihood I ſhall eſpouſe his Intereſt

tereſt againſt yours: And a very ſtrong Prepoſſeſſion I feel in Favour of you, already perſuades me, that I ſhall give Sentence on your Side, ſince you have honoured me ſo far, as to conſtitute me Judge of this Difference.

The ſolemn Manner in which Sir *George* (who began to ſuſpect Lady *Bella*'s peculiar Turn) ſpoke this, pleaſed her infinitely; while Mr. *Glanville*, vexed as he was, could hardly forbear laughing: When *Arabella*, after a Look of Approbation to Sir *George*, replied;

I find I have unwillingly engaged myſelf to more than I firſt intended: For, to enable you to judge clearly of the Matter in Diſpute, 'tis neceſſary you ſhould know my whole Hiſtory.

Mr. *Glanville*, at this Word, not being able to conſtrain himſelf, uttered a Groan, of the ſame Nature with thoſe which are often heard in the Pit at the Repreſentation of a new Play. Sir *George* underſtood him perfectly well; yet ſeemed ſurpriſed: And *Arabella*, ſtarting up,

Since, ſaid ſhe, I have given you no new Cauſe of Complaint, pray, from whence proceeds this Increaſe of Affliction?

I aſſure you, Couſin, anſwered he, my Affliction, if you pleaſe to term it ſo, increaſes every Day; and I believe it will make me mad at laſt: For this unaccountable Humour of yours is not to be borne.

You do not ſeem, replied *Arabella*, to be far from Madneſs already: And if your Friend here, upon hearing the Paſſages between us, ſhould pronounce you guilty, I ſhall be at a Loſs, whether I ought to treat you as a Madman, or a Criminal. Sir, added ſhe, turning to

to Sir *George*, you will excuſe me, if, for certain Reaſons, I can neither give you my Hiſtory myſelf, nor be preſent at the Relation of it: One of my Women, who is moſt in my Confidence, ſhall acquaint you with all the Particulars of my Life: After which I expect Mr. *Glanville* will abide by your Deciſion, as, I aſſure myſelf, I ſhall be contented to do.

Saying this, ſhe went out of the Parlour, in order to prepare *Lucy* for the Recital ſhe was to make.

Mr. *Glanville*, reſolving not to be preſent at this new Abſurdity, ran out after her; and went into the Garden, with a ſtrong Inclination to hate the lovely Viſionary who gave him ſuch perpetual Uneaſineſs; leaving his Siſter alone with the Baronet, who diverted herſelf extremely with the Thoughts of hearing her Couſin's Hiſtory; aſſuring the Baronet, that he might expect ſomething very curious in it, and find Matter ſufficient to laugh at; for ſhe was the moſt whimſical Woman in the World.

Sir *George*, who reſolved to profit by the Knowlege of her Foible, made very little Reply to Miſs *Glanville*'s Sneers; but waited patiently for the promiſed Hiſtory, which was much longer coming than he imagined.

CHAP.

Chap. V.

Some curious Inſtructions for relating an Hiſtory.

Arabella, as ſoon as ſhe left them, went up to her Apartment; and, calling *Lucy* into her Cloſet, told her that ſhe had made Choice of her, ſince ſhe was beſt acquainted with her Thoughts, to relate her Hiſtory to her Couſins, and a Perſon of Quality who was with them.

Sure your Ladyſhip jeſts with me, ſaid *Lucy*: How can I make a Hiſtory about your Ladyſhip?

There is no Occaſion, replied *Arabella*, for you to make a Hiſtory: There are Accidents enough in my Life to afford Matter for a long one: All you have to do is to relate them as exactly as poſſible. You have lived with me from my Childhood, and are inſtructed in all my Adventures; ſo that you muſt be certainly very capable of executing the Taſk I have honoured you with.

Indeed, ſaid *Lucy*, I muſt beg your Ladyſhip will excuſe me: I never could tell how to repeat a Story when I have read it; and I know it is not ſuch ſimple Girls as I can tell Hiſtories: It is only fit for Clerks, and ſuch Sort of People, that are very learned.

You are learned enough for that Purpoſe, ſaid *Arabella*; and, if you make ſo much Difficulty in performing this Part of your Duty, pray how came

came you to imagine you were fit for my Service, and the Diſtinction I have favoured you with? Did you ever hear of any Woman that refuſed to relate her Lady's Story, when deſired? Therefore, if you hope to poſſeſs my Favour and Confidence any longer, acquit yourſelf handſomely of this Taſk, to which I have preferred you.

Lucy, terrified at the Diſpleaſure ſhe ſaw in her Lady's Countenance, begged her to tell her what ſhe muſt ſay.

Well! exclaimed *Arabella*: I am certainly the moſt unfortunate Woman in the World! Every thing happens to me in a contrary manner from any other Perſon! Here, inſtead of my deſiring you to ſoften thoſe Parts of my Hiſtory where you have greateſt room to flatter; and to conceal, if poſſible, ſome of thoſe Diſorders my Beauty has occaſioned; you aſk me to tell you what you muſt ſay; as if it was not neceſſary you ſhould know as well as myſelf, and be able, not only to recount all my Words and Actions, even the ſmalleſt and moſt inconſiderable, but alſo all my Thoughts, however inſtantaneous; relate exactly every Change of my Countenance; number all my Smiles, Half-ſmiles, Bluſhes, Turnings pale, Glances, Pauſes, Full-ſtops, Interruptions; the Riſe and Falling of my Voice; every Motion of my Eyes; and every Geſture which I have uſed for theſe Ten Years paſt; nor omit the ſmalleſt Circumſtance that relates to me.

Lord bleſs me! Madam, ſaid *Lucy*, exceſſively aſtoniſhed, I never, till this Moment, it ſeems, knew the hundredth thouſandth Part of

of what was expected from me: I am ſure, if I had, I would never have gone to Service; for I might well know I was not fit for ſuch Slavery.

There is no ſuch great Slavery in doing all I have mentioned to you, interrupted *Arabella*: It requires, indeed, a good Memory, in which I never thought you deficient; for you are punctual to the greateſt Degree of Exactneſs in recounting every thing one deſires to hear from you.

Lucy, whom this Praiſe ſoothed into good Humour, and flattered with a Belief, that ſhe was able, with a little Inſtruction, to perform what her Lady required, told her, if ſhe pleaſed only to put her in a Way how to tell her Hiſtory, ſhe would engage, after doing it once, to tell it again whenever ſhe was deſired.

Arabella, being obliged to comply with the odd Requeſt, for which there was no Precedent in all the Romances her Library was ſtuffed with, began to inform her in this manner:

Firſt, ſaid ſhe, you muſt relate my Birth, which you know is very illuſtrious; and, becauſe I am willing to ſpare you the Trouble of repeating Things, that are not abſolutely neceſſary, you muſt apologize to your Hearers for ſlipping over what paſſed in my Infancy, and the firſt Eight or Ten Years of my Life; not failing, however, to remark, that, from ſome ſprightly Sallies of Imagination, at thoſe early Years, thoſe about me conceived marvellous Hopes of my future Underſtanding: From thence you muſt proceed to an accurate Deſcription of my Perſon.

What!

What! Madam, interrupted *Lucy*, muſt I tell what Sort of Perſon you have, to People who have ſeen you but a Moment ago?

Queſtionleſs you muſt, replied *Arabella*; and herein you follow the Examples of all the 'Squires and Maids who relate their Maſters and Ladies Hiſtories: For, though it be to a Brother, or near Relation, who has ſeen them a thouſand times, yet they never omit an exact Account of their Perſons.

Very well, Madam, ſaid *Lucy:* I ſhall be ſure not to forget that Part of my Story. I wiſh I was as perfect in all the reſt.

Then, *Lucy*, you muſt repeat all the Converſations I have ever held with you upon the Subjects of Love and Gallantry, that your Audience may be ſo well acquainted with my Humour, as to know exactly, before they are told, how I ſhall behave, in whatever Adventures befal me.—After that, you may proceed to tell them, how a noble Unknown ſaw me at Church; how prodigiouſly he was ſtruck with my Appearance; the tumultuous Thoughts that this firſt View of me occaſioned in his Mind.——

Indeed, Madam, interrupted *Lucy* again, I can't pretend to tell his Thoughts: For how ſhould I know what they were? None but himſelf can tell that.

However that may be, ſaid *Arabella*, I expect you ſhould decypher all his Thoughts, as plainly as he himſelf could do; otherwiſe my Hiſtory will be very imperfect: Well, I ſuppoſe you are at no loſs about that whole Adventure, in which you yourſelf bore ſo great a Share; ſo

I need

need not give you any further Inſtructions concerning it: Only you muſt be ſure, as I ſaid before, not to omit the leaſt Circumſtance in my Behaviour, but relate every thing I did, ſaid, and thought, upon that Occaſion. The diſguiſed Gardener muſt appear next in your Story: Here you will of neceſſity be a little deficient, ſince you are not able to acquaint your Hearers with his true Name and Quality; which, queſtionleſs, is very illuſtrious. However, above all, I muſt charge you not to mention that egregious Miſtake about the Carp; for, you know how——

Here Miſs *Glanville*'s Entrance put a Stop to the Inſtructions *Lucy* was receiving: For ſhe told *Arabella*, that Sir *George* was gone.

How! returned ſhe, is he gone? Truly I am not much obliged to him for the Indifference he has ſhewed to hear my Story.

Why, really, Madam, ſaid Miſs *Glanville*, neither of us expected you would be as good as your Word, you were ſo long in ſending your Woman down: And my Brother perſuaded Sir *George* you were only in Jeſt; and Sir *George* has carried him home to Dinner.

And is it at Sir *George*'s, replied *Arabella*, that your Brother hopes to meet with an Occaſion of clearing himſelf? He is either very inſenſible of my Anger, or very conſcious of his own Innocence.

Miſs *Glanville*, having nothing to ſay in Anſwer to an Accuſation ſhe did not underſtand, changed the Diſcourſe: And the two Ladies paſſed the reſt of the Day together, with tolerable Good-humour on Miſs *Glanville*'s Side; who

who was in great hopes of making a Conqueſt of the Baronet, before whom *Arabella* had made herſelf ridiculous enough: But that Lady was far from being at Eaſe; ſhe had laid herſelf under a Neceſſity of baniſhing Mr. *Glanville*, if he did not give ſome convincing Proof of his Innocence; which, as Matters ſtood, ſhe thought would be very hard for him to procure; and, as ſhe could not abſolutely believe him guilty, ſhe was concerned ſhe had gone ſo far.

CHAP. VI.

A very Heroic Chapter.

MR. *Glanville*, coming home in the Evening, a little elevated with the Wine, of which he had drank too freely at Sir *George*'s, being told the Ladies were together, entered the Room where they were ſitting; and, beholding *Arabella*, whoſe Penſiveneſs had given an inchanting Softneſs to her Face, with a Look of extreme Admiration——

Upon my Soul, Couſin, ſaid he, if you continue to treat me ſo cruelly, you'll drive me mad. How I could adore you this Moment, added he, gazing paſſionately at her, if I might but hope you did not hate me!

Arabella, who did not perceive the Condition he was in, was better pleaſed with this Addreſs than any he had ever uſed; and, therefore, inſtead of

of chiding him, as ſhe was wont, for the Freedom of his Expreſſions, ſhe caſt her bright Eyes upon the Ground, with ſo charming a Confuſion, that *Glanville*, quite tranſported, threw himſelf on his Knees before her; and, taking her Hand, attempted to preſs it to his Lips: But ſhe, haſtily withdrawing it——

From whence is this new Boldneſs? ſaid ſhe: And what is it you would implore by that proſtrate Poſture? I have told you already upon what Conditions I will grant you my Pardon. Clear yourſelf of being an Accomplice with my deſigned Raviſher, and I am ready to reſtore you to my Eſteem.

Let me periſh, Madam, returned *Glanville*, if I would not die to pleaſe you, this Moment!

It is not your Death that I require, ſaid ſhe: And, though you ſhould never be able to juſtify yourſelf in my Opinion, yet you might, haply, expiate your Crime, by a leſs Puniſhment than Death.

What ſhall I do, then, my Angelic Couſin? reſumed he.

Truly, ſaid ſhe, the Senſe of your Offence ought ſo mortally to afflict you, that you ſhould invent ſome ſtrange kind of Penance for yourſelf, ſevere enough to prove your Penitence ſincere.—You know, I ſuppoſe, what the unfortunate *Orontes* did, when he found he had wronged his adored *Thaleſtris* by an injurious Suſpicion.

I wiſh he had hanged himſelf, ſaid Mr. *Glanville*, riſing up in a Paſſion, at ſeeing her again in her Altitudes.

And

And why, pray, Sir, ſaid *Arabella*, are you ſo ſevere upon that poor Prince? who was, haply, infinitely more innocent than yourſelf.

Severe, Madam! ſaid *Glanville*, fearing he had offended her: Why, to be ſure, he was a ſad Scoundrel, to uſe his adored *Thaleſtris* as he did: And I think one cannot be too ſevere upon him.

But, returned *Arabella*, Appearances were againſt her; and he had ſome Shadow of Reaſon for his Jealouſy and Rage: Then, you know, amidſt all his Tranſports, he could not be prevailed upon to draw his Sword againſt her.

What did that ſignify? ſaid *Glanville:* I ſuppoſe he ſcorned to draw his Sword upon a Woman: That would have been a Shame indeed.

That Woman, Sir, reſumed *Arabella*, was not ſuch a contemptible Antagoniſt as you think her: And Men, as valiant, poſſibly, as *Orontes* (though, queſtionleſs, he was one of the moſt valiant Men in the World), have been cut in Pieces by the Sword of that brave *Amazon.*

Lord bleſs me! ſaid Miſs *Glanville*, I ſhould be afraid to look at ſuch a terrible Woman: I am ſure ſhe muſt be a very maſculine Sort of Creature.

You are much miſtaken, Miſs, ſaid *Arabella:* For *Thaleſtris*, tho' the moſt ſtout and courageous of her Sex, was, nevertheleſs, a perfect Beauty; and had as much Harmony and Softneſs in her Looks and Perſon, as ſhe had Courage in her Heart, and Strength in her Blows.

Indeed, Madam, reſumed Miſs *Glanville*, you can never perſuade me, that a Woman who can fight,

fight, and cut People to Pieces with her Blows, can have any Softneſs in her Perſon: She muſt needs have very maſculine Hands, that could give ſuch terrible Blows: And I can have no Notion of the Harmony of a Perſon's Looks, who, by what you ſay, muſt have the Heart of a Tyger. But, indeed, I don't think there ever could be ſuch a Woman.

What! Miſs, interrupted *Arabella:* Do you pretend to doubt, that there ever was ſuch a Perſon as *Thaleſtris*, Queen of the *Amazons?* Does not all the World know the Adventures of that illuſtrious Princeſs; her Affection for the unjuſt *Orontes*, who accuſed her of having a ſcandalous Intrigue with *Alexander*, whom ſhe went to meet, with a very different Deſign, upon the Borders of her Kingdom? The injurious Letter he wrote her, upon this Suſpicion, made her reſolve to ſeek for him all over the World, to give him that Death he had merited, by her own Hand: And it was in thoſe Rencounters that he had with her, while ſhe was thus incenſed, that he forbore to defend himſelf againſt her, though her Sword was often pointed to his Breaſt.

But, Madam, interrupted Mr. *Glanville*, pray what became of this Queen of the *Amazons?* Was ſhe not killed at the Siege of *Troy?*

She never was at the Siege of *Troy*, returned *Arabella:* But ſhe aſſiſted the Princes who beſieged *Babylon*, to recover the Liberty of *Statira* and *Pariſatis:* And it was in the oppoſite Party that ſhe met with her faithleſs Lover.

If he was faithleſs, Madam, ſaid Mr. *Glanville*, he deſerved to die: And I wiſh, with all my

my Soul, ſhe had cut him in Pieces with that famous Sword of hers that had done ſuch Wonders.

Yet this faithleſs Man, reſumed *Arabella*, whom you ſeem to have ſuch an Averſion to, gave ſo glorious a Proof of his Repentance and Sorrow, that the fair Queen reſtored him to her Favour, and held him in much dearer Affection than ever: For, after he was convinced of her Innocence, he was reſolved to puniſh himſelf with a Rigour equal to the Fault he had been guilty of; and, retiring to the Woods, abandoned for ever the Society of Men; dwelling in a Cave, and living upon bitter Herbs, paſſing the Days and Nights in continual Tears and Sorrow for his Crime: And here he propoſed to end his Life, had not the fair *Thaleſtris* found him out in this Solitude; and, ſtruck with the Sincerity of his Repentance, pardoned him; and, as I have ſaid before, reſtored him to her Favour.

And, to ſhew you, ſaid *Glanville*, that I am capable of doing as much for you; I will, if you inſiſt upon it, ſeek out for ſome Cave, and do Penance in it, like that *Orontes*, provided you will come and fetch me out of it, as that ſame fair Queen did him.

I do not require ſo much of you, ſaid *Arabella*; for I told you before, that, haply, you are juſtified already in my Opinion; but yet it is neceſſary, you ſhould find out ſome Method of convincing the World of your Innocence; otherwiſe it is not fit I ſhould live with you upon Terms of Friendſhip and Civility.

Well, well, Madam, ſaid *Glanville*, I'll convince you of my Innocence, by bringing that Raſcal's Head to you, whom you ſuſpect I was inclined to aſſiſt in ſtealing you away.

If you do that, reſumed *Arabella*, doubtleſs you will be juſtified in my Opinion, and the World's alſo; and I ſhall have no Scruple to treat you with as much Friendſhip as I did before.

My Brother is much obliged to you, Madam, interrupted Miſs *Glanville*, for putting him upon an Action, that would coſt him his Life!

I have ſo good an Opinion of your Brother's Valour, ſaid *Arabella*, that I am perſuaded he will find no Difficulty in performing his Promiſe; and I make no queſtion but I ſhall ſee him covered with the Spoils of that Impoſtor, who would have betrayed me; and I flatter myſelf, he will be in a Condition to bring me his Head, as he bravely promiſes, without endangering his own Life.

Does your Ladyſhip conſider, ſaid Miſs *Glanville*, that my Brother can take away no Perſon's Life whatever, without endangering his own?

I conſider, Madam, ſaid *Arabella*, your Brother as a Man poſſeſſed of Virtue and Courage enough to undertake to kill all my Enemies and Perſecutors, though I had ever ſo many; and I preſume, he would be able to perform as many glorious Actions for my Service, as either *Juba*, *Cæſario*, *Artamenes*, or *Artaban*, who, though not a Prince, was greater than any of them.

If

If thoſe Perſons you have named, ſaid Miſs *Glanville*, were Murderers, and made a Practice of killing People, I hope my Brother will be too wiſe to follow their Examples: A ſtrange kind of Virtue and Courage indeed, to take away the Lives of one's Fellow-Creatures! How did ſuch Wretches eſcape the Gallows, I wonder?

I perceive, interrupted *Arabella*, what kind of Apprehenſions you have: I ſuppoſe you think, if your Brother was to kill my Enemy, the Law would puniſh him for it: But pray undeceive yourſelf, Miſs: The Law has no Power over Heroes; they may kill as many Men as they pleaſe, without being called to any Account for it; and the more Lives they take away, the greater is their Reputation for Virtue and Glory. The illuſtrious *Artaban*, from the Condition of a private Man, raiſed himſelf to the ſublimeſt Pitch of Glory by his Valour; for he not only would win half a dozen Battles in a Day; but, to ſhew that Victory followed him where-ever he went, he would change Parties, and immediately the Vanquiſhed became Conquerors; then, returning to the Side he had quitted, changed the Laurels of his former Friends into Chains. He made nothing of tumbling Kings from their Thrones, and giving away half a dozen Crowns in a Morning; for his Generoſity was equal to his Courage; and to this Height of Power did he raiſe himſelf by his Sword. Beginning at firſt with petty Conqueſts, and not diſdaining to oppoſe his glorious Arm to ſometimes leſs than a Score of his Enemies; ſo, by degrees, enuring himſelf

to conquer inconſiderable Numbers, he came at laſt to be the Terror of whole Armies, who would fly at the Sight of his ſingle Sword.

This is all very aſtoniſhing indeed, ſaid Miſs *Glanville:* However, I muſt intreat you, not to inſiſt upon my Brother's quarrelling and fighting with People, ſince it will be neither for your Honour, nor his Safety; for I am afraid, if he was to commit Murder to pleaſe you, the Laws would make him ſuffer for it; and the World would be very free with its Cenſures on your Ladyſhip's Reputation, for putting him upon ſuch ſhocking Crimes.

By your Diſcourſe, Miſs, replied *Arabella*, one would imagine, you knew as little in what the good Reputation of a Lady conſiſts, as the Safety of a Man; for certainly the one depends intirely upon his Sword, and the other upon the Noiſe and Buſtle ſhe makes in the World. The Blood that is ſhed for a Lady, enhances the Value of her Charms; and the more Men a Hero kills, the greater his Glory, and, by Conſequence, the more ſecure he is. If to be the Cauſe of a great many Deaths, can make a Lady infamous; certainly none were ever more ſo, than *Mandana*, *Cleopatra*, and *Statira*, the moſt illuſtrious Names in Antiquity; for each of whom, haply, an hundred thouſand Men were killed: Yet none were ever ſo unjuſt, as to profane the Virtue of thoſe Divine Beauties, by caſting any Cenſures upon them for theſe glorious Effects of their Charms, and the heroic Valour of their Admirers.

I muſt confeſs, interrupted Miſs *Glanville*, I ſhould not be ſorry to have a Duel or Two fought

fought for me in *Hyde-park*; but then I would not have any Blood ſhed for the World.

Glanville here interrupting his Siſter with a Laugh, *Arabella* alſo could not forbear ſmiling at the harmleſs Kind of Combats her Couſin was fond of.

But to put an End to the Converſation, and the Diſpute which gave Riſe to it, ſhe obliged Mr. *Glanville* to promiſe to fight with the Impoſtor *Edward*, whenever he found him; and either take away his Life, or force him to confeſs, he had no Part in the Deſign he had meditated againſt her.

This being agreed upon, *Arabella*, conducting Miſs *Glanville* to her Chamber, retired to her own; and paſſed the Night with much greater Tranquillity, than ſhe had done the preceding; being ſatisfied with the Care ſhe had taken of her own Glory, and perſuaded that *Glanville* was not unfaithful; a Circumſtance, that was of more Conſequence to her Happineſs, than ſhe was yet aware of.

CHAP. VII.

In which our Heroine is ſuſpected of Inſenſibility.

WHILE theſe things paſſed at the Caſtle, Sir *George* was meditating on the Means he ſhould uſe to acquire the Eſteem of Lady *Bella*, of whoſe Perſon he was a little

enamoured, but of her Fortune a great deal more.

By the Obſervations he had made on her Behaviour, he diſcovered her peculiar Turn: He was well read in Romances himſelf, and had actually employed himſelf ſome Weeks in giving a new Verſion of the *Grand Cyrus*; but the prodigious Length of the Taſk he had undertaken, terrified him ſo much, that he gave it over: Nevertheleſs, he was perfectly well acquainted with the chief Characters in moſt of the *French* Romances; could tell every thing that was borrowed from them, in all the new Novels that came out; and, being a very accurate Critic, and a mortal Hater of *Dryden*, ridiculed him for want of Invention, as it appeared by his having recourſe to theſe Books for the moſt ſhining Characters and Incidents in his Plays. *Almanzor*, he would ſay, was the Copy of the famous *Artaban* in *Cleopatra*, whoſe Exploits *Arabella* had expatiated upon to Miſs *Glanville*, and her Brother: His admired Character of *Melantha* in Marriage *à-la-mode*, was drawn from *Beriſſa* in the *Grand Cyrus*; and the Story of *Oſmyn* and *Benſayda*, in his Conqueſt of *Granada*, taken from *Seſoſtris* and *Timerilla* in that Romance.

Fraught therefore with the Knowlege of all the Extravagances and Peculiarities in thoſe Books, he reſolved to make his Addreſſes to *Arabella* in the Form they preſcribed; and, not having Delicacy enough to be diſguſted with the Ridicule in her Character, ſerved himſelf with her Foible, to effect his Deſigns.

It

It being neceſſary, in order to his better Acquaintance with *Arabella*, to be upon very friendly Terms with Miſs *Glanville* and her Brother, he ſaid a thouſand gallant Things to one, and ſeemed ſo little offended with the Gloom he obſerved upon the Countenance of the other, who poſitively aſſured him, that *Arabella* meant only to laugh at him, when ſhe promiſed him her Hiſtory, that he intreated him, with the moſt obliging Earneſtneſs, to favour him with his Company at his Houſe, where he omitted no ſort of Civility, to confirm their Friendſhip and Intimacy; and perſuaded him, by ſeveral little and ſeemingly unguarded Expreſſions, that he was not ſo great an Admirer of Lady *Bella*, as her agreeable Couſin Miſs *Glanville*.

Having thus ſecured a Footing in the Caſtle, he furniſhed his Memory with all the neceſſary Rules of making Love in *Arabella*'s Taſte, and deferred his next Viſit no longer than till the following Day; but Mr. *Glanville* being indiſpoſed, and not able to ſee Company, he knew it would be in vain to expect to ſee *Arabella*, ſince it was not to be imagined, Miſs *Glanville* could admit of a Viſit, her Brother being ill; and Lady *Bella* muſt be alſo neceſſarily engaged with her.

Contenting himſelf, therefore, with having inquired after the Health of the Two Ladies, he returned home, not a little vexed at his Diſappointment.

Mr. *Glanville*'s Indiſpoſition, increaſing every Day, grew at laſt dangerous enough to fill his Siſter with extreme Apprehenſions. *Arabella*,

keeping up to her Forms, ſent regularly every Day, to inquire after his Health; but did not offer to go into his Chamber, though Miſs *Glanville* was almoſt always there.

As ſhe conceived his Sickneſs to be occaſioned by the Violence of his Paſſion for her, ſhe expected ſome Overture ſhould be made her by his Siſter, to engage her to make him a Viſit; ſuch a Favour being never granted by any Lady to a ſick Lover, till ſhe was previouſly informed, her Preſence was neceſſary to hinder the Increaſe of his Diſtemper.

Miſs *Glanville* would not have failed to repreſent to her Couſin the Incivility and Careleſneſs of her Behaviour, in not deigning to come and ſee her Brother in his Indiſpoſition, had not Mr. *Glanville*, imputing this Neglect to the Nicety of her Notions, which he had upon other Occaſions experienced, abſolutely forbid her to ſay any thing to her Couſin upon this Subject.

Miſs *Glanville* being thus forced to Silence, by the Fear of giving her Brother Uneaſineſs, *Arabella* was extremely diſappointed to find, that, in Five Days Illneſs, no Application had been made to her, either by the ſick Lover, or his Siſter, who ſhe thought intereſted herſelf too little in his Recovery; ſo that her Glory obliging her to lay ſome Conſtraint upon herſelf, ſhe behaved with a Coolneſs and Inſenſibility, that increaſed Miſs *Glanville*'s Averſion to her, while, in Reality, ſhe was extremely concerned for her Couſin's Illneſs; but not ſuppoſing it dangerous, ſince they had not recourſe to the uſual Remedy, of beſeeching a Viſit

Viſit from the Perſon whoſe Preſence was alone able to work a Cure, ſhe reſolved to wait patiently the Event.

However, ſhe never failed in her Reſpect to Miſs *Glanville*, whom ſhe viſited every Morning, before ſhe went to her Brother; and alſo conſtantly dined with her in her own Apartment, inquiring always, with great Sweetneſs, concerning her Brother's Health; when perceiving her in Tears one Day, as ſhe came in, as uſual, to dine with her, ſhe was extremely alarmed; and aſked with great Precipitation, If Mr. *Glanville* was worſe?

He is ſo bad, Madam, returned Miſs *Glanville*, that I believe it will be neceſſary to ſend for my Papa, for fear he ſhould die, and he not ſee him.

Die, Miſs! interrupted *Arabella* eagerly: No, he muſt not die; and ſhall not, if the Pity of *Arabella* is powerful enough to make him live. Let us go then, Couſin, ſaid ſhe, her Eyes ſtreaming with Tears; let us go and viſit this dear Brother, whom you lament: Haply my Sight may repair the Evils my Rigour has cauſed him; and ſince, as I imagine, he has forborn, through the profound Reſpect he has for me, to requeſt the Favour of a Viſit, I will voluntarily beſtow it on him, as well for the Affection I bear you, as becauſe I do not wiſh his Death.

You do not wiſh his Death, Madam! ſaid Miſs *Glanville*, exceſſively angry at a Speech, in her Opinion, extremely inſolent: Is it ſuch a mighty Favour, pray, not to wiſh the Death of my Brother, who never injured you? I am

ſure, your Behaviour has been ſo extremely inhuman, that I have repented a thouſand times, we ever came to the Caſtle.

Let us not waſte the time in idle Reproaches, ſaid *Arabella*: If my Rigour has brought your Brother into this Condition, my Compaſſion can draw him out of it: It is no more than what all do ſuffer, who are poſſeſſed of a violent Paſſion; and few Lovers ever arrive to the Poſſeſſion of their Miſtreſſes, without being ſeveral times brought almoſt to their Graves, either by their Severity, or ſome other Cauſe: But nothing is more eaſy, than to work a Cure, in theſe Caſes; for the very Sight of the Perſon beloved ſometimes does it, as it happened to *Artamenes*, when the Divine *Mandana* condeſcended to viſit him: A few kind Words, ſpoken by the fair Princeſs of *Perſia* to *Oroondates*, recalled him from the Gates of Death; and one Line from *Pariſatis*'s Hand, which brought a Command to *Lyſimachus* to live, made him not only reſolve, but even able, to obey her.—

Miſs *Glanville*, quite out of Patience at this tedious Harangue, without any Regard to Ceremony, flounced out of the Room; and ran to her Brother's Chamber, followed by *Arabella*, who imputed her rude Haſte to a Suſpicion, that her Brother was worſe.

Chap. VIII.

By which we hope the Reader will be differently affected.

AT their Entrance into the Room, Miſs *Glanville* inquired of the Phyſician, juſt going out, How he found her Brother? Who replied, that his Fever was increaſed ſince laſt Night; and that it would not (ſeeing *Arabella* preparing to go to his Bedſide) be proper to diſturb him.

Saying this, he bow'd, and went out; and Miſs *Glanville*, repeating what the Phyſician had ſaid, begged her to defer ſpeaking to him till another time.

I know, ſaid ſhe, that he apprehends, the Sight of me will cauſe ſo many tumultuous Motions in the Soul of his Patient, as may prove prejudicial to him: Nevertheleſs, ſince his Diſorder is, queſtionleſs, more in his Mind than Body, I may prove, haply, a better Phyſician than he; ſince I am more likely, than he, to cure an Illneſs I have cauſed—

Saying this, ſhe walked up to Mr. *Glanville*'s Bedſide, who, ſeeing her, thanked her, with a weak Voice, for coming to ſee him; aſſuring her, he was very ſenſible of the Favour ſhe did him—

You muſt not, ſaid ſhe, bluſhing, thank me too much, leſt I think the Favour I have done you, is really of more Conſequence than I imagined, ſince it merits ſo many Acknowlege-

ments: Your Phyſician tells us, purſued ſhe, that your Life is in Danger; but I perſuade myſelf, you will value it ſo much from this Moment, that you will not protract your Cure any longer.

Are you mad, Madam, whiſpered Miſs *Glanville*, who ſtood behind her, to tell my Brother, that the Phyſician ſays he is in Danger? I ſuppoſe you really wiſh he may die, or you would not talk ſo.

If, anſwered ſhe, whiſpering again to Miſs *Glanville*, you are not ſatisfied with what I have already done for your Brother, I will go as far as Modeſty will permit me: And gently pulling open the Curtains;

Glanville, ſaid ſhe, with a Voice too much raiſed for a ſick Perſon's Ear, I grant to your Siſter's Solicitations, what the fair *Statira* did to an Intereſt yet more powerful, ſince, as you know, it was her own Brother, who pleaded in Favour of the dying *Orontes*: Therefore, conſidering you in a Condition haply no leſs dangerous, than that of that paſſionate Prince, I condeſcend, like her, to tell you, that I do not wiſh your Death; that I intreat you to live; and, laſtly, by all the Power I have over you, I command you to recover.

Ending theſe Words, ſhe cloſed the Curtain, that her tranſported Lover might not ſee her Bluſhes and Confuſion, which were ſo great, that, to conceal them, even from Miſs *Glanville*, ſhe hurried out of the Room, and retired to her own Apartment, expecting, in a little time, to receive a Billet, under the ſick Man's Hand, importing, that, in Obedience to her Commands,

Commands, he was recovered, and ready to throw himſelf at her Feet, to thank her for that Life ſhe had beſtowed upon him, and to dedicate the Remains of it to her Service.

Miſs *Glanville*, who ſtayed behind her, in a ſtrange Surprize at her ridiculous Behaviour; though ſhe longed to know what her Brother thought of it, finding he continued ſilent, would not diſturb him. The Shame he conceived at hearing ſo abſurd a Speech from a Woman he paſſionately loved; and the Deſire he had, not to hear his Siſter's Sentiments upon it; made him counterfeit Sleep, to avoid any Diſcourſe with her upon ſo diſagreeable a Subject.

That Day his Fever increaſed; and the next, the Phyſician pronouncing him in great Danger, a Meſſenger was diſpatched to Town, to haſten the Coming of Sir *Charles*; and poor Miſs *Glanville* was quite inconſoleable, under the Apprehenſions of loſing him.

Arabella, not to derogate from her Character, affected great Firmneſs of Mind upon this Occaſion; ſhe uſed the moſt perſuaſive Eloquence to moderate her Couſin's Affliction, and cauſed all imaginable Care to be taken of Mr. *Glanville:* While any one was preſent, her Looks diſcovered only a calm and decent Sorrow; yet when ſhe was alone, or had only her dear *Lucy* with her, ſhe gave free Vent to her Tears; and diſcovered a Grief for Mr. *Glanville*'s Illneſs, little different from that ſhe had felt for her Father's.

As ſhe now viſited him conſtantly every Day, ſhe took an Opportunity, when ſhe was alone by

by his Bedſide, to chide him for his Diſobedience, in not recovering, as ſhe had commanded him.

Dear Couſin, anſwered he faintly, Can you imagine, Health is not my Choice? And do you think, I would ſuffer theſe Pains, if I could poſſibly eaſe myſelf of them?

Thoſe Pains, replied *Arabella*, miſtaking his Complaint, ought to have ceaſed, when the Cauſe of them did; and when I was no longer rigorous, you ought no longer to have ſuffered: But tell me, ſince you are, queſtionleſs, one of the ſtrangeſt Men in the World, and the hardeſt to be comforted; nay, and I may add, the moſt diſobedient of all, that ever wore the Fetters of Love; Tell me, I ſay, what muſt I do to content you?

If I live, Couſin, ſaid *Glanville*—

Nay, interrupted *Arabella*, ſince my Empire over you is not ſo abſolute as I thought; and ſince you think fit to reſerve to yourſelf the Liberty of dying, contrary to my Deſire; I think I had better reſolve, not to make any Treaty with you: However, as I have gone thus far, I will do ſomething more; and tell you, ſince I have commanded you to live, I will alſo permit you to love me, in order to make the Life I have beſtowed on you, worthy your Acceptance. Make me no Reply, ſaid ſhe, putting her Hand on his Mouth; but begin from this Moment to obey me.

Saying this, ſhe went out of the Room—

A few Hours after, his Fever being come to a Height, he grew delirious, and talked very wildly; but a favourable Criſis enſuing, he fell into

into a ſound and quiet Sleep, and continued in it for ſeveral Hours: Upon his waking, the Phyſician declared, his Fever was greatly abated; and the next Morning, pronounced him out of Danger—

Miſs *Glanville*, tranſported with Joy, ran to Lady *Bella*, and informed her of this good News; but as ſhe did not make her the Acknowlegements ſhe expected, for being the Cauſe of his Recovery, ſhe behaved with more Reſerve than Miſs *Glanville* thought was neceſſary: Which renewed her former Diſguſts; yet, dreading to diſpleaſe her Brother, ſhe concealed it from the Obſervation of her Couſin—

Arabella, being deſirous of completing her Lover's Cure by ſome more favourable Expreſſions, went to his Chamber, accompanied by Miſs *Glanville*.

I ſee, ſaid ſhe, approaching to his Bedſide, with an inchanting Smile, that you know how to be obedient, when you pleaſe; and I begin to know, by the Price you ſet upon your Obedience, that ſmall Favours will not content you.

Indeed, my deareſt Couſin, ſaid *Glanville*, who had found her more intereſted in his Recovery than he expected, you have been very obliging, and I will always moſt gratefully own it.

I am glad, interrupted *Arabella*, that Gratitude is not baniſhed from all your Family; and that that Perſon in it, for whom I have the moſt Senſibility, is not intirely diveſted of it—

I hope, ſaid Mr. *Glanville*, my Siſter has given you no Cauſe to complain of her.

Indeed

Indeed but ſhe has, replied *Arabella*; for, notwithſtanding ſhe is obliged to me for the Life of a Brother, whom queſtionleſs ſhe loves very well; nevertheleſs, ſhe did not deign to make me the leaſt Acknowlegement for what I have done in your Favour: However, *Glanville*, provided you continue to obſerve that Reſpect and Fidelity towards me, which I have Reaſon to hope for from you; your Condition ſhall be never the worſe for Miſs *Glanville*'s unacknowleging Temper; and I now confirm the Grant I Yeſterday made you, and repeat it again; That I permit you to love me, and promiſe you not to be diſpleaſed at any Teſtimonies you will give me of your Paſſion, provided you ſerve me with an inviolable Fidelity.

But, Madam, returned Mr. *Glanville*, to make my Happineſs complete, you muſt alſo promiſe to love me; or elſe what ſignifies the Permiſſion you give me to love you?

You are almoſt as unacknowleging as your Siſter, reſumed *Arabella*, bluſhing; and if your Health was perfectly re-eſtabliſhed, queſtionleſs, I ſhould chide you for your Preſumption; but ſince ſomething muſt be allowed to ſick Perſons, whoſe Reaſon, one may ſuppoſe, is weakened by their Indiſpoſition, I will pardon your Indiſcretion at this time, and counſel you to wait patiently for what Heaven will determine in your Favour: Therefore endeavour to merit my Affection by your Reſpect, Fidelity, and Services; and hope from my Juſtice, whatever it ought to beſtow—

Ending this Speech, with a Solemnity of Accent, that gave Mr. *Glanville* to underſtand, any

any Reply would offend her, he ſilently kiſſed her fair Hand, which ſhe held out to him; a Favour, the Terms upon which they now were, and his Sickneſs, gave him a Right to expect—And, finiſhing her Viſit for that time, left him to his Repoſe; being extremely pleaſed at the Proſpect of his Recovery, and very well ſatisfied at having ſo gracefully got over ſo great a Difficulty, as that of giving him Permiſſion to love her: For by the Laws of Romance, when a Lady has once given her Lover that Permiſſion, ſhe may lawfully allow him to talk to her upon the Subject of his Paſſion, accept all his Gallantries, and claim an abſolute Empire over all his Actions; reſerving to herſelf the Right of fixing the Time when ſhe may own her Affection: And when that important Step is taken, and his Conſtancy put to a few Years more Trial; when he has killed all his Rivals, and reſcued her from a thouſand Dangers; ſhe at laſt condeſcends to reward him with her Hand; and all her Adventures are at an End for the future.

END of the THIRD BOOK.

THE

THE *Female* QUIXOTE.

BOOK IV.

CHAP. I.

In which our Heroine diſcovers her Knowlege in Aſtronomy.

SIR *George*, who had never miſſed a Day, during Mr. *Glanville*'s Illneſs, in ſending to the Caſtle, now he was able to ſee Company, viſited him very frequently; and ſometimes had the Happineſs to meet with *Arabella* in his Chamber: But, knowing the Conditions of her Father's Will, and Mr. *Glanville*'s Pretenſions, he was obliged to lay ſo much Conſtraint upon himſelf, in the Preſence of Miſs *Glanville*, and her Brother, that he

he hardly durſt truſt his Eyes, to expreſs his Admiration of her, for Fear of alarming them with any Suſpicion of his Deſigns: However, he did not fail to recommend himſelf to her Eſteem, by a Behaviour to her full of the moſt perfect Reſpect; and very often, ere he was aware, uttered ſome of the extravagant Compliments, that the Gallants in the *French* Romances uſe to their Miſtreſſes.

If he walked with her in the Gardens, he would obſerve, that the Flowers, which were before languiſhing and pale, bloomed with freſh Beauty at her Approach; that the Sun ſhined out with double Brightneſs, to exceed, if poſſible, the Luſtre of her Eyes; and that the Wind, fond of kiſſing her celeſtial Countenance, played with her fair Hair; and, by gentle Murmurs, declared its Happineſs—

If Miſs *Glanville* happened to be preſent, when he talked to her in this Strain, ſhe would ſuppoſe he was ridiculing her Couſin's fantaſtical Turn; and when ſhe had an Opportunity of ſpeaking to him alone, would chide him, with a great deal of good Humour, for giving her ſo much Diverſion at her Couſin's Expence.

Sir *George*, improving this Hint, perſuaded Miſs *Glanville* by his Anſwers, that he really laughed at *Arabella*; and, being now leſs fearful of giving any Suſpicion to the gay Coquet, ſince ſhe aſſiſted him to deceive her, he applied himſelf, with more Aſſiduity than ever, to inſinuate himſelf into *Arabella*'s Favour.

However, the Neceſſity he was under of being always of *Arabella*'s Opinion, ſometimes drew

drew him into little Difficulties with Miſs *Glanville*. Knowing that young Lady was extremely fond of Scandal, he told her, as a moſt agreeable Piece of News, one Afternoon when he was there, that he had ſeen Miſs *Groves*, who, he ſuppoſed, had come into the Country upon the ſame Account as ſhe had done a Twelvemonth before: Her Marriage being yet a Secret, the complaiſant Baronet threw out an Hint or two, concerning the Familiarity and Correſpondence there was between her and the Gentleman to whom ſhe was really ſecretly married.

Miſs *Glanville*, making the moſt of this Intelligence, ſaid a thouſand ſevere Things againſt the unfortunate Miſs *Groves*; which *Arabella*, always benevolent and kind, could not bear.

I perſuade myſelf, ſaid ſhe to her Couſin, that you have been miſinformed concerning this Beauty, whoſe Misfortunes you aggravate by your cruel Cenſures; and whoever has given you the Hiſtory of her Life, has, haply, done it with great Injuſtice—

Why, Madam, interrupted Miſs *Glanville*, do you think you are better acquainted with her Hiſtory, as you call it, who have never been in Town, where her Follies made her ſo remarkable, than Perſons who were Eye-witneſſes of all her ridiculous Actions?

I apprehend, ſaid *Arabella*, that I, who have had a Relation made to me of all the Paſſages of her Life, and have been told all her moſt ſecret Thoughts, may know as much, if not more, than Perſons who have lived in the ſame Place with her, and have not had that Advantage;

tage; and I think, I know enough to vindicate her from many cruel Aſperſions.

Pray, Madam, returned Miſs *Glanville*, will your Ladyſhip pretend to defend her ſcandalous Commerce with Mr. *L*——?

I know not, Miſs, ſaid *Arabella*, why you call her Intercourſe with that perjured Man by ſo unjuſt an Epithet. If Miſs *Groves* be unchaſte, ſo was the renowned *Cleopatra*, whoſe Marriage with *Julius Cæſar* is controverted to this Day.

And what Reaſons, Madam, ſaid Miſs *Glanville*, have you for ſuppoſing, Miſs *Groves* was married to Mr. *L*——, ſince all the World knows to the contrary?

Very ſufficient ones, ſaid *Arabella*; ſince it is hardly poſſible to ſuppoſe, a young Lady of Miſs *Groves*'s Quality would ſtain the Luſtre of her Deſcent by ſo ſhameful an Intrigue; and alſo, ſince there are Examples enough to be found of Perſons, who ſuffered under the ſame unhappy Circumſtances as herſelf; yet were perfectly innocent, as was that great Queen I have mentioned; who queſtionleſs, you, Sir, are ſufficiently convinced, was married to that illuſtrious Conqueror; who, by betraying ſo great and ſo fair a Queen, in great meaſure tarniſhed the Glory of his Laurels—

Married, Madam! replied Sir *George*: Who preſumes to ſay, that fair Queen was not married to that illuſtrious Conqueror?

Nay, you know, Sir, interrupted *Arabella*, many People did ſay, even while ſhe was living, that ſhe was not married; and have branded her Memory with infamous Calumnies, upon Account of the Son ſhe had by *Cæſar*, the brave *Cæſario*,

Cæſario, who, under the Name of *Cleomedon*, performed ſuch Miracles of Valour in *Ethiopia*.

I aſſure you, Madam, ſaid Sir *George*, I was always a great Admirer of the famous *Cleomedon*, who was certainly the greateſt Hero in the World.

Pardon me, Sir, ſaid *Arabella*; *Cleomedon* was, queſtionleſs, a very valiant Man; but he, and all the Heroes that ever were, muſt give place to the unequalled Prince of *Mauritania*; that illuſtrious, and for a long time unfortunate, Lover of the Divine *Cleopatra*, who was Daughter, as you queſtionleſs know, of the great Queen we have been ſpeaking of—

Dear Heart! ſaid Miſs *Glanville*, What is all this to the Purpoſe? I would fain know, whether Sir *George* believes, Miſs *Groves* was ever married to Mr. *L*——.

Doubtleſs, I do, ſaid he; for, as Lady *Bella* ſays, ſhe is in the ſame unhappy Circumſtance with the great *Cleopatra*; and if *Julius Cæſar* could be guilty of denying his Marriage with that Queen, I ſee no Reaſon to ſuppoſe, why Mr. *L*—— might not be guilty of the ſame kind of Injuſtice.

So then, interrupted Miſs *Glanville*, bluſhing with Spite, you will really offer to maintain, that Miſs *Groves* was married? Ridiculous! How ſuch a Report would be laughed at in *London!*

I aſſure you, replied *Arabella*, if ever I go to *London*, I ſhall not ſcruple to maintain that Opinion to every one, who will mention that Fair-one to me; and uſe all my Endeavours to confirm them in it.

Your

Your Ladyſhip would do well, ſaid Miſs *Glanville*, to perſuade People, that Miſs *Groves*, at Fifteen, did not want to run away with her Writing-maſter.

As I am perſuaded myſelf, ſaid *Arabella*, that Writing-maſter was ſome noble Stranger in Diſguiſe, who was paſſionately in Love with her, I ſhall not ſuffer any body, in my Hearing, to propagate ſuch an unlikely Story; but ſince he was a Perſon worthy of her Affection, if ſhe had run away with him, her Fault was not without Example, and even Excuſe: You know what the fair *Artemiſa* did for *Alexander*, Sir, purſued ſhe, turning to Sir *George*: I would fain know your Sentiments upon the Action of that Princeſs, which ſome have not ſcrupled to condemn—

Whoever they are, Madam, ſaid Sir *George*, who condemn the fair *Artemiſa* for what ſhe did for *Alexander*, are Miſcreants and Slanderers; and though that beautiful Princeſs has been dead more than Two thouſand Years, I would draw my Sword in Defence of her Character, againſt all who ſhould preſume, in my Preſence, to caſt any Cenſures upon it.

Since you are ſo courageous, ſaid Miſs *Glanville*, laughing exceſſively at this Sally, which, ſhe thought, was to ridicule her Couſin; it is to be hoped, you will defend a living Lady's Character, who may thank you for it; and make the World believe, that her Correſpondence with Mr. *L*—— was intirely innocent; and that ſhe never had any Deſign to run away with her Writing-maſter.

Are

Are you reſolved, Couſin, ſaid Lady *Bella*, to perſiſt in that ridiculous Miſtake, and take a Nobleman for a Writing-maſter only becauſe his Love put him upon ſuch a Stratagem to obtain his Miſtreſs?

Indeed, Lady *Bella*, ſaid Miſs *Glanville*, ſmileing, you may as well perſuade me, the Moon is made of a Cream Cheeſe, as that any Nobleman turned himſelf into a Writing-maſter, to obtain Miſs *Groves*—

Is it poſſible, Miſs, ſaid *Arabella*, that you can offer ſuch an Affront to my Underſtanding, as to ſuppoſe, I would argue upon ſuch a ridiculous Syſtem; and compare the Second glorious Luminary of the Heavens to ſo unworthy a Reſemblance? I have taken ſome Pains to contemplate the Heavenly Bodies; and, by Reading and Obſervation, am able to comprehend ſome Part of their Excellence: Therefore it is not probable, I ſhould deſcend to ſuch trivial Compariſons; and liken a Planet, which, haply, is not much leſs than our Earth, to a thing ſo inconſiderable, as that you name—

Pardon me, dear Couſin, interrupted Miſs *Glanville*, laughing louder than before, if I divert myſelf a little with the Extravagance of your Notions. Really I think, you have no Reaſon to be angry, if I ſuppoſed you might make a Compariſon between the Moon and a Cream Cheeſe; ſince you ſay, that ſame Moon, which don't appear broader than your Gardener's Face, is not much leſs than the whole World: Why, certainly, I have more Reaſon to truſt my own Eyes, than ſuch whimſical Notions as theſe.

Arabella, unwilling to expoſe her Couſin's Ignorance, by a longer Diſpute upon this Subject, begged her to let it drop for the preſent; and, turning to Sir *George*, I am very glad, ſaid ſhe, that having always had ſome Inclination to excuſe, and even defend, the Flight of *Artemiſa* with *Alexander*, my Opinion is warranted by that of a Perſon ſo generous as yourſelf: Indeed, when we conſider, that this Princeſs forſook her Brother's Dominions, and fled away with a Lover whom ſhe did not hate; queſtionleſs, her Enemies accuſe her, with ſome Appearance of Reaſon, of too great Imbecillity.

But, Madam, replied Sir *George*, her Enemies will not take the Pains to examine her Reaſons for this Conduct—

True, Sir, reſumed *Arabella*; for ſhe was in Danger of ſeeing a Prince, who loved her, put to a cruel and infamous Death upon a public Scaffold; and ſhe did not reſolve to fly with him, till all her Tears and Prayers were found ineffectual to move the King her Brother to Mercy.

Tho', replied Sir *George*, I am extremely angry with the indiſcreet *Cepio*, who diſcovered *Alexander* to the *Armenian* King; yet what does your Ladyſhip think of that gallant Action of his, when he ſaw him upon the Scaffold, and the Executioner ready to cut off his Head? How brave it was of him, to paſs undauntedly thro' the prodigious Number of Guards that environed the Scaffold; and, with his drawn Sword, run the Executioner through the Body, in the Sight of them all! Then giving the Prince another Sword,

Sword, engage more than Two thouſand Men in his Defence!

Queſtionleſs, replied *Arabella*, it was a glorious Action; and when I think, how the King of *Armenia* was enraged to ſee ſuch a Multitude of Soldiers fly from the Swords of Two Men, I cannot chooſe but divert myſelf with the Conſternation he was in: Yet that was nothing to the horrible Deſpair, which tormented him afterwards, when he found, that *Alexander*, after being again taken and impriſoned, had broken his Chains, and carried away with him the Princeſs *Artimeſa* his Siſter.

CHAP. II.

In which a very pleaſing Converſation is left unfiniſhed.

AS *Arabella* was in this Part of her Diſcourſe, a Servant came to inform her, that Sir *Charles Glanville* was juſt alighted. Upon which, Miſs *Glanville* flew to receive her Father; and *Arabella*, walking a little ſlower after her, gave Sir *George* an Opportunity of holding a little longer Converſation with her.

I dare believe, Madam, ſaid he, when you read the Story of the unfortunate *Alexander*, your fair Eyes did not refuſe to ſhed ſome Tears at the barbarous and ſhameful Death he was going to ſuffer: Yet I aſſure you, melancholy as his Situation was, it was alſo very

glorious for him, ſince he had the ſublime Satisfaction of dying for the Perſon he adored; and had the raviſhing Pleaſure to know, that his Fate would draw Tears from that lovely Princeſs, for whom he ſacrificed his Life: Such a Condition, Madam, ought to be envied rather than pitied; for, next to the Happineſs of poſſeſſing the Perſon one adores, certainly the Glory of dying for her is moſt to be coveted.

Arabella, pleaſingly ſurpriſed to hear Language ſo conformable to her own Ideas, looked for a Moment upon the Baronet, with a moſt inchanting Complaiſancy in her Eyes—

It muſt be confeſſed, Sir, ſaid ſhe, that you ſpeak very rationally upon theſe Matters; and by the Tenderneſs and Generoſity of your Sentiments, you give me Cauſe to believe, that your Heart is prepoſſeſſed with ſome Object worthy of inſpiring them.

Sir *George* ſeeming, as if he ſtruggled to ſuppreſs a Sigh; You are in the right, Madam, ſaid he, to ſuppoſe, that if my Heart be prepoſſeſſed with any Object, it is with one, who is capable of inſpiring a very ſublime Paſſion; and I aſſure you, if ever it ſubmits to any Fetters, they ſhall be impoſed on me by the faireſt Perſon in the World—

Since Love is not voluntary, replied *Arabella*, ſmiling, it may happen, that your Heart may be ſurpriſed by a meaner Beauty, than ſuch a one as you deſcribe: However, as a Lover has always an extraordinary Partiality for the beloved Object, 'tis probable, what you ſay may come to paſs; and you may be

in

in Love with the faireſt Perſon in the World, in your own Opinion.

They were now ſo near the Houſe, that Sir *George* could reply no other ways, than by a very paſſionate Glance, which *Arabella* did not obſerve, being in haſte to pay her Reſpects to her Uncle, whom ſhe met juſt going to Mr. *Glanville*. Her Looks were directed to him. Sir *Charles* ſaluting her with great Affection, they all went into Mr. *Glanville*'s Chamber, who received his Father with the utmoſt Reſpect and Tenderneſs; extremely regretting the Trouble he had been at in taking a Journey to the Caſtle upon his Account; and gently blaming his Siſter for her Precipitancy in alarming him ſo ſoon.

Sir *Charles*, extremely overjoyed to find him ſo well recovered, would not allow him to blame Miſs *Glanville* for what ſhe had done; but, addreſſing himſelf to his Niece, he thanked her for the Care ſhe had taken of Mr. *Glanville*, in very obliging Terms.

Arabella could not help bluſhing at her Uncle's Compliment, ſuppoſing he thanked her for having reſtored her Couſin to his Health.

I aſſure you, Sir, ſaid ſhe, Mr. *Glanville* is leſs obliged to my Commands, than to the Goodneſs of his Conſtitution, for his Recovery; and herein he was not ſo obedient, as many Perſons I could name to him.

Mr. *Glanville*, willing to prevent the Company's Obſervation upon this Speech, began to acquaint his Father with the Riſe and Progreſs of his Diſtemper: But though the old Gentleman liſtened with great Attention to his

Son, while he was ſpeaking; yet not having loſt a Word of what *Arabella* had ſaid, as ſoon as he was done, he turned to his Niece, and aſked her, how ſhe could be ſo unjuſt, to accuſe his Son of Diſobedience, becauſe he did not recover, when ſhe commanded him? Why, Madam, added he, you want to carry your Power farther then ever any Beauty did before you; ſince you pretend to make People ſick and well, whenever you pleaſe.

Really, Sir, replied *Arabella*, I pretend to no more Power, than what I preſume all others of my Sex have upon the like Occaſions; and ſince nothing is more common, than for a Gentleman, though ever ſo ſick, to recover in Obedience to the Commands of that Perſon, who has an abſolute Power over his Life, I conceive, I have a Right to think myſelf injured, if Mr. *Glanville*, contrary to mine, had thought proper to die—

Since, ſaid the old Gentlemen, ſmiling, my Son has ſo well obeyed your Commands in recovering his Health, I ſhall tremble, leſt, in Obedience to a contrary Command of yours, he ſhould die, and deprive me of an Heir; a Misfortune, which, if it ſhould happen, I ſhould place to your Account.

I aſſure you, Sir, ſaid *Arabella*, very gravely, I have too great an Eſteem for Mr. *Glanville*, to condemn him to ſo ſevere a Puniſhment as Death for light Offences: And ſince it is not very probable, that he will ever commit ſuch Crimes againſt me, as can be only expiated by his Death; ſuch as Infidelity, Diſobedience, and

and the like; you have no Reaſon to fear ſuch a Misfortune by my means—

Alas! replied Sir *George*, you Beauties make very nice Diſtinctions in theſe Caſes; and think, if you do not directly command your Lovers to die, you are no-ways accountable for their Death: And when a Lover, as it often happens, dies through Deſpair of ever being able to make himſelf beloved; or, being doomed to Baniſhment or Silence, falls into a Fever, from which nothing but Kindneſs can recover him; and, that being denied, he patiently expires; I ſay, when theſe Things happen, as they certainly do every Day; How can you hold yourſelves guiltleſs of their Deaths, which are apparently occaſioned, either by your Scorn or Inſenſibility?

Sir *Charles* and Miſs *Glanville* were extremely diverted at this Speech of Sir *George*'s; and Mr. *Glanville*, though he would have wiſhed he had been raillying any other Perſon's Follies than his Couſin's, yet could not help ſmiling at the ſolemn Accent, in which he delivered himſelf—

Arabella, mightily pleaſed with his Manner of talking, was reſolved to furniſh him with more Occaſions of diverting the Company at her Expence.

I ſee, anſwered ſhe, you are one of thoſe Perſons, who call a juſt Decorum, which all Ladies, who love Glory as they ought to do, are obliged to preſerve, by the Name of Severity: But pray, what would you have a Lady do, whom an importunate Lover preſumes to declare his Paſſion to? You know it is not permitted

mitted us to liſten to ſuch Diſcourſes; and you know alſo, whoever is guilty of ſuch an Offence, merits a moſt rigorous Puniſhment: Moreover, you find, that when a Sentence of Baniſhment or Silence is pronounced upon them, theſe unhappy Criminals are ſo conſcious of the of Juſtice their Doom, that they never murmur againſt their Judge who condemns them; and therefore, whatever are their Fates, in Conſequence of that Anger they have incurred, the Ladies, thus offended, ought not to be charged with it, as any cruel Exertion of their Power.

Such Eloquence as yours, Madam, replied Sir *George*, might defend Things yet more unjuſtifiable: However, you muſt give me Leave, as being intereſted in the Safety of my Sex, ſtill to be of Opinion, that no Man ought to be hated, becauſe he adores a beautiful Object, and conſecrates all his Moments to her Service.

Queſtionleſs, reſumed *Arabella*, he will not be hated, while, out of the Reſpect and Reverence he bears her, he carefully conceals his Paſſion from her Knowlege; but as ſoon as ever he breaks through the Bounds, which that Reſpect preſcribes him, and lets her underſtand his true Sentiments, he has Reaſon to expect a moſt rigorous Sentence, ſince he certainly, by that Preſumption, has greatly deſerved it.

If the Ladies, replied Sir *George*, were more equitable, and would make ſome Diſtinction between thoſe who really love them in a paſſionate and reſpectful Silence, and others who do not feel the Power of their Charms, they might ſpare themſelves the Trouble of hearing what

what ſo mortally offends them: But when a Lady ſees a Man every Day, who by his Looks, Sighs, and Solicitude to pleaſe her, by his numberleſs Services and conſtant Attendance of her, makes it evident, that his Soul is poſſeſſed with a violent Paſſion for her; I ſay, when a Lady ſees, and yet will not ſee, all this, and perſiſts in uſing a paſſionate Adorer with all the Indifference due to a Man wholly inſenſible of the Power of her Charms; what muſt he do in ſuch a mortifying Situation, but make known his Torments to her that occaſions them, in order to prevail upon her to have ſome Senſe of what he does and feels hourly for her ſake?

But ſince he gains nothing by the Diſcovery of his Paſſion, reſumed *Arabella*; but, on the contrary, loſes the Advantages he was before poſſeſſed of, which were very great, ſince he might ſee and diſcourſe with his Miſtreſs every Day; and, haply, have the Honour to do her a great many petty Services, and receive ſome of her Commands; all theſe Advantages he loſes, when he declares he loves: And truly, I think, a Man who is ſo unwiſe as to hazard a certain Happineſs for a very improbable Hope, deſerves to be puniſhed, as well for his Folly as Preſumption; and, upon both theſe Accounts, Baniſhment is not too rigorous a Sentence.

CHAP. III.

Definition of Love and Beauty.—— The neceſſary Qualities of a Hero and Heroine.

THOUGH, replied Mr. *Glanville*, you are very ſevere in the Treatment you think it neceſſary our Sex ſhould receive from yours; yet I wiſh ſome of our Town Beauties were, if not altogether of your Opinion, yet ſufficiently ſo, as to make it not a Slavery for a Man to be in their Company; for unleſs one talks of Love to theſe fair Coquets the whole time one is with them, they are quite diſpleaſed, and look upon a Man who can think any thing, but themſelves, worthy his Thoughts or Obſervation, with the utmoſt Contempt. How often have you and I, Sir *George*, purſued he, pitied the Condition of the few Men of Senſe, who are ſometimes among the Croud of Beaux, who attend the Two Siſter Beauties to all Places of polite Diverſion in Town? For thoſe Ladies think it a mortal Injury done to their Charms, if the Men about them have Eyes or Ears for any Object but their Faces, or any Sound but that of their Voices: So that the Connoiſſeurs in Muſic, who attend them to *Ranelagh*, muſt ſtop their Ears, like *Ulyſſes*, when the *Siren Fraſi* ſings; and the Wits, who gallant them to the Side box, muſt lay a much greater Conſtraint upon themſelves, in order to

reſiſt

reſiſt the Soul-moving *Garrick*; and appear inſenſible, while he is upon the Stage.

Upon my Soul, added Sir *George* (forgetting the Character he aſſumed) when I have ſeen ſome Perſons of my Acquaintance talking to the eldeſt of theſe Ladies, while one of *Congreve*'s Comedies has been acting; his Face quite turned from the Stage, and hers overſpread with an eternal Smile; her fine Eyes ſometimes lifted up in a beautiful Surprize, and a little inchanting Giggle half-hid with her Fan; in ſpite of their Inattention, I have been ready to imagine, he was entertaining her with Remarks upon the Play, which ſhe was judicious enough to underſtand; and yet I have afterwards been informed by himſelf, that nothing was leſs in their Thoughts; and all that Variety in her Face, and that extreme ſeeming Earneſtneſs in his Diſcourſe, was occaſioned by the moſt trifling Subjects imaginable: He perhaps had been telling her, how the Sight of her Squirrel, which peeped out of her Pocket, ſurpriſed ſome Ladies ſhe was viſiting; and what they ſaid upon her Fondneſs for it, when ſhe was gone; blaming them at the ſame time for their want of Delicacy, in not knowing how to ſet a right Value upon ſuch pleaſing Animals: Hence proceeded her Smiles, the lifting up of her Eyes, the half-ſtifled Laugh, and all the pretty Geſtures that appeared ſo wonderfully charming to all thoſe who did not hear their Diſcourſe: And it is upon ſuch Trifles as theſe, or elſe on the inexhauſtible Subject of their Charms, that all who are am-

bitious of being near theſe Miracles, are under a Neceſſity of talking.

And pray, interrupted *Arabella*, What Subjects afford Matter for a more pleaſing Variety of Converſation, than thoſe of Beauty and Love? Can we ſpeak of any Object ſo capable of delighting as Beauty, or of any Paſſion of the Mind more ſublime and pleaſing than Love?

With Submiſſion, Madam, ſaid *Glanville*, I conceive, all that can be ſaid, either of Beauty, or of Love, may be compriſed in a very few Words: All who have Eyes, and behold true Beauty, will be ready to confeſs it is a very pleaſing Object; and all that can be ſaid of it, may be ſaid in very few Words; for when we have run over the Catalogue of Charms, and mentioned fine Eyes, fine Hair, delicate Complexion, regular Features, and an elegant Shape, we can only add a few Epithets more, ſuch as Lovely, Dangerous, Inchanting, Irreſiſtible, and the like; and every thing that can be ſaid of Beauty is exhauſted. And ſo likewiſe it is with Love; we know that Admiration precedes it, that Beauty kindles it, Hope keeps it alive, and Deſpair puts an End to it; and that Subject may be as ſoon diſcuſſed as the other, by the judicious Uſe of proper Words; ſuch as Wounds, Darts, Fires, Languiſhings, Dyings, Torture, Rack, Jealouſy, and a few more of no Signification, but upon this Subject.

Certainly, Sir, ſaid *Arabella*, you have not well conſidered what you ſay, ſince you maintain, that Love and Beauty are Subjects eaſily and quickly diſcuſſed: Take the Pains, I beſeech you, to reflect a little upon thoſe numerous and

long

long Converſations, which theſe Subjects have given Riſe to in *Clelia*, and the *Grand Cyrus*, where the moſt illuſtrious and greateſt Perſonages in the World manage the Diſputes; and the agreeable Diverſity of their Sentiments on thoſe Heads affords a moſt pleaſing and rational Entertainment: You will there find, that the greateſt Conquerors, and Heroes of invincible Valour, reaſon with the moſt exact and ſcrupulous Nicety upon Love and Beauty; the Superiority of fair and brown Hair controverted by Warriors, with as much Eagerneſs as they diſpute for Victory in the Field; and the different Effects of that Paſſion upon different Hearts defined with the utmoſt Accuracy and Eloquence.

I muſt own, interrupted Sir *Charles*, I ſhould have but a mean Opinion of thoſe Warriors, as you call them, who could buſy themſelves in talking of ſuch Trifles; and be apt to imagine ſuch inſignificant Fellows, who could wrangle about the Colour of their Miſtreſſes Hair, would be the firſt to turn their Backs upon the Enemy in Battle.

Is it poſſible, Sir, reſumed *Arabella*, glowing with Indignation, that you can entertain ſuch unworthy Thoughts of Heroes, who merit the Admiration and Praiſe of all Ages for their ineſtimable Valour, whom the Spears of a whole Army oppoſed to each of their ſingle Swords would not oblige to fly? What think you, Sir, purſued ſhe, looking at Sir *George*, of the injurious Words my Uncle has uttered againſt thoſe heroic Princes, whoſe Courage, I believe, you are as well acquainted with as myſelf?

ſelf? The great *Oroondates*, the invincible *Artaban*, the valiant and fortunate *Artamenes*, the irreſiſtible *Juba*, the incomparable *Cleomedon*, and an hundred other Heroes I could name, are all injured by this unjuſt Aſſertion of my Uncle; ſince certainly they were not more famous for their noble and wonderful Actions in War, than for the Sublimity and Conſtancy of their Affections in Love.

Some of theſe Heroes you have named, replied Sir *George*, had the Misfortune, even in their Lives, to be very cruelly vilified: The great *Oroondates* was a long time accuſed of Treachery to his Divine Princeſs; the valiant and unfortunate *Artamenes* was ſuſpected of Inconſtancy; and the irreſiſtible *Juba* reproached with Infidelity and Baſeneſs, by both his Miſtreſs and Friend.

I never knew you was ſo well acquainted with theſe Perſons, interrupted Mr. *Glanville*; and I fanſy it is but very lately that you have given yourſelf the Trouble to read Romances.

I am not of your Opinion, ſaid *Arabella*. Sir *George*, queſtionleſs, has appropriated great Part of his Time to the Peruſal of thoſe Books, ſo capable of improving him in all uſeful Knowlege; the Sublimity of Love, and the Quinteſſence of Valour; which Two Qualities, if poſſeſſed in a ſuperlative Degree, form a true and perfect Hero, as the Perfection of Beauty, Wit, and Virtue, make a Heroine worthy to be ſerved by ſuch an illuſtrious Perſonage; and I dare ſay, Sir *George* has profited ſo much by the great Examples of Fidelity and Courage he has placed before his Eyes, that no Conſideration whatever

whatever could make him for one Moment fail in his Conſtancy to the Divine Beauty he adores; and, inſpired by her Charms, he would ſcorn to turn his Back, as my Uncle phraſes it, upon an Army of an hundred thouſand Men.

I am extremely obliged to you, Madam, ſaid Sir *George*, bowing his Head to the Ground, to hide a Smile he could not poſſibly reſtrain, for the good Opinion you have of my Courage and Fidelity.

As for Sir *George*'s Courage, Couſin, ſaid Mr. *Glanville* laughing, I never diſputed it: And though it be indeed a very extraordinary Exertion of it, to fight ſingly againſt an Army of an hundred thouſand Men; yet ſince you are pleaſed to think it probable, I am as willing to believe Sir *George* may do it as any other Man; but, as for his Fidelity in Matters of Love, I greatly ſuſpect it, ſince he has been charged with ſome very flagrant Crimes of that Nature.

How, Sir! reſumed *Arabella*, Have you ever been faithleſs then? and, after having ſworn, haply, to devote your whole Life to the Service of ſome Beauty, have you ever violated your Oaths, and been baſe enough to forſake her?

I have too much Complaiſance, Madam, ſaid Sir *George*, to contradict Mr. *Glanville*, who has been pleaſed poſitively to aſſert, that I have been faithleſs, as you moſt unkindly phraſe it.

Nay, Sir, replied *Arabella*, this Accuſation is not of a Nature to be neglected; and though a King ſhould ſay it, I conceive, if you are innocent, you have a Right to contradict him,

and

and clear yourſelf: Do you conſider how deeply this Aſſertion wounds your Honour and Happineſs for the future? What Lady, think you, will receive your Services, loaded as you are with the terrible Imputation of Inconſtancy?

Oh! as for that, Madam, ſaid Miſs *Glanville*, I believe no Lady will think the worſe of Sir *George* for being faithleſs: For my Part, I declare, nothing pleaſes me ſo much, as gaining a Lover from another Lady; which is a greater Compliment to one's Beauty, then the Addreſſes of a Man that never was in Love before—

You may remember, Couſin, replied *Arabella*, that I ſaid once before, your Spirit and Humour reſembled a certain great Princeſs very much; and I repeat it again, never was there a greater Conformity in Tempers and Inclinations.

My Daughter, ſaid Sir *Charles*, is mightily obliged to you, Lady *Bella*, for comparing her to a great Princeſs: Undoubtedly you mean it as a Compliment.

If you think, ſaid *Arabella*, that barely comparing her to a Princeſs be a Compliment, I muſt take the Liberty to differ from you: My Couſin is not ſo many Degrees below a Princeſs, as that ſuch a Compariſon ſhould be thought extraordinary; for if her Anceſtors did not wear a Crown, they might, haply, have deſerved it; and her Beauty may one Day procure her a Servant, whoſe Sword, like that of the great *Artaban*, may win her a Sceptre; who, with a noble Confidence, told his Princeſs, when the Want of a Crown was objected to him, I wear a Sword,

a Sword, Madam, than can perform things more difficult, that what you require; and if a Crown be all that I want to make me worthy of you, tell me what Kingdom in the World you chooſe to reign in, and I will lay it at your Feet.

That was a Promiſe, replied Sir *George*, fit only for the great *Artaban* to make: But, Madam, if you will permit me to make any Compariſon between that renowned Warrior and myſelf, I would venture to tell you, that even the great *Artaban* was not exempted from the Character of Inconſtancy any more than myſelf, ſince, as you certainly know, he was in Love with Three great Princeſſes ſucceſſively.

I grant you, replied *Arabella*, that *Artaban* did wear the Chains of Three Princeſſes ſucceſſively: But it muſt alſo be remembred in his Juſtification, that the Two Firſt of theſe Beauties refuſed his Adorations, and treated him with Contempt, becauſe he was not a Prince: Therefore, recovering his Liberty, by thoſe Diſdains they caſt on him, he preſerved that illuſtrious Heart from Deſpair, to tender it with more paſſionate Fidelity to the Divine Princeſs of the *Parthians*; who, though greatly their Superior in Quality and Beauty, did permit him to love her. However, I muſt confeſs, I find ſomething like Levity in the Facility he found in breaking his Fetters ſo often; and when I conſider, that among all thoſe great Heroes, whoſe Hiſtories I have read, none but himſelf ever bore, without dying, the Cruelties he experienced from thoſe Princeſſes, I am ſometimes tempted to accuſe him myſelf of Inconſtancy: But

But indeed every thing we read of that Prodigy of Valour is wholly miraculous; and ſince the Performance of Impoſſibilities was reſerved for him, I conclude this Miracle alſo, among many others, was poſſible to him, whom nothing was ever able to reſiſt upon Earth. However, purſued ſhe, riſing, I ſhall not abſolutely condemn you, till I have heard your Adventures from your own Mouth, at a convenient Time, when I ſhall be able to judge how far you merit the odious Appellation of Inconſtancy.

Saying this, ſhe ſaluted her Uncle, who had for ſome time been converſing in a low Voice with his Son, with a Grace wholly charming, and retired to her Apartment. Miſs *Glanville* following her a few Moments after (the Compliment, extravagant as it was, which ſhe had paid her, having procured her ſome Good-will from the vain and intereſted Miſs *Glanville*), they converſed together with a great deal of good Humour till Dinner-time, which, becauſe Mr. *Glanville* was not abſolutely recovered, was ſerved in his Chamber.

CHAP. IV.

In which our Heroine is engaged in a new Adventure.

AS Mr. *Glanville* took a great deal of Pains to turn the Diſcourſe upon Subjects, on which the charming *Arabella* could expatiate, with-

without any Mixture of that Abſurdity, which mingled itſelf in a great many others; the reſt of that Day and ſeveral others, were paſſed very agreeably: At the End of which, Mr. *Glanville* being perfectly recovered, and able to go abroad; the Baronet propoſed to take the Diverſion of Hunting; which *Arabella*, who was uſed to it, conſented to partake of; but being informed, that Miſs *Glanville* could not ride, and choſe to ſtay at home, ſhe would have kept her Company, had not Sir *Charles* inſiſted upon the contrary.

As Sir *George*, and ſome other Gentlemen, had invited themſelves to be of the Party; *Arabella*, on her coming down to mount her Horſe, found a great many young Gallants, ready to offer her their Aſſiſtance upon this Occaſion: Accepting therefore, with great Politeneſs, this Help from a Stranger, who was neareſt her, ſhe mounted her Horſe, giving Occaſion to every one that was preſent, to admire the Grace with which ſhe ſat and managed him. Her Shape being as perfect as any Shape could poſſibly be, her Riding-habit diſcovered all its Beauties: Her Hat, and the white Feather waving over Part of her fine black Hair, gave a peculiar Charm to her lovely Face: And ſhe appeared with ſo many Advantages in this Dreſs and Poſture, that Mr. *Glanville*, forgetting all her Abſurdities, was wholly loſt in the Contemplation of ſo many Charms, as her whole Perſon was adorned with.

Sir *George*, though he really admired *Arabella*, was not ſo paſſionately in Love as Mr. *Glanville*; and, being a keen Sportſman, eagerly purſued

ued the Game, with the reſt of the Hunters; but Mr. *Glanville* minded nothing but his Couſin, and kept cloſe by her.

After having rode a long time, *Arabella*, conceiving it a Piece of Cruelty, not to give her Lover an Opportunity of talking to her, as, by his extreme Solicitude, he ſeemed ardently to deſire, coming to a delightful Valley, ſhe ſtopped; and told Mr. *Glanville*, that, being weary of the Chace, ſhe ſhould alight, and repoſe herſelf a little under the Shade of thoſe Trees.

Mr. *Glanville*, extremely pleaſed at this Propoſition, diſmounted; and, having helped her to alight, ſeated himſelf by her on the Graſs.

Arabella, expecting he would begin to talk to her of his Paſſion, could not help bluſhing at the Thoughts of having given him ſuch an Opportunity; and Mr. *Glanville*, endeavouring to accommodate himſelf to her Ideas of a Lover, expreſſed himſelf in Terms extravagant enough to have made a reaſonable Woman think he was making a Jeſt of her: All which, however, *Arabella* was extremely pleaſed with; and ſhe obſerved ſuch a juſt Decorum in her Anſwers, that, as the Writers of Romance phraſe it, if ſhe did not give him any abſolute Hopes of being beloved, yet ſhe ſaid enough to make him conclude ſhe did not hate him.

They had converſed in this manner near a Quarter of an Hour, when *Arabella*, perceiving a Man at a little Diſtance, walking very compoſedly, ſhrieked out aloud; and, riſing with the utmoſt Precipitation, flew from Mr. *Glanville*, and went to untie her Horſe; while his Aſtoniſhment

niſhment being ſo great at her Behaviour, that he could not, for a Moment or two, aſk her the Cauſe of her Fear—

Do you not ſee, ſaid ſhe, out of Breath with the Violence of her Apprehenſions, the Perſon who is coming towards us? It is the ſame, who, ſome Months ago, attempted to carry me away, when I was riding out with only Two Attendants: I eſcaped, for that time, the Danger that threatened me; but, queſtionleſs, he comes now to renew his Attempts: Therefore can you wonder at my Fear?

If it ſhould be as you ſay, Madam, interrupted *Glanville*, What Reaſon have you to fear? Do you not think I am able to defend you?

Ah! without Doubt, you are able to defend me, anſwered ſhe; and though, if you offer to reſiſt the Violence he comes to uſe againſt me, he will, haply, call Two or Three Dozen armed Men to his Aſſiſtance, who are, I ſuppoſe, concealed hereabouts, yet I am not apprehenſive, that you will be worſted by them: But as it happened to the brave *Juba*, and *Cleomedon*, while they were fighting with ſome hundred Men, who wanted to carry away their Princeſſes before their Faces; and were giving Death at every Blow, in order to preſerve them; the Commander of theſe Raviſhers, ſeeing the Two Princeſſes ſitting, as I was, under a Tree, ordered them to be ſeized by Two of his Men, and carried away, while the Two Princes were loſing beſt Part of of their Blood in their Defence; therefore, to prevent ſuch an Accident happening, while you

you are fighting for my Reſcue, I think it will be the ſafeſt Way for me to get on Horſe-back, that I may be in a Condition to eſcape; and that you may not employ your Valour to no Purpoſe.

Saying this, having, with Mr. *Glanville*'s Aſſiſtance, looſed her Horſe from the Tree, he helped her to mount, and then remounted his own.

Your Antagoniſt, ſaid *Arabella*, is on Foot; and therefore, though I prize your Life extremely, yet I cannot diſpenſe with myſelf from telling you, that 'tis againſt the Laws of Knighthood to take any Advantage of that kind over your Enemy; nor will I permit your Concern for my Safety to make you forget what you owe to your own Reputation.

Mr. *Glanville*, fretting exceſſively at her Folly, begged her not to make herſelf uneaſy about things that were never likely to happen.

The Gentleman yonder, added he, ſeems to have no Deſigns to make any Attempt againſt you: If he ſhould, I ſhall know how to deal with him: But, ſince he neither offers to aſſault me, nor affront you, I think we ought not to give him anyReaſon to imagine we ſuſpect him, by gazing on him thus; and letting him underſtand by your Manner, that he is the Subject of our Converſation: If you pleaſe, Madam, we will endeavour to join our Company.

Arabella, while he was ſpeaking, kept her Eyes fixed upon his Face, with Looks which expreſſed her Thoughts were labouring upon ſome very important Point: And, after a Pauſe

of ſome Moments, Is it poſſible, ſaid ſhe, with a Tone of extreme Surprize, that I ſhould be ſo miſtaken in you? Do you really want Courage enough to defend me againſt that Raviſher?

Oh Heavens! Madam, interrupted *Glanville*, try not my Temper thus: Courage enough to defend you! 'Sdeath! you will make me mad! Who, in the Name of Wonder, is going to moleſt you?

He whom you ſee there, replied *Arabella*, pointing to him with her Finger: For know, cold and inſenſible as thou art to the Danger which threatens me, yonder Knight is thy Rival, and a Rival, haply, who deſerves my Eſteem better than thou doſt; ſince, if he has Courage enough to get me by Violence into his Power, that ſame Courage would make him defend me againſt any Injuries I might be offered from another: And ſince nothing is ſo contemptible in the Eyes of a Woman, as a Lover who wants Spirit to die in her Defence; know, I can ſooner pardon him, whom thou would cowardly fly from, for the Violence which he meditates againſt me, than thyſelf for the Puſillanimity thou haſt betrayed in my Sight.

With theſe Words, ſhe galloped away from her aſtoniſhed Lover; who, not daring to follow her, for fear of increaſing her Suſpicions of his Cowardice, flung himſelf off his Horſe in a violent Rage; and, forgetting that the Stranger was obſerving, and now within Hearing, he fell accuſing and exclaiming againſt the Books, that had turned his Couſin's Brain; and railing at his own ill Fate, that condemned him to the

Puniſh-

Puniſhment of loving her. Mr. *Harvey* (for it really was he, whom an Affair of Conſequence had brought again into the Country), hearing ſome of Mr. *Glanville*'s laſt Words, and obſerving the Geſtures he uſed, concluded he had been treated like himſelf by *Arabella*, whom he knew again at a Diſtance: Therefore coming up to Mr. *Glanville*, laughing—

Though I have not the Honour of knowing you, Sir, ſaid he, I muſt beg the Favour you will inform me, if you are not diſturbed at the ridiculous Folly of the Lady I ſaw with you juſt now? She is the moſt fantaſtical Creature that ever lived, and, in my Opinion, fit for a Mad-houſe: Pray, are you acquainted with her?

Mr. *Glanville*, being in a very ill Humour, could not brook the Freedom of this Language againſt his Couſin, whoſe Follies he could not bear any one ſhould rail at but himſelf; and, being provoked at his Sneers, and the Interruption he had given to their Converſation, he looked upon him with a diſdainful Frown, and told him in an haughty Tone, That he was very impertinent to ſpeak of a Lady of her Quality and Merit ſo rudely.

Oh! Sir, I beg your Pardon, replied Mr. *Harvey*, laughing more than before; What, I ſuppoſe, you are the Champion of this fair Lady! But, I aſſure myſelf, if you intend to quarrel with every one that will laugh at her, you will have more Buſineſs upon your Hands than you can well manage.

Mr. *Glanville*, tranſported with Rage at this Inſolence, hit him ſuch a Blow with the But-

End

End of his Whip, that it ſtunned him for a Moment; but recovering himſelf, he drew his Sword, and, mad with the Affront he had received, made a Puſh at *Glanville*; who, avoiding it with great Dexterity, had recourſe to his Hanger for his Defence.

Arabella, in the mean time, who had not rid far, concealing herſelf behind ſome Trees, ſaw all the Actions of her Lover, and intended Raviſher; and, being poſſeſſed with an Opinion of her Couſin's Cowardice, was extremely rejoiced to ſee him fall upon his Enemy firſt, and that with ſo much Fury, that ſhe had no longer any Reaſon to doubt his Courage: Her Suſpicions, therefore, being removed, her Tenderneſs for him returned; and when ſhe ſaw them engaged with their Swords (for, at that Diſtance, ſhe did not plainly perceive the Difference of their Weapons), her Apprehenſions for her Couſin were ſo ſtrong, that, though ſhe did not doubt his Valour, ſhe could not bear to ſee him expoſe his Life for her: And, without making any Reflections upon the Singularity of her Deſign, ſhe was going to ride up to them, and endeavour to part them; when ſhe ſaw ſeveral Men come towards them, whom ſhe took to be the Aſſiſtants of her Raviſher, though they were, in reality, Haymakers; who, at a Diſtance, having ſeen the Beginning of their Quarrel, had haſtened to part them.

Terrified, therefore, at this Reinforcement, which ſhe thought would expoſe her Couſin to great Danger, ſhe galloped, with all Speed, after the Hunters, being directed by the Sound of the Horn. Her Anxiety for her Couſin made

her regardleſs of her own Danger, ſo that ſhe rode with a ſurpriſing Swiftneſs; and, overtaking the Company, ſhe would have ſpoken, to tell them of her Couſin's Situation; when her Spirits failing her, ſhe could only make a Sign with her Hand, and ſunk down in a Swoon, in the Arms of Sir *George*, who eagerly galloped up to her; and, ſupporting her as well as he was able till ſome others came to her Relief, they took her off her Horſe, and placed her upon the Ground; when, by the Help of ſome Water they brought from a Spring near them, in a little time ſhe came to herſelf.

Sir *Charles*, who, ſeeing her come up to them without his Son, and by her fainting, concluded ſome Misfortune had happened to him, the Moment ſhe opened her Eyes, aſked her eagerly, Where he was?

Your Son, ſaid *Arabella*, ſighing, is, with a Valour equal to that of the brave *Cleomedon*, this Moment fighting in my Defence againſt a Croud of Enemies; and is, haply, ſhedding the laſt Drop of his Blood in my Quarrel.

Shedding the laſt Drop of his Blood, *haply!* interrupted Sir *Charles*, exceſſively grieved; and, not a little enraged at *Arabella*, ſuppoſing ſhe had introduced him into ſome Quarrel, It may be *happy* for you, Madam; but I am ſure it will make me very miſerable, if my Son comes to any Harm.

If it be the Will of Heaven he ſhould fall in this Combat, reſumed *Arabella*, he can never have a more glorious Deſtiny: And as that Conſideration will, doubtleſs, ſweeten his laſt Moments, ſo it ought to be your Conſolation:

However, I beg you'll loſe no time, but haſte to his Aſſiſtance; for ſince he has a conſiderable Number of Enemies to deal with, 'tis not improbable but he may be overpowered at laſt.

Where did you leave my Son, Madam? cried Sir *Charles*, eagerly.

He is not far off, replied *Arabella*: And you will, doubtleſs, be directed to the Place, by the Sight of the Blood of his Enemies, which he has ſpilt. Go that way, purſued ſhe, pointing with her Finger towards the Place where ſhe had left her Couſin: There you will meet with him, amidſt a Croud of Foes, which he is ſacrificing to my Safety, and his juſt Reſentment.

Sir *Charles*, not knowing what to think, galloped away, followed by moſt Part of the Company; Sir *George* telling Lady *Bella*, that he would ſtay to defend her againſt any Attempts that might be made on her Liberty, by any of her Raviſher's Servants, who were, probably, ſtraggling about. *Arabella*, however, being perfectly recovered, inſiſted upon following her Uncle.

There is no Queſtion, ſaid ſhe, but Mr. *Glanville* is victorious: I am only apprehenſive for the dangerous Wounds he may have received in the Combat, which will require all our Care and Aſſiſtance.

Sir *George*, who wanted to engroſs her Company a little to himſelf, in vain repreſented to her, that, amidſt the Horrors of a Fight ſo bloody as that muſt certainly be, in which Mr. *Glanville* and his Friends would be now engaged, it would be dangerous for her to venture her Perſon: Yet ſhe would not be perſuaded;

but, having mounted her Horſe, with his Aſſiſtance, ſhe rode as faſt as ſhe was able after the reſt of the Company.

CHAP. V.

Being a Chapter of Miſtakes.

SIR *Charles*, who, by this Time, had got to the Place ſhe directed him to, but ſaw no Appearance of fighting, and only a few Haymakers in Diſcourſe together, inquired, If there had been any Quarrel between two Gentlemen in that Place?

One of them, at this Queſtion, advancing, told Sir *Charles*, that two Gentlemen had quarrelled there, and were fighting with Swords; but that they had parted them; and that one of them, having an Horſe tied to a Tree, mounted him, and rode away: That the other, they believed, was not far off; and that there had been no Bloodſhed, they having come time enough to prevent it.

Sir *Charles* was extremely ſatisfied with this Account; and, giving the Haymakers ſome Money for the good Office they did in parting the two Combatants, rode up to meet Lady *Bella*; and informed her, that his Son was ſafe.

I cannot imagine he is ſafe, replied ſhe, when I ſee ſome of his Enemies (pointing to the Haymakers) ſtill alive: It is not cuſtomary, in thoſe Caſes, to ſuffer any to eſcape: And, queſtionleſs,

leſs, my Couſin is either dead, or a Priſoner, ſince all his Adverſaries are not vanquiſhed.

Why, you dream, Madam, replied Sir *Charles*: Thoſe Fellows yonder are Haymakers: What ſhould make them Enemies to my Son? They were lucky enough to come in time to prevent him and another Gentleman from doing each other a Miſchief. I cannot imagine for what Reaſon my Son quarrelled with that Perſon they ſpeak of: Perhaps you can inform me.

Certainly, Sir, ſaid *Arabella*, I can inform you, ſince I was the Cauſe of their Quarrel. The Story is too long to tell you now; and, beſides, it is ſo connected with the other Accidents of my Life, that 'tis neceſſary you ſhould be acquainted with my whole Hiſtory, in order to comprehend it: But, if thoſe Perſons are what you ſay, and did really part my Couſin and his Antagoniſt, truly I believe they have done him a very ill Office: For, I am perſuaded, my Couſin will never be at Reſt, till, by his Rival's Death, he has freed himſelf from one, capable of the moſt daring Enterprizes to get me into his Power: And, ſince I cannot be in Security while he lives, and perſiſts in the Reſolution he has taken to perſecute me, it had been better if he had ſuffered all the Effects of my Couſin's Reſentment at that time, than to give him the Trouble to hunt him through the World, in order to ſacrifice him to the Intereſt of his Love and Vengeance.

Sir *Charles*, no leſs aſtoniſhed than alarmed at this Diſcovery of his Niece's ſanguinary Sentiments, told her, he was ſorry to ſee a Lady ſo far forget the Gentleneſs of her Sex, as to en-

courage and incite Men to ſuch Extremities, upon her Account. And, for the future, added he, I muſt intreat you, Niece, to ſpare me the Affliction of ſeeing my Son expoſed to theſe dangerous Quarrels: For, though his Life is ſo little regarded by you, yet it is of the utmoſt Conſequence to me.

Arabella, who found Matter ſufficient in the Beginning of this Speech, to be offended with her Uncle, yet, miſtaking the latter Part of it for a pathetic Complaint of her Cruelty, replied very gravely, That her Couſin's Safety was not ſo indifferent to her as he imagined: And that ſhe did not hate him ſo much, but that his Death would affect her very ſenſibly.

Arabella, in ſpeaking theſe Words, bluſhed with Shame, as thinking they were rather too tender: And Sir *Charles*, who coloured likewiſe, from a very different Motive, was opening his Mouth, to tell her, that he did not think his Son was much obliged to her for not hating him; when *Arabella*, ſuppoſing he deſigned to preſs her to a further Explanation of the favourable Sentiments ſhe felt for Mr. *Glanville*, ſtopped him with Precipitation: Preſs me no more, ſaid ſhe, upon this Subject: And, as I have already ſpoken too much, haply, before ſo many Witneſſes, ſeek not to enhance my Confuſion, by prolonging a Diſcourſe that at preſent muſt needs be diſagreeable to me.

I ſhall readily agree with you, Madam, replied Sir *Charles*, that you have ſpoken too much: And, if I had thought you capable of ſpeaking in the manner you have done, I would

would have been more cautious in giving you an Occaſion for it.

I ſhould imagine, Sir, ſaid *Arabella*, bluſhing with Anger, as ſhe before did with Shame, that you would be the laſt Perſon in the World who could think I had ſpoken too much upon this Occaſion: And, ſince you are pleaſed to tell me ſo, I think it fit to let you know, that I have not, in my Opinion, tranſgreſſed the Laws of Decency and Decorum, in what I have ſaid in my Couſin's Favour: And I can produce many Examples of greater Freedom of Speech, in Princeſſes, and Ladies of the higheſt Quality: However, I ſhall learn ſuch a Leſſon of Moderation in this reſpect, from your Reproof, that I promiſe you, neither yourſelf, or Mr. *Glanville*, ſhall have any Cauſe, for the future, to complain of my want of Diſcretion.

Sir *Charles*, who was very polite and good-natured, was half angry with himſelf, for having obliged his Niece to ſuch a Submiſſion, as he thought it; and, apologizing for the Rudeneſs of his Reprehenſion, aſſured her, that he was perfectly convinced of her Diſcretion in all things; and did not doubt but her Conduct would be always agreeable to him.

Arabella, who, from what her Uncle had ſaid, began to entertain Suſpicions, that would never have entered any Imagination but hers, looked earneſtly upon him for half a Moment, as if ſhe wiſhed to penetrate into the moſt ſecret Receſſes of his Heart: But, fanſying ſhe ſaw ſomething in his Looks that confirmed her Apprehenſions, ſhe removed her Eyes from his Face, and, faſtening them on the Ground, re-

mained for ſome Moments in Confuſion.—Sir *Charles*, whom her apparent Diſturbance made very uneaſy, propoſed returning to the Caſtle; telling Lady *Bella* he expected to find his Son already there.

'Tis more than probable, ſaid ſhe, turning to Sir *George*, that my Couſin is gone in Purſuit of my Raviſher; and the Interruption that has been given to his deſigned Vengeance, making him more furious than before, 'tis not likely he will return till he has puniſhed his Inſolence by that Death he ſo juſtly merits.

Mr. *Glanville* is already ſo happy in your Opinion, ſaid Sir *George*, with a very profound Sigh, that there is no need of his rendering you this ſmall Service, to increaſe your Eſteem: But, if my Prayers are heard, the Puniſhment of your Raviſher will be reſerved for a Perſon leſs fortunate, indeed, than Mr. *Glanville*, tho' not leſs devoted to your Intereſt, and concerned in your Preſervation.

Sir *George* counterfeiting a Look of extreme Confuſion and Fear, as he ended theſe Words;

Arabella, who perfectly comprehended the Meaning they were deſigned to convey, thought herſelf obliged to take no Notice of them: And, therefore, without making any Reply to the young Baronet, who ventured ſlowly to lift his Eyes to her Face, in order to diſcover if there were any Signs of Anger in it, ſhe told Sir *Charles* ſhe inclined to go home: And Sir *George*, with the reſt of the Company, attended them to the Caſtle; where, as ſoon as they arrived, they took their Leave.

Sir

Sir *George*, notwithſtanding *Arabella*'s Care to deprive him of an Opportunity of ſpeaking to her, told her, in a Whiſper, having eagerly alighted to help her off her Horſe,

I am going, Madam, to find out that inſolent Man, who has dared to offer Violence to the faireſt Perſon in the World: And, if I am ſo happy as to meet with him, he ſhall either take my Life, or I will put him into a Condition never to commit any more Offences of that Nature.

Saying this, he made a low Bow; and, being deſirous to prevent her Anſwer, remounted his Horſe, and went away with the reſt of the Company.

Arabella, who, upon this Occaſion, was to be all Confuſion, mixed with ſome little Reſentment, diſcovered ſo much Emotion in her Looks, while Sir *George* was whiſpering to her, that her Uncle, as he was handing her into the Houſe, aſked her, If ſhe was offended at any thing Sir *George* had ſaid to her?

Arabella, conſtruing this Queſtion as ſhe had done ſome other things her Uncle had ſaid to her, replied, in a reſerved manner, Since my Looks, contrary to my Intention, have betrayed my Thoughts to you, I will not ſcruple to confeſs, that I have ſome Cauſe to be offended with Sir *George*; and that, in two Inſtances To-day, he has ſeemed to forget the Reſpect he owes me.

Sir *Charles* was fired at this Account: Is it poſſible, ſaid he, that Sir *George* has had the Aſſurance to ſay any thing to offend you, and that before my Face too? This Affront is not to be borne.

I am ſorry, replied *Arabella*, eying him heedfully, to ſee you ſo much concerned at it.

Don't be uneaſy, interrupted Sir *Charles*: There will be no bad Conſequences happen from it: But he ſhall hear of it, added he, raiſing his Voice with Paſſion: I'll force him this Night to explain himſelf.

You muſt pardon me, Sir, ſaid *Arabella*, more and more confirmed in her Notions, if I tell you, that I am extremely offended at your uncommon Zeal upon this Occaſion: And alſo I muſt aſſure you, that a little more Calmneſs would be leſs liable to Suſpicion.

Miſs *Glanville* coming to meet them, Sir *Charles*, who did not take much Notice of what *Arabella* ſaid, eagerly inquired for his Son; and, hearing he was not come home, was apprehenſive of his meeting again with the Perſon he had quarrelled with: But his Fears did not laſt long; for Mr. *Glanville* came in, having purpoſely avoided the Company, to hide the Uneaſineſs Lady *Bella*'s tormenting Folly had given him.

Chap. VI.

In which the Miſtakes are continued.

AS ſoon as Mr. *Glanville* appeared, the two Ladies retired; Miſs *Glanville* aſking *Arabella* a hundred Queſtions concerning their Diverſion, the Drift of which was, to know how Sir *George* behaved to her: But that fair Lady,

Lady, whoſe Thoughts were wholly employed on the ſtrange Accidents which had happened to her that Day, longed to be at Liberty to indulge her Reflections; and, complaining of extreme Wearineſs, under Pretence of repoſing herſelf till Dinner, got quit of Miſs *Glanville*'s Company, which, at that time, ſhe thought very tedious.

As ſoon as ſhe was left to herſelf, her Imagination running over all that had happened, ſhe could not help confeſſing, that few Women ever met with ſuch a Variety of Adventures in one Day: In Danger of being carried off by Violence, by one Lover; delivered by another; Inſinuations of Love from a Third, who, ſhe thought, was enamoured of her Couſin; and, what was ſtill more ſurpriſing! a Diſcovery, that her Uncle was not inſenſible of her Charms, but was become the Rival of his own Son.

As extravagant as this Notion was, *Arabella* found Precedents in her Romances of Paſſions full as ſtrange and unjuſtifiable; and confirmed herſelf in that Opinion, by recollecting ſeveral Examples of unlawful Love. Why ſhould I not believe, ſaid ſhe, that my Charms can work as powerful Effects as thoſe of *Olympia*, Princeſs of *Thrace*, whoſe Brother was paſſionately enamoured of her?

Did not the Divine *Clelia* inſpire *Maherbal* with a violent Paſſion for her, who, though diſcovered to be her Brother, did not, nevertheleſs, ceaſe to adore her? And, to bring an Inſtance ſtill nearer to my own Caſe, was not the Uncle of the fair *Alcyone* in Love with her?

And did he not endeavour to win her Heart by all the Methods in his Power?

Ah! then, purſued ſhe, let us doubt no more of our Misfortune: And, ſince our fatal Beauty has raiſed this impious Flame, let us ſtifle it with our Rigour, and not allow an ill-timed Pity, or Reſpect, to encourage a Paſſion which may, one Day, caſt a Blemiſh upon our Glory.

Arabella, having ſettled this Point, proceeded to reflect on the Conqueſt ſhe had made of Sir *George:* She examined his Words over and over, and found them ſo exactly conformable to the Language of an *Oroondates* or *Oronces*, that ſhe could not chooſe but be pleaſed: But, recollecting that it behoved her, like all other Heroines, to be extremely troubled and perplexed at an Inſinuation of Love, ſhe began to lament the cruel Neceſſity of parting with an agreeable Friend; who, if he perſiſted in making her acquainted with his Thoughts, would expoſe himſelf to the Treatment Perſons ſo indiſcreet always meet with; nor was ſhe leſs concerned, leſt, if Mr. *Glanville* had not already diſpatched her Raviſher, Sir *George*, by wandering in Search of him, and, haply, ſacrificing him to his eager Deſire of ſerving her, ſhould, by that means, lay her under an Obligation to him, which, conſidering him as a Lover, would be a great Mortification.

Sir *George*, however, was gone home to his own Houſe, with no Thoughts of purſuing *Arabella*'s Raviſher: And Mr. *Glanville*, being queſtioned by his Father concerning his Quarrel, invented ſome trifling Excuſe for it; which not

not agreeing with the Account the Baronet had received from *Arabella*, he told his Son, that he had concealed the Truth from him; and that there was more in that Affair than he had owned. You quarrelled, added he, upon *Arabella*'s Account; and ſhe did not ſcruple to affirm it before all the Company.

Mr. *Glanville*, who had vainly flattered himſelf with an Hope, that his Couſin had not acquainted the Company with her whimſical Apprehenſions, was extremely vexed when he found ſhe had expoſed herſelf to their Ridicule, and that it was probable even he had not eſcaped: But, willing to know from her own Mouth how far ſhe had carried her Folly, he went up to her Chamber; and, being immediately admitted, ſhe began to congratulate him upon the Conqueſt he had gained, as ſhe ſuppoſed, over his Enemy; and thanked him very ſolemnly for the Security he had procured for her.

Mr. *Glanville*, after aſſuring her, that ſhe was in no Danger of ever being carried away by that Perſon whom ſhe feared, proceeded to inquire into all that had paſſed between her and the Company whom ſhe had joined, when ſhe left him; and *Arabella*, relating every Particular, gave him the Mortification to know, that her Folly had been ſufficiently expoſed: But ſhe touched upon her Fears for him with ſo much Delicacy, and mentioned her Fainting in ſuch a manner, as inſinuated a much greater Tenderneſs than he before had Reaſon to hope for; and this Knowlege deſtroying all his Intentions to quarrel with her for what ſhe had ſaid, he appeared ſo eaſy and ſatisfied, that *Arabella*, reflecting

reflecting upon the Misfortune his Father's new-born Paſſion would probably be the Occaſion of to him, could not help ſighing at the Apprehenſion; looking on him, at the ſame time, with a kind of pitying Complacency; which did not eſcape Mr. *Glanville*'s Notice.

I muſt know the Reaſon of that Sigh, Couſin, ſaid he, ſmiling, and taking her Hand.

If you are wiſe, replied *Arabella*, gravely, you will be contented to remain in the pleaſing Ignorance you are at preſent; and not ſeek to know a thing which will, haply, afford you but little Satisfaction.

You have increaſed my Curoſity ſo much by this Advice, reſumed he, accommodating his Looks to *Arabella*'s, that I ſhall not be at Reſt till I know what it is you conceal from me: And, ſince I am ſo much concerned in it, even by your own Confeſſion, I have a Right to preſs you to explain yourſelf.

Since you are ſo importunate, replied *Arabella*, I mnſt tell you, that I will not do you ſo great a Diſkindneſs, as to explain myſelf; nor will I be the firſt who ſhall acquaint you with your Misfortune, ſince you will, haply, too ſoon arrive at the Knowlege of it, by other means.

Glanville, who imagined this was ſome new Whim that had got into her Head, was but little perplexed at an Inſinuation, which, had he been ignorant of her Foible, would have given him great Uneaſineſs: But, being ſenſible that ſhe expected he would preſs her to diſcloſe herſelf, and appear extremely concerned at her refuſing him that Satisfaction, he counterfeited

ſo

ſo well, that ſhe was at a loſs how to evade the Arguments he uſed to make her unfold the terrible Myſtery; when the Dinner-bell ringing, and relieving her for the preſent, Mr. *Glanville* led her down to the Parlour; where Sir *Charles* and his Daughter attended their coming.

CHAP. VII.

In which the Miſtakes are not yet cleared up.

THE Baronet, who had been put into a bad Humour by *Arabella*'s Inſinuations, that Sir *George* had affronted her, appeared reſerved and uneaſy; and, being reſolved to queſtion her about it, was willing firſt to know exactly what it was his Niece had been offended at: But as he feared, if it came to his Son's Knowlege, it would produce a Quarrel between the young Gentlemen, that might have dangerous Conſequences, he was deſirous of ſpeaking to her alone; and, as ſoon as Dinner was over, aſked her to take a Walk with him upon the Terrace, telling her he had ſomething to ſay to her in private. *Arabella*, whoſe Fears had been conſiderably increaſed by the Penſiveneſs which appeared in her Uncle's Looks during Dinner, and ſuppoſing he wanted a private Converſation, only to explain himſelf more clearly to her, than he had yet done, was exceſſively alarmed at this Requeſt; and, caſting her Eyes down to the Ground, bluſhed in ſuch a manner

a manner as betrayed her Confuſion; and made Miſs *Glanville* and her Brother believe, that ſhe ſuſpected her Uncle had a Deſign to preſs her ſoon to give her Hand to Mr. *Glanville*, which occaſioned her apparent Diſorder.

Sir *Charles*, however, who had not ſo heedfully obſerved her Behaviour, repeated his Requeſt; adding, with a Smile, upon her giving him no Anſwer, Sure, Lady *Bella*, you are not afraid to be alone with your Uncle.

No, Sir, replied *Arabella*, giving him a piercing Look; I am not afraid of being alone with my Uncle; and, as long as he pretends to be no more than my Uncle, I ſhall not ſcruple to hear what he has to ſay to me.

Sir *Charles*, a little vexed at an Anſwer which inſinuated, as he thought, a Complaint of his having pretended to more Authority over her than he ought, told her, he hoped ſhe had no Cauſe to believe he would diſpleaſe her, by any improper Exertion of that Power over her, with which her Father had intruſted him: For I aſſure you, added he, I would rather you ſhould follow my Advice as an Uncle, than obey me as a Guardian; and, ſince my Affection for you is, perhaps, greater than what many People have for a Niece, my Solicitude ought to be imputed to that Motive.

I have all the Senſe I ought to have of that Affection you honour me with, replied *Arabella*; and ſince I hope it will be always what it ſhould be, without wiſhing for its Increaſe, I am contented with thoſe Teſtimonies I have already received of it; and do not deſire any other.

Sir

Sir *Charles*, a little puzzled to underſtand the Meaning of theſe Words, which the grave Looks of *Arabella* made yet more myſterious, roſe from his Seat with an Air of Diſcontent: I ſhould have been glad to have ſpoken a Word in private to you, Niece, ſaid ſhe; but, ſince you think proper to make ſo much Ceremony in ſuch a Trifle, I'll defer it till you are in a better Humour.

Miſs *Glanville*, ſeeing her Father going out of the Room, ſtepped before him: Nay, Papa, ſaid ſhe, if you want to ſpeak with my Couſin, my Brother and I will go out, and leave you to yourſelves.

You will do me a very great Diſpleaſure, ſaid *Arabella*; for, I am ſure, my Uncle has not any thing of Conſequence to ſay to me: However, added ſhe, ſeeing Miſs *Glanville* go away, I am reſolved, I will not be left alone; and therefore, Mr. *Glanville*, ſince I can pretend to ſome Power over you, I command you to ſtay.

You may remember, Madam, ſaid Mr. *Glanville*, with a Smile, you refuſed to gratify my Curioſity, with regard to ſomething you hinted to me ſome time ago; and, to puniſh you, added he, going out of the Room, I am reſolved you ſhall liſten to what my Father has to ſay to you; for, by your Unwillingneſs to hear it, I imagine you ſuſpect already what it is.

Arabella, finding ſhe had no way to avoid hearing what ſhe dreaded ſo much, and obſerving her Uncle had reſumed his Chair, prepared to give him Audience; but, in order to deprive him of all Hope, that ſhe would receive his Diſcourſe favourably, ſhe aſſumed the ſevereſt

vereſt Look ſhe was capable of; and, caſting her Eyes on the Ground, with a Mixture of Anger and Shame, waited with a kind of Fear and Impatience for what he had to ſay.

I ſee, Madam, ſaid the Baronet, obſerving her Confuſion, that you apprehend what I am going to ſay to you; but, I beſeech you, do not fear I have any Intentions, but ſuch as you'll approve.

You are certainly in the right, Sir, ſaid *Arabella*, in the Interpretation you have put on my Looks: I am really in Pain about the Purport of your Diſcourſe: And you would particularly oblige me, if you would diſpenſe with me from hearing it.

I ſee, replied Sir *Charles*, that, out of a miſtaken Fear, you are unwilling to hear me, in order to avoid coming to the Explanation I deſire: But I tell you, once again, you have nothing to apprehend.

I have every thing to apprehend, Sir, reſumed *Arabella*, tartly, while you perſiſt in your Deſign of diſobliging me; and you cannot give me a greater Proof of the Badneſs of your Intentions, than by thus forcing me to liſten to Diſcourſes I ought to avoid.

Since my Word has no Weight with you, replied Sir *Charles*, I'll condeſcend to aſſure you, by the moſt ſacred Oath, That I do not mean to come to any Extremities with Sir *George*, concerning what you already told me: All I deſire to know is, If you think you had any Reaſon to be offended with him for any thing he ſaid? And, in that Caſe, I cannot diſpenſe with myſelf from expoſtulating with him about it.

You

You would do me a Favour, Sir, reſumed *Arabella*, if you would intereſt yourſelf a little leſs in what Sir *George* ſaid to me: The Offence was committed againſt me only; and none but myſelf has any Right to reſent it.

'Tis enough, Niece, ſaid Sir *Charles*, riſing: You acknowlege ſufficient to make me reſolve to oblige him to aſk Pardon for the Affront you have received: However, I beg you may make yourſelf eaſy; no ill Conſequences will happen from this Affair, provided my Son does not know it: And I know you have too much Diſcretion to acquaint him with it.

Saying this, he went out of the Room, leaving *Arabella* in great Confuſion at what he had ſaid; which, in her Opinion, had amounted almoſt to a plain Declaration of his Paſſion; and his Deſign of putting an End to Sir *George*'s Pretenſions, whom, it was probable, he looked upon as a more dangerous Rival than his Son, confirmed her in the Opinion of his Reſolution to perſecute her.

Full of the Reflections this Accident had occaſioned, ſhe went to walk in the Garden, where Mr. *Glanville*, his Siſter having juſt left him, joined her.

As he imagined, his Father's Deſign, in ſpeaking to her alone, was to prevail upon her to conſent to marry him before ſhe left the Country, which was what he moſt earneſtly wiſhed, he drew a bad Omen from the Diſcontent which appeared in her Eyes.

Is it with me, Couſin, ſaid he, or with what my Father has been ſaying to you, that you are angry?

With

With both, replied *Arabella*, haſtily; for if you had ſtaid in the Room, as I commanded you, I ſhould not have been expoſed to the Pain of hearing Things ſo diſagreeable.

Since I knew what would be the Purport of my Father's Diſcourſe, ſaid Mr. *Glanville*, you ought not to be ſurpriſed I could not reſolve to give any Interruption to it, by my Preſence: And, being ſo much intereſted in the Succeſs of his Solicitations, I could not chooſe but give him an Opportunity of ſpeaking to you alone, as he deſired.

It ſeems then, reſumed *Arabella*, you know what was the Subject of his Converſation.

I believe I can gueſs, interrupted Mr. *Glanville*, ſmiling.

Is it poſſible, cried *Arabella*, ſtarting back in great Surprize, that, knowing, as you ſay you do, your Father's Intentions, you would reſolve to furniſh him with an Opportunity of diſcloſing them?

Can you blame me, ſaid Mr. *Glanville*, for ſuffering him to undertake what I durſt not myſelf? I know your Delicacy, or rather your Severity, ſo well, that I am ſenſible, if I had taken the Liberty to ſay what my Father has ſaid, you would have been extremely offended; and puniſhed me, as you have often done, with a Baniſhment from your Preſence: Nay, purſued he, ſeeing Aſtoniſhment and Anger in her Countenance, I perceive you are, at this Moment, going to pronounce ſome terrible Sentence againſt me.

You are deceived, ſaid *Arabella*, with a forced Calmneſs; I am ſo far from being offended

fended with you, that I am ready to acknowlege, you merit very extraordinary Praiſes for the perfect Reſignation you ſhew to the Will, and, for your Credit, I will ſuppoſe, the Commands, of your Father: But I would adviſe you to be contented with the Reputation of being a dutiful Son; and, for the future, never aſpire to that of being a faithful Lover.

Speaking theſe Words, which were wholly unintelligible to her amazed Admirer, ſhe left him, and went to her own Apartment, ſtrangely ſurpriſed at the Indifference of Mr. *Glanville*; who, as ſhe underſtood what he had ſaid, was not only willing to reſign her to his Father, but alſo took upon him to mediate in his behalf.

As ſhe was unwilling to acknowlege, even to herſelf, that the Grief ſhe felt at this Diſcovery, proceeded from any Affection for her Couſin, ſhe imputed it to the Shame of ſeeing herſelf ſo baſely forſaken and neglected; and, not being able to find a Precedent for ſuch an Indignity offered to the Charms of any Lady in her Romances, the Singularity of her Fate, in this reſpect, ſeemed to demand all her Uneaſineſs.

CHAP. VIII.

Which contains ſome neceſſary Conſequences of the foregoing Miſtakes.—A Soliloquy on a Love-Letter.

WHILE *Arabella* paſſed her Time in her Cloſet, in the moſt diſagreeable Reflections, *Glanville* was racking his Brain to find out the Meaning of thoſe myſterious Words ſhe had uttered at leaving him: He examined them twenty times over, but could not poſſibly penetrate into their Senſe: But, ſuppoſing at laſt, that they really meant nothing at all, or were occaſioned by ſome new Flight of her Imagination, he went to find out his Father, in order to know what had paſſed between him and *Arabella*.

Sir *Charles*, however, was not to be found; he had ordered his Horſe to be made ready, under Pretence of taking a little Ride after Dinner; and, paſſing by Sir *George*'s Houſe, alighted to pay him a Viſit.

The young Baronet, being at home, received him with great Politeneſs: And Sir *Charles*, whoſe peculiar Diſpoſition was, to be nicely tenacious of every thing which, he imagined, had any Relation to the Honour of his Family, took the firſt Opportunity to queſtion him, concerning the Confuſion his Whiſper had occaſioned in Lady *Bella*; adding, That ſhe had confeſſed, he had given her Reaſon to take ill what he had ſaid to her.

Sir

Sir *George*, who was by no means willing to quarrel with the Uncle of *Arabella*, received the old Gentleman's Remonſtrances with a great deal of Calmneſs; and, finding *Arabella* had not diſcovered the Purport of that Whiſper which had offended her, he told Sir *Charles*, That the Confuſion he ſaw in her Countenance, was occaſioned by his raillying her upon the Fright ſhe had been in upon Mr. *Glanville*'s Account: He added ſome Particulars to this Account, that intirely taking away all Inclination in Sir *Charles* to purſue the Matter any farther, they parted upon very good Terms; Sir *George* promiſing, very ſoon, to return his Viſit at the Caſtle.

Mr. *Glanville*, upon his Father's Return, being impatient to know what he had ſaid to *Arabella*, inquired with ſo much Precipitation, concerning the Converſation they had had together, that Sir *Charles*, unwilling to tell him the Truth, and not having time to conſider of an Anſwer, evaded his Queſtion in ſuch a manner, that Mr. *Glanville* could not help making ſome Obſervation upon it; and, comparing this Circumſtance with what *Arabella* had ſaid, tho' he could not comprehend the Meaning that ſeemed to be concealed under their Behaviour, he immediately concluded, there was ſome Myſtery, which it concerned him to find out.

Poſſeſſed with this Opinion, he longed for an Opportunity to talk with *Arabella* alone; but he was not ſo happy to obtain one; for, tho' that Fair-one preſided at the Tea-table, as uſual, and alſo appeared at Supper, yet ſhe ſo induſtriouſly avoided all Occaſions of being alone with

with him, tho' but for a Moment, and appeared ſo reſerved and uneaſy, that it was impoſſible for him to ſpeak to her upon that Subject.

As ſoon as it was time to retire, having reſolved to requeſt the Favour of a few Moments Converſation with her, in her own Apartment; and when he had, as was his Cuſtom, handed her up Stairs; inſtead of wiſhing her a good Night, at her Chamber-door, he was going to deſire Permiſſion to enter it with her; when *Lucy*, coming to meet her Lady, whiſpered her in the Ear; upon which, *Arabella*, turning towards him, gave him an haſty Salute, and hurried into her Apartment.

Glanville, no leſs vexed at this Diſappointment, than perplexed at that Whiſper, which had cauſed ſuch a viſible Emotion in *Arabella*, retired to his ownRoom, tormented with a thouſand uneaſy Suſpicions, for which he could not exactly aſſign a Cauſe; and wiſhing impatiently for the next Day, in which he hoped to procure ſome Explanation of what at preſent greatly perplexed him.

In the mean time, *Arabella*, who had been informed by *Lucy*, in that Whiſper, who was eager to let her know it, that a Meſſenger had brought a Letter from Sir *George*, and, late as it was at Night, waited for an Anſwer, was debating with herſelf, whether ſhe ſhould open this Billet or not: She had a ſtrong Inclination to ſee what it contained; but, fearful of tranſgreſſing the Laws of Romance, by indulging a Curioſity not juſtifiable by Example, ſhe reſolved to return this Letter unopened.

Here,

Here, ſaid ſhe to *Lucy*, give this Letter to the Meſſenger that brought it, and tell him, I was exceſſively offended with you, for receiving it from his Hands.

Lucy, taking the Letter, was going to obey her Orders; when, recollecting herſelf, ſhe bid her ſtay.

Since Sir *George*, ſaid ſhe to herſelf, is no declared Lover of mine, I may, without any Offence to Decorum, ſee what this Letter contains: To refuſe receiving it, will be to acknowlege, that his Sentiments are not unknown to me; and, by conſequence, to lay myſelf under a Neceſſity of baniſhing him: Nor is it fit, that I ſhould allow him to believe, I am ſo ready to apprehend the Meaning of every gallant Speech, which is uſed to me; and to conſtrue ſuch Inſinuations, as he took the Liberty to make me, into Declarations of Love.

Allowing, therefore, the Juſtice of theſe Reaſons, ſhe took the Letter out of *Lucy*'s Hand; and, being upon the Point of opening it, a ſudden Thought controuled her Deſigns: She threw it ſuddenly upon her Toilet; and, looking very earneſtly upon it,

Preſumptuous Paper! ſaid ſhe, ſpeaking with great Emotion to the Letter: Bold Repoſitory of thy Maſter's daring Thoughts! Shall I not be blamed by all, who hereafter will hear, or read, my Hiſtory, if, contrary to the Apprehenſions I have, that thou containeſt a Confeſſion that will diſpleaſe me, I open thy Seal, and become acceſſary to thy Writer's Guilt, by deigning to make myſelf acquainted with it? And thou, too indiſcreet and unwary Friend,

whoſe Folds contain the Acknowlegement of his Crime! What will it advantage thee or him, if, torn by my reſenting Hand, I make thee ſuffer, for the Part thou beareſt in thy Maſter's Fault; and teach him, by thy Fate, how little Kindneſs he has to expect from me! Yet, to ſpare myſelf the Trouble of reading what will, queſtionleſs, greatly diſpleaſe me, I will return thee, uninjured, into thy Maſter's Hands; and, by that Moderation, make him repent the Preſumption he has been guilty of!

Chap. IX.

Containing a Love-Letter in the Heroic Stile; with ſome occaſional Reaſonings by Lucy, *full of Wit and Simplicity.*

OUR fair Heroine, having ended the foregoing Soliloquy, took up the Letter, and gave it to *Lucy*, who had, all the time ſhe was ſpeaking, obſerved a profound Silence, mixed with a moſt eager Attention.

Here, purſued ſhe, carry it to the Perſon who brought it; and bid him tell his Maſter, that, leſt I ſhould find any thing in it, which may offend me, I have choſen not to read it: And, if he is wiſe, he will profit by my Concern for him, and take care how he hazards diſpleaſing me a Second time by an Importunity of this kind, which I ſhall not ſo eaſily pardon him.

Lucy, who had taken particular Notice of this Speech, in order to remember every Word

of it, when ſhe repeated it again, went conning her Leſſon to the Place where ſhe had deſired the Servant to wait her coming: But he was gone; ſuch being indeed his Maſter's Orders; for he was apprehenſive, that, following the Cuſtom of the Ladies in Romances, *Arabella* would return his Letter; and therefore, to deprive her of an Opportunity of ſending it back that Night, he ordered his Man to ſay, he waited for an Anſwer; but, as ſoon as he conveniently could, to come away without one.

Lucy, in a great Surprize at the Servant's going away, returned to her Lady with the Letter in her Hand, telling her ſhe muſt needs read it now, ſince the Perſon, who brought it, was gone.

It muſt be confeſſed, ſaid *Arabella*, taking the Letter from her, with a Smile, he has fallen upon an ingenious Device, to make me keep it for this Night; and, ſince, haply, I may be miſtaken in the Contents, I have a mind to open it.

Lucy did not fail to confirm her Lady in this Deſign: And *Arabella*, making as if ſhe yielded to the Importunities of her Confidante, opened the Letter; which ſhe found as follows:

The unfortunate and deſpairing Bellmour, *to the Divine* Arabella.

Madam,

SINCE it is, doubtleſs, not only with your Permiſſion, but even by your Commands, that your Uncle, Sir *Charles Glanville*, comes to pronounce the Sentence of my Death, in the

Denunciation of your Anger, I ſubmit, Madam, without repining at the Rigour of that Doom you have inflicted on me. Yes, Madam, this Criminal, who has dared to adore you, with the moſt ſublime and perfect Paſſion that ever was, acknowleges the Juſtice of his Puniſhment; and, ſince it is impoſſible to ceaſe loving you, or to live without telling you he does ſo, he is going, voluntarily, to run upon that Death your Severity makes him wiſh for, and the Greatneſs of his Crime demands. Let my Death then, O Divine *Arabella*, expiate the Offence I have been guilty of! And let me hope thoſe fair Eyes, that have beheld me with Scorn when alive, will not refuſe to ſhed ſome Tears upon my Tomb! And that, when you remember my Crime of loving you, you will alſo be pleaſed to remember, that I died for that Crime; and wiſh for no other Comfort in Death, but the Hope of your not hating, when he is no more,

The unhappy Bellmour.

Arabella, who had read this Letter aloud, ſighed gently at the Concluſion of it; but poor *Lucy*, who was greatly affected at ſo dolorous an Epiſtle, could not reſtrain her Tears; but ſobbed ſo often, and with ſo much Violence, as, at length, recalled her Lady from the Reverie, into which ſhe was plunged.

What ails you? ſaid ſhe to her Confidante, greatly ſurpriſed: What is the Cauſe of this unſeemly Sorrow?

Oh! Madam! cried *Lucy*, her Sobs making a frequent and unpleaſing Interruption in her Words;

Words; I ſhall break my Heart to be ſure: Never was ſuch a ſad mournful Letter in the World: I could cry my Eyes out for the poor Gentleman. Pray excuſe me, Madam; but, indeed, I can't help ſaying, You are the moſt hard-heartedeſt Lady I ever knew in my born Days: Why, to be ſure, you don't care, if an hundred fine Gentlemen ſhould die for you, tho' their Spirits were to haunt you every Night! Well! I would not have what your Ladyſhip has to anſwer for, for all the World!

You are a fooliſh Wench! replied *Arabella*, ſmiling at her Simplicity: Do you think I have any Cauſe to accuſe myſelf, tho' Five thouſand Men were to die for me? 'Tis very certain, my Beauty has produced very deplorable Effects: The unhappy *Hervey* has expiated, by his Death, the Violence his too deſperate Paſſion forced him to meditate againſt me: The no leſs guilty, the noble Unknown, *Edward*, is wandering about the World, in a tormenting Deſpair; and ſtands expoſed to the Vengeance of my Couſin, who has vowed his Death. My Charms have made another Perſon, whoſe Character ought to be ſacred to me, forget all the Ties of Conſanguinity; and become the Rival of his Son, whoſe Intereſt he once endeavoured to ſupport: And, laſtly, the unfortunate *Bellmour* conſumes away in an hopeleſs Paſſion; and, conſcious of his Crime, dooms himſelf, haply, with more Severity than I deſire, to a voluntary Death; in hopes, thereby, of procuring my Pardon and Compaſſion, when he is no more. All theſe, *Lucy*, as I ſaid before, are very deplorable Effects of my Beauty; but

you muſt obſerve, that my Will has no Part in the Miſeries, that unfortunate Beauty occaſions; and that, tho' I could even wiſh myſelf leſs fair, in order to avoid giving ſo much Unhappineſs to others, yet theſe Wiſhes would not avail; and ſince, by a fatal Neceſſity, all theſe Things will happen, whether I would or no, I muſt comfort myſelf under the Uneaſineſs, which the Senſibility of my Temper makes me feel, by the Reflection, that, with my own Conſent, I contribute nothing to the Misfortune of thoſe who love me.

Will your Ladyſhip then let poor Sir *George* die? ſaid *Lucy*, who had liſtened very attentively to this fine Harangue, without underſtanding what it meant.

Queſtionleſs, he muſt die, replied *Arabella*, if he perſiſts in his Deſign of loving me.

But, pray, Madam, reſumed *Lucy*, cannot your Ladyſhip command him to live, as you did Mr. *Hervey*, and Mr. *Glanville*, who both did as you bid them?

I may command him to live, ſaid *Arabella*; and there is no Queſtion but he would obey me, if I likewiſe permit him to love me; but, this laſt not being fit for me to do, I ſee no way to prevent the ſad Reſolution he has taken.

To be ſure, Madam, returned *Lucy*, your Ladyſhip knows what you ought to do better than I can adviſe your Ladyſhip, being that you are more learned than me: But, for all that, I think it's better to ſave Life than to kill, as the Bible-Book ſays; and, ſince I am ſure your Ladyſhip is a good Chriſtian, if the Gentleman

tleman dies for the Want of a few kind Words, or ſo, I am ſure you will be troubled in Mind about it.

It muſt be confeſſed, ſaid *Arabella*, ſmiling, that, tho' your Solicitations are not very eloquent, they are very earneſt and affecting; and I promiſe you, I will think about it; and, if I can perſuade myſelf, I am doing no wrong Thing, by concerning myſelf about his Preſervation, I will diſpatch you To-morrow Morning, with my Orders to him, to live, or, at leaſt, to proceed no further in his Deſign of dying, till he has further Cauſe.

Lucy, being extremely glad ſhe had gained her Point, called in her Lady's other Women, who, having aſſiſted her to undreſs, left her in her Cloſet, to which ſhe always retired for an Hour, before ſhe went to Bed.

END of the FIRST VOLUME.